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RICHARD MANSFIELD

II—THE FIRST SUCCESS

By Paul Wilstach

WHO can say what brave dreams were or were not in Mansfield's heart when he decided to throw his gauge on the American stage? There is much to support those who contend that the early eighties furnished a period in the American theatre not surpassed by any other epoch of any other stage in the world. The artists of every other country found a welcome here, such as their own stage did not offer the foreigner, and native talent was questionably near its zenith.

A. M. Palmer was closing a memorable tenancy of the Union Square Theatre with Charles R. Thorne, Jr., Frederick de Belleville, Owen Fawcett, Eleanor Carey, J. H. Stoddart, John Parselle, Maude Harrison and Sarah Jewett.

Wallack's new theatre boasted John Gilbert, Rose Coghlan, Osmond Tearle, Harry Edwards, William Elton, Madame Ponisi, Effie Germon, Fannie Addison Pitt, Arthur Forrest and Herbert Kelcey.

Augustin Daly's list was equally formidable, with Ada Rehan, John Drew, Charles Leclerq, Mrs. Gilbert, Henry Miller, Otis Skinner, James Lewis, Charles Fisher, Bijou Heron, Digby Bell, W. J. Le Moyne, Harry M. Pitt, and Isabelle Evesson.

Edwin Booth was at his best. Lawrence Barrett was never in better form. Joseph Jefferson had accomplished and was acting with his ripest comedy the rôles that were to give his name endurance. Clara Morris enjoyed the fullest possession of her powers and popularity and Mary Anderson was her loveliest.

Bernhardt made her first appearance in New York in 1881. Tomaso Salvini, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry came in 1882. The great Ristori followed only two years later. Modjeska and Janauschek had both entrenched themselves in American positions of eminence. Macready, Forrest and Cushman were not so remote but that their attainments were in the personal experience of many of the generation which were to judge the new aspirant.

It took courage and confidence of a stern mettle to enter these lists. But Mansfield never did the easy thing and his belief in his own destiny was fixed, though he had as yet done nothing by which to command others to accept his own estimate of himself.

It cannot really be said that he preferred difficulties, but they had a subtle attraction for him. He met them always fearlessly, firmly, struggled with them and mastered them. It was characteristic of him to scent afar the smoke of the artistic battle waging in New York—by comparison with which London's theatrical atmosphere was positively lethargic—and to rush into the arena.

He came to believe afterward that he had made the one mistake of his life in coming to America. Public opinion here he believed to be provincial, and as such he believed the other nations gauged us; in the sense that a career in America meant nothing abroad, it gave no real position to the artist who ventured before foreign audiences, whereas a foreign artist who appeared in New York was acclaimed before he spoke his first line, and had the responsibility not so much of making as of not breaking his reputation. Mansfield felt that had he attained his position in England the con-

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quest of America would have been a hundredfold easier. In other words, in America a foreign artist was assisted by his reputation at home, whereas the judgment given an alien in Europe is hard and fast on merits according to local standards and precedents.

When he arrived in New York he found his reputation, such as it was, had preceded him—a drawing-room entertainer and a provincial comic-opera comedian. Wallack, Daly, and Palmer declined his services with thanks. From theatre to theatre and from manager to manager he went full of self-assurance, declining to consider any other than important parts, but his self-assurance was lacking in conviction for men who did not want a provincial comic-opera comedian. Having exhausted the dramatic field, he was forced by dwindling means to forego his ambition and take what he could, and not what he would.

Among the many theatres he haunted was the Standard, where an operatic company was organizing to play a recent London success, and, determined to be content only with the best, he applied for the leading rôle. On such visits he saw no reason for self-depreciation through a false sense of modesty. He told what he believed to be the truth about his capacity at the expense, in most cases, of a general impression of undisguised conceit.

D'Oyly Carte's interest in the company may have oiled the hinges here, for in this instance the door opened to him and he was cast for Dromez, the miller, in Bucalossi's "Les Manteaux Noirs," or "Three Black Cloaks," as it was afterward Englished. The Standard Theatre stood opposite Greeley Square on Sixth Avenue, and was afterward known as the Manhattan Theatre. Entirely unknown to the public, Mansfield here made his first appearance on the professional stage in America, September 27, 1882.*

His success that night with his audience, who after his first song and scene greeted his every reappearance with applause, was echoed in the critical chorus of the next day. His fun was of ripe and mellow quality, though delightfully inconsequential and unforced. The appeal of his performance was not the phenomenal fashion in which his voice ranged in several registers, or his naïve fashion of trailing his text through several languages, or his toes' agility at impossible angles, but in the fact that he took the trouble to act Dromez as well as to make him up and costume him. Mansfield understood an audience's respect for sincerity, and he never found anything too difficult to do or too trifling to slight. In this instance his performance of the old miller was as perfected as the slender opportunities permitted. He was the success of the opera, but it was as an actor that he made his hit.

In a night he established himself as a comedian, and he might have played in comic opera successfully the rest of his life had he been content.

Unfortunately the enterprise as a whole had no endurance. Its life was forced over four weeks to enable the company to perfect itself in a new piece. On October 28th, almost the identical list of singers gave renewed energy to the business of popularizing the new Planquette operetta based on Washington Irving's legend of "Rip Van Winkle." The book of the opera was "written" by Meilhac, "adapted" by H. B. Farnie, and "revised" by Dion Boucicault.

Mansfield was given the rôle of the old Dutch innkeeper, Nick Vedder. But he also persuaded the management to allow him to play Nick's son Jan in the last act. The willingness of a leading artist to do double service caused some amusement. Evidently this new arrival was manifesting "eccentricities." But neither then nor after was it his custom to take others into his confidence about his intentions or hopes.

Invariably, before this production, and again after, the success of this fable on the stage has been the opportunity of the actor playing Rip to appear first as a youth and later as a grizzled old veteran. On this occasion, however, the attention of the audience was for two acts riveted on an ingenious bit of senile characterization by Mansfield as old Vedder, and in the third act they were further astonished by his re-

* The cast is as follows:

Don Luis de Rosamonte	W. T. Carleton
Don Jose	A. Wilkinson
Dromez, the Miller	R. Mansfield
Nicolas	W. Gillow
Manuel	William White
Palomez	J. Furey
Don Philip of Aragon	J. H. Ryley
Isabel, Queen of Castile	Fanny Edwards
Clorinda	Joan Rivers
Gomez	Billie Barlow
Lazarillo	Mina Rowley
Girola	Mme. Selina Delaro

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appearance as Nick's own son, Jan, a round-faced, hearty, happy, lusty, nimble-heeled, dashing young Dutchman of about twenty. The finish with which each character was played, the marked contrast between the two, yet the trace of the old father in the youthful son, were the values duced and admirably sung by Mr. Mansfield, was in the surrounding gloom like a ray of light in a shady place." The management decided to retire "Rip" as soon as something new could be made ready.

The choice fell on the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera which these authors at first

Richard Mansfield.
From a photograph made in Boston, 1884.

he depended upon for his favor with his audience. And he won.

It cannot be said that he carried the piece to any success. However happy he was in his work, it was but an incident, though he worked with prodigious interest. One chronicle credited him with having written the comedy scene in act two between Nick, Katrina, and the Burgomaster. The *Dramatic Mirror* found that "the little German *Volkslied* 'Gestern Abend,' introcalled "Perola." This title was afterward changed to "Iolanthe, or the Peer and the Peri," and in this they departed from the initial "P" for the first time since they started on their career of comic-opera collaboration. They evidently had the alliterative trilogy—"Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance" and "Patience"—in view when they picked "Perola, or the Peer and the Peri." The superstitious may believe that "Iolanthe" would have been more fortu-

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nate with its earlier name. Other authors followed routine in naming their plays. Tom Robertson's list is distinguished by titles of a single short word—"Home," "School," "Caste," "Dreams," "Society," "Progress," "Ours," "Play"; Charles Hoyt's farces always began with the article, "A"—"A Tin Soldier," "A Hole in The Ground," "A Brass Monkey," "A Trip to Chinatown," "A Temperance Town," "A Texas Steer"— Augustus Thomas at one time gave promise of naming each of his delightful plays after one of the states of the Union.

Mansfield was under discussion for the leading comedy rôle of the Lord Chancellor in the New York production of "Iolanthe." He was sent instead to Philadelphia to join the D'Oyly Carte Company preparing to present the same opera there, acting in "Rip" until he left New York in the middle of November.

"Iolanthe" was produced in Philadelphia December 5th, without Mansfield in the cast. Presently another company was organized to tour in this opera, and the D'Oyly Carte management lent him to play the Lord Chancellor. He was soon again in health and appeared in this character first on Monday evening, December 18th, in Baltimore.

It is a rôle which requires remarkable agility in dancing. The début was accomplished in a wholly gratifying manner, and his success threatened him with a career on tour in the lesser cities of America, a mere continuation of the routine in England from which he had fled.

If ever a blessing came disguised as a calamity, it now befell Mansfield. On Wednesday night, on the occasion of his third performance of the nimble Lord Chancellor, that ankle which he had sprained two years before in Edinburgh again betrayed him. In spite of the severity of the sprain he finished the performance in great agony, but after the opera he insisted on taking the midnight train for New York. What impelled him, penniless, to resign and beset again in the middle of a winter season the apparently hopeless New York situation?

He may have had in mind a previous talk with A. M. Palmer, when he applied for a place in the celebrated Union Square Stock Company. Mr. Palmer was suavely diplomatic and generously courteous at all times. He had told Mansfield there was "no opening at present," but invited him to "inquire again."

On his arrival in New York, Mansfield had the cabman put him down at the door of the Union Square Theatre. For two hours he waited for Mr. Palmer to arrive at his office. Finally the great manager admitted him. Fearful that a knowledge of his real condition would prevent his engagement, Mansfield walked and stood before him on the swollen foot in spite of the pain. When he left he limped across the icy pavements into Union Square and fell fainting on a park bench.

But he had not come in vain. Palmer had given him a bit to act, the small part of Tirandel, a young swell, excessively ennuyé, in a play then in rehearsal, "A Parisian Romance," translated from the French of Octave Feuillet, by A. R. Cazauran, a most accomplished literary attaché of Mr. Palmer's staff.

The rehearsals were easy, for Tirandel never stands up except to sit down. The ankle mended rapidly. Mansfield was delighted with the group of distinguished artists in which he found himself as a member of one of the most celebrated companies the American theatre boasted.

But contented he was not, he could not be. His ambition was always reaching out. Years afterward he said to the writer during a lull in a dress rehearsal: "This responsibility and fatigue is overwhelming. See that bright, care-free, contented young fiddler there! He only plays a second violin, yet he is happy. I can't understand it. If I played second fiddle I should want to play first. Then I should want to lead. But I should next want a bigger orchestra, and yet a bigger. One who conducts must be able to compose, and I should want to write magnificent music. If I attained success as a composer I should not be satisfied if I were not able to take first place."

"And then?"

He was silent for he did not prefer always to admit practical conclusions. In a moment he sighed and confessed:

"Then I should not be content."

He entered with spirit into the interpretation of Tirandel, an easy morsel for him, but he watched another rôle with consum-

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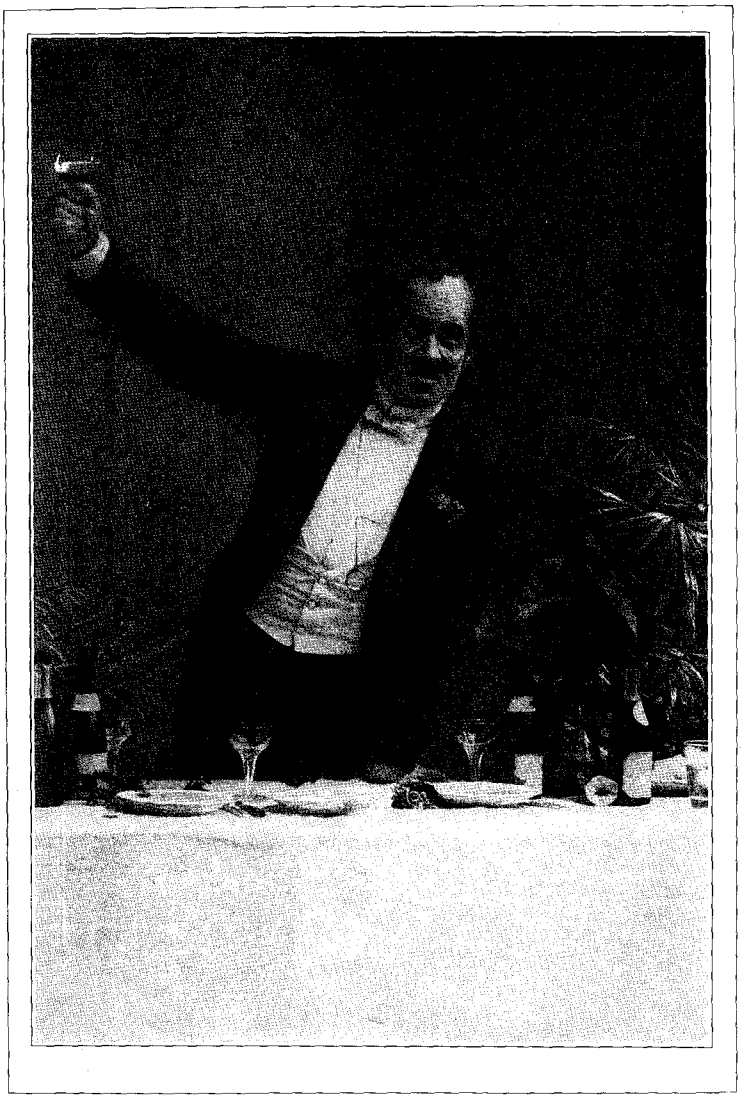

Richard Mansfield as Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance."

ing avarice. In his heart he yearned to play the Baron Chevrial, already assigned to J. H. Stoddart, one of the most accomplished and popular artists in any New York company.

The story of the memorable sequel is told by Mr. Stoddart himself in his published "Recollections of a Player":

"The peculiar attributes of the part caused Mr. Palmer some doubt, for a time, as to a correct and judicious cast for it. Mr. Mansfield had been engaged, but as he was comparatively untried in legitimate work, his position in the theatre was thought to be a minor one. After the reading of the play the company were unanimous in their opinion that 'A Parisian Romance' was a one-part piece, and that part the Baron, and all the principals had their eye on him. After some delay and much expectancy the rôle was given to me. I was playing a strong part in 'The Rantzaus,' and my friends in the company congratulated me upon the opportunity thus presented of following it up with so powerful a successor. Miss Minnie Conway, who was a member of the company and had seen the play in Paris, said that

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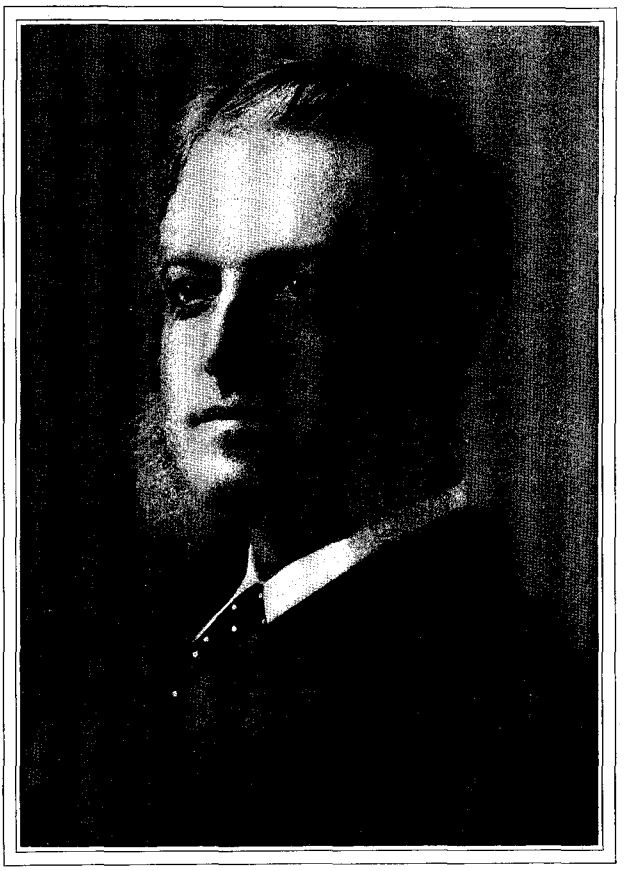
she thought the Baron a strange part to give to me. 'It's a Lester Wallack kind of part,' she said.

"This information rather disconcerted me, but I rehearsed the part for about a week, and then, being convinced that it did not suit me, I went to Mr. Palmer and told him I felt very doubtful as to whether I could do him or myself justice in it. He would not hear of my giving it up, saying that he knew me better than I did myself; that I was always doubtful; but that he was willing to take the risk. He also read a letter which he had received from some one in Paris giving advice regarding the production, in which, among other things, it was said that Baron Chevrial was the principal part, that everything depended on him, and that 'if you can get Stoddart to look well in full dress, he is the man you must have to play it.'



A. M. Palmer, manager of the Union Square Stock Company.

"I left Mr. Palmer, resolved to try again, and do my best. Mr. Mansfield was cast in the play for a small part, and, I discovered, was watching me like a cat during rehearsals. A lot of fashion-plates were sent to my dressing-room, with instructions to select my costume. As I had hitherto been, for some time, associated with vagabonds, villains, etc., I think these fashion-plates had a tendency to unnerve me more than anything else. So I again went to Mr. Palmer and told him I could not possibly play the Baron. 'You must,' said Mr. Palmer. 'I rather think Mr. Mansfield must have suspected something of the sort, for he has been to me asking, in the event of your not playing it, that I give it to him. I have never seen Mr. Mansfield act; he has not had much experience here, and might ruin the production.'

"At Mr. Palmer's earnest solicitation, I

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promised to try it again. I had by this time worked myself into such a state of nervousness that my wife interfered. 'All the theatres in the world,' said she, 'are not worth what you are suffering. Go and tell Mr. Palmer you positively cannot play the part.' Fearing the outcome, I did not risk another interview with my manager, but sought out Mr. Cazauran, and returned the part to him, with a message to Mr. Palmer that I positively declined to play it."

A. R. Cazauran, translator of "A Parisian Romance."

When the part of Chevrial was given him, Mansfield was fascinated with his opportunity, but he kept his counsel. He applied every resource of his ability to the composition of his performance of the decrepit old rake. He sought specialists on the infirmities of roués, he studied specimens in clubs, on the avenue and in hospitals; and in the privacy of his own room he practised make-ups for the part every spare moment. The rehearsals themselves were sufficiently uneventful. He gave evidence of a careful workmanlike performance, but promise of nothing more.

While he was working out the part, Mansfield scarcely ate or slept. He had a habit of dining with a group of young Bohemians at a table d'hôte in Sixth Avenue. The means of none of them made regularity at these forty-cent banquets possible, so his absence was meaningless. One evening he dropped into his accustomed chair, but tasted nothing.

"What's the matter, Mansfield?" asked one of the others.

"To-morrow night I shall be famous," he said. "Come see the play."

His friends were accustomed to lofty talk from him. His prophecy was answered with a light laugh, and it had passed out of their memories as they drifted into the night. This was one of those intuitions to which he often confessed, and it told

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From an oil painting by Edgar Cameron.

Richard Mansfield as Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance."

him that the years of apprenticeship were behind him and the artist in him was on the eve of acknowledgment.

A. M. Palmer's tenancy of the Union Square Theatre furnishes one of the bright chapters in the history of the American theatre. It reflected in a notable degree the sound intelligence, shrewd judgment, graceful character and irresistible personal charm of its director. Across his stage passed a harmonious procession of distinguished artists. For upward of a dozen years one successful play followed another in a sequence that was extraordinary. He rarely disappointed the high expectations raised by his previous performances, and each time that he opened his doors on the first night of a new work a list of those present furnished a digest of all who were most able, brilliant, and fashionable in the life of the metropolis.

So on the night of January 11, 1883, the theatre was radiant with an expectant audience—half convinced in advance by the record of the Union Square's past, but

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by the same token exacting to a merciless degree—to see their old friends in the first performance in America of "A Parisian Romance."*

Mansfield made his entrance as the Baron Chevrial within a few moments after the rise of the curtain. It was effected in an unconcerned silence on the part of the audience.

There were, on the other hand, the deserved "receptions" of old favorites by old friends, as Miss Jewett, Miss Vernon, Miss Carey, Mr. De Belleville, Mr. Parselle and Mr. Whiting came upon the scene.

When Chevrial, finding himself alone with Tirandel and Laubanière, exposed his amusingly cynical views of life and society, some attention was paid to a remarkable portrait of a polished, but coarse, gay, though ageing voluptuary. The scene was short and he was soon off, though not without a little impudent touch, in passing the maid in the doorway, that did not slip unnoticed. The dramatic disclosures which followed brought the act to a close with applause that augured well. Henri, Marcelle, and Mme. De Targy were called forward enthusiastically.

The second act revealed the Baron's chambers. With the exception of two minutes he was on the stage until the curtain fell. The Baron's effort, so precisely detailed, to reach and raise the dumb-bells from the floor; the inveterate libertine's interview with shrewd Rosa the *danseuse*, who took the tips he expected would impoverish her and thus put her in his power, for the purpose of playing them the other way; the biting deliberation of his interview with his good Baroness and Henri, who comes to ruin himself to save his family's honor—all held the audience with a new sensation. As he pushed his palsied arms into his coat and pulled himself fairly off his feeble feet in his effort to button it, turned up to his door humming like a preying bumble-bee, faced slowly about again, his piercing little pink eyes darting with anticipation, and off the trembling old lips droned the telling speech: "I wonder how his pretty little wife will bear poverty? H'm! We shall see"—the curtain fell to applause which was for the newcomer alone. He had interested the audience and was talked about between the acts.

Mr. Palmer rushed back to his dressing-room and found him studiously adding new touches to his make-up for the next act. "Young man," exclaimed the manager, "do you know you're making a hit!" "That's what I'm paid for," replied Mansfield without lowering the rabbit's-foot.

The third act was largely Marcelle's. The Baron was on for an episodic interval but succeeded in that he did not destroy the impression already created.

The fourth act revealed a magnificent banquet hall with a huge table laden with crystal, silver, snowy linens, flowers, and lights. At the top of a short stairway at the back was a gallery and an arched window through which one looked up the green aisle of the Champs-Élysée to the Arc de Triomphe dimly visible in the moonlight. The Baron entered for one last glance over the preparations for his *petit souper* for Rosa and her sisters of the ballet at the Opera.

The effectiveness of his entrance was helped by his appearance behind a colonnade, and there he stood only half revealed, swaying unsteadily while his palsied hand adjusted his monocle to survey the scene. There was a flutter of applause from the audience but, most appreciatively, it quickly hushed itself. He dragged himself forward. The cosmetic did not hide the growing pallor of the parchment drawn over the old reprobate's skull. He crept around the table and, with a marvellous piece of "business" by which he held his wobbly legs while he slowly swung a chair under him, collapsed. The picture was terrible but fascinating. People who would could not turn their heads. His valet was

* The cast was:

Henri de Targy	Mr. Frederick De Belleville
Signor Juliani	Mr. Joseph W. Whiting
Dr. Chesnel	Mr. John Parselle
The Baron Chevrial	Mr. Richard Mansfield
M. Tirandel	Mr. Walden Ramsey
M. Laubanière	Mr. G. S. Paxton
M. Vaumartin	Mr. Owen Fawcett
M. Trevy	Mr. A. Kaufman
M. Falaise	Mr. A. Becks
M. Duchalet	Mr. W. Morse
Ambroise	Mr. Charles Collins
Pierre	Mr. W. S. Quigley
Marcelle de Targy	Miss Sarah Jewett
Madame de Targy	Miss Ida Vernon
Rosa Guerin	Miss Maude Harrison
Baroness Chevrial	Miss Eleanor Carey
Mme. De Luce	Miss Nettie Guion
Mme. De Valmery	Miss Eloise Willis
Maris	Miss Nellie Wetherill
Gillette No. 1	Miss Florence Levian
Bertholdi	Miss Annie Wakeman
Gillette No. 2	Miss Nellie Gordon
Lombardi	Miss Flora Lee
Bochsa	Miss Jennie Stuart
Adela	Miss Estelle Clinton

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quick with water and held the glass in place on the salver while he directed it to the groping arm. The crystal clinked on Chevrial's teeth as he sucked the water.

Presently he found his legs again and tottered up to the staircase. The picture of the black, shrivelled little man dragging his lifeless legs up to the gallery step by step was never forgotten by any one who saw it. At the top he turned and said in thrillingly ominous tones: "I do not wish to be disturbed in the morning. I shall need a long sleep"—and dragged himself out of sight. He had been on the stage five minutes and had said scarcely fifty words. The picture and the effect were unmistakable. The audience capitulated. There was a roar of applause which lasted several minutes.

The whispered discussion of this scene was such that scarcely any attention was paid to the stage until the Baron returned. Almost immediately afterward the ballet girls pirouetted into the hall in a flutter of gauze, and the places at the table were filled. No one listened to the lines, all eyes in the house were focussed on the withered, shrunken, flaccid little old Baron who sat at Rosa's right, ignored by every one about him as they gorged on his food and drank his wines.

Soon he drew himself up on his feet and raising his glass said, "Here's to the god from whom our pleasures come. Here's to Plutus and a million!"

The gay throng about the table echoed the toast: "To Plutus and a million!" and Chevrial continued:

"While I am up I will give a second toast. Here's to Rosa! The most splendid incarnation that I know!"

Placing the glass to her lips for a first sip the lecherous old pagan's own lips sought the spot, sipped and he sank back into his chair.

What else went on till he rose again no one knew or minded. No eye in the house could wander from the haggard, evil, smiling but sinister old face. Presently he was up once more and with his raised goblet brimming with champagne, he offered a third toast:

"Here's to material Nature, the prolific mother of all we know, see, or hear. Here's to the matter that sparkles in our glasses, and runs through our veins as a river of youth; here's to the matter that our eyes caress as they dwell on the bloom of those young cheeks. Here's to the matter that —here's to—here's—the matter—the matter that—here's——"

The attack had seized him. Terrible and unforgetable was the picture of the dissolution. The lips twitched, the eyes rolled white, the raised hand trembled, the wine sputtered like the broken syllables which the shattered memory would not send and the swollen tongue suddenly could not utter. For one moment of writhing agony he held the trembling glass aloft, then his arm dropped with a swiftness that shattered the crystal. Instinctively he groped up to the stairs for air and light. He reeled as if every step would be his last. Rosa helped him up to the window, but recoiled from him with a shriek. Again his hand flew up, but there was neither glass, wine nor words. He rolled helplessly and fell to the floor dead. The curtain fell.

It was probably the most realistic detailed figure of refined moral and physical depravity, searched to its inevitable end, the stage had ever seen. For a moment after the curtain fell there was a hush of awe and surprise. Then the audience found itself and called Mansfield to the footlights a dozen times. But neither then nor thereafter would he appear until he had removed the wig and make-up of the dead Baron. There was no occasion to change his clothes, he wore the conventional evening suit. The effect of shrivelled, under-sizedness was purely a muscular effect of the actor. The contrast between the figure that fell at the head of the stairs and the athletic young gentleman who acknowledged the applause was no anti-climax.

Mansfield had come into his own. The superb art of his performance had dwarfed all about it; the play was killed, but he was from that moment a figure to be reckoned with in the history of the threatre.

Next day the papers acclaimed him, but with the studied conservatism which can scarce believe what it has seen; with the understanding which is not sure of itself and hence fears to betray itself.

In the audience, however, was old Maurice Strakosch, who knew the artists of both hemispheres. He fairly ran across to Irving Place and up to a house full of musical celebrities, several pupils and friends of Madame Rudersonoff, Bohe-

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mians who dared offer welcome to a midnight caller. Emma Thursby was among them, and she tells how the great man, crimson with enthusiasm, trembled with his agitation as he called every one about him to give his criticism of the event in the broad sweeping affectionate terms of one who knew whereof he spoke, and really knew that he knew:

"I have to-night witnessed a wonderful event. I have been to see 'A Parisian Romance.' The actor who played the Baron Chevrial was unknown till to-night. To-morrow he will be famous. My friends, it is the birth of a great career, the coming of a great artist! A GREAT artist! And do you know who he is? He is Richie, our Richie, Richie Mansfield!"

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

THIS is a story about my guide, Josef Vezina. He's a corking guide and a wonder at hunting, and all sorts of a good fellow besides, but he's a French-Canadian *habitant*, and that means that he's blind as a bat to some ideas perfectly evident to us. So he did a stunt last autumn one day, all out of kindness of heart, which came near getting me into a nasty hole, and would, if my friend Arthur Shackleton, my roommate at college last year, hadn't been the best ever, and too square himself to think unsquareness of another fellow. It turned out only a joke on me after it was straightened out, but I was feeling rather shy for a while along at first.

I ought to give some idea of the sort Josef is. Well, to look at he's a tall, lean, powerful chap of twenty-four, with slim hips and big shoulders, and black hair, and large, light blue eyes which are simply marvellous. They are wide open always, and snap back and forth over everything like lightning, and there isn't a visible object for miles that they miss. Why, one day out on the lake in a canoe, fishing, Josef said, in his soft respectful voice:

"M'sieur Bob!"

And I answered "*Oui*—what is it, Josef?'

"If M'sieur will look—so—in the line of my paddle"—he held it out as lightly as a pencil—"*V'là un oiseau-de-proie*"—hawk—"on the tree across the lake."

I looked till my eyeballs popped, and not a blessed bird could I see for minutes, and then, with much directing from Josef, I caught sight of a lump with a wriggle to it, on the top branch of a spruce like a thousand other spruces, halfway up a hillside.

It's a treat to see him bend over a dim footprint in the moss, deep in the woods, and to watch those search-light eyes widen and brighten, and notice how he puts his rough fingers down as delicately as a lady. Then in a minute he'll blink a quick glance and say quietly:

"*Un orignal*, M'sieur Bob—a moose. There is about an hour that he passed. It is a middle one, and he was not frightened. He but trotted."

At first I used to say "Gosh! how can you tell all that, Josef?" and he would shrug his shoulders and look embarrassed.

"But it is easy—*c'est facile*—M'sieur. The print is not large or deeply sunken—*calé*—so the animal is of medium size. The marks are close together—he did not jump long jumps as one does to hurry, when *effrayé*. And the left hind foot and right fore foot come side by side—an animal trots so."

"And the hour, Josef?"

For the life of him he can't exactly explain that, but two or three times his guesses have been exactly verified. He murmurs something about whether the fern is withered which the moose crushed into his step, and whether a leaf or little twigs have fallen into it, but he lets a lot go

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unexplained. I reckon it's judgment that's come to be instinct by practice and thinking about it. For I believe he dreams hunting, he's so crazy on the subject, and he's sure a shark at it too.

He's a shy fellow and won't talk to most people, but he's got used to me because we've gone off on trips. Being in the woods alone with a person, camping in one tent at night, and tramping in one another's steps all day long; putting up with short rations and discomfort, and then having the fun and glory of killing a caribou, or getting a five-pound trout together—that game makes you feel as if you knew the other fellow pretty well. Especially if it rains—Holy Ike! We did have rain on one trip to drown a frog. Three days of it. We were off to find a lake up the right branch of the *Castor Noir* river, and we didn't find it at all that "*escousse*"—as the guides say—and we got wetter every step and didn't get dry at night so you'd notice it, and altogether it was a moist and melancholy excursion. But Josef was such a brick that I had a good time anyway—I've discovered that there are many varieties of good times and there's one tied up in about every package, if you'll look hard, and shake it out. So we used to have lots of fun building a whooping blaze at night near some little green-mossy arrangement of a brook, and making it go in spite of the rain—Josef's a wizard at that. We'd get the tent up and chop for the all-night fire, and dry out our clothes and things—it's wonderful how much you can. And then we'd have supper, and I never hope to taste anything as good as that fried bacon with corn-meal flapjacks. Maple sugar's fine mixed right in too—we didn't stop for courses. I've had meals at Sherry's and they're not in it with our bacon and flapjacks. Then Josef would fumble in his soggy pocket and bring out an old black pipe, and fumble in another pocket and bring out a marbled plug of tobacco, and slice off some with his ferocious hunting-knife, out of the caribou-skin case with fringe of the hide, which he wears always on his belt. Then, when he'd lit up, he'd start in to amuse me—I think he was deadly afraid I'd get bored before we found that lake. He'd tell me anything on an evening off in the woods like that by ourselves—especially, as I said, if it rained. He told me about his sweetheart who died, and about the hundred dollars he'd saved up in five years and then had to pay the doctor from Quebec when his father was awfully ill. He's had a hard time in some ways, that Josef—yet he has his hunting, which is a great pleasure. I'd tell him about college and big cities, where he's never been in his life, not even to Quebec, and he'd ask the simplest, most child-like questions about things, so that sometimes it made me feel sorry and a bit ashamed somehow to have had all the chances.

After we'd talked a while that way I'd get him to sing for me, for he's got a corking voice and they are all musical, these *habitants*. Some of the airs were fascinating, and the words too, and afterward I got him to write down a few for me. The one I liked best began this way:

> Les grands bêtes se promenent
> Le long de leur forêt—
> C'est aux bêtes une salle—
> Le forêt, c'est leur salle;
> Et le roi de la salle
> C'est le Roi Orignal.
>
> Chanceux est le chasseur
> Et louable, qui est capable
> Vaincre le Roi Orignal.

I had a bit of trouble making out the words because he spells his own style and splits up syllables any way that it sounds to him. I'd like to give some of it the way he wrote it, for it sure was queer, but I'd feel as if I were playing a mean trick on poor old Josef if I did that. When he brought the songs to me, written on a piece of brown paper that came around a can of pork-and-beans, he shrugged his shoulders in an embarrassed way and blinked those enormous light eyes half a dozen times fast, and said:

"*Sais pas*, if M'sieur is capable to read my writing. I do not write very well—me." Then the shoulder stunt. "M'sieur will pardon, as I have had little of instruction. I was the eldest and could go to the school but two years. It was necessary that I should work and gain money. Therefore M'sieur will pardon the writing." And you bet I pardoned it, and you see I can't make a joke of it after that.

All this song and dance is just to explain how Josef and I got to be a good pair, so that he'd get up any hour of the night to hunt with me, and jump at the chance; and would always manage to get me the best

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Never once touched the trigger.—Page 398.

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

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pool on a river for fishing, and never let me realize that I was hogging things till after I'd done it. Sometimes the other guides were up in the air at him, but Josef didn't mind. However, the one chance that was apparently the ambition of his life he'd never yet been able to give me, and that was to kill a moose. I'd been pretty slow at getting even a caribou, and missed one or two somehow—they're darned easy things to overshoot, for all they're so big. But that I'd finally accomplished, and I drew a good head with thirty points to the *panaches*—horns—so Josef's mind was at rest so far. At the present moment the principal reason he was living—you'd think—was that I should get "*un orignal*," and I didn't have any objections myself either.

That's the way things stood when Arthur Shackleton came up to camp. Shacky's the best sport going, but a greenhorn in the woods—he'd tell you so himself promptly. I saw Josef sizing him up with those huge shy eyes, as Shacky stood on the dock and fired my 30-40 Winchester at a target before we started out on the trip I'm going to tell about. Josef had one foot in the canoe, loading pacquetons into it, busy as a beaver and silent as the grave, and almost too shy to glance at the bunch of "Messieurs" who were popping the guns—all the same he didn't miss a motion. He knew perfectly that Shacky had to be shown the action of the Winchester—how you saw the guard to load, and then saw it again to throw out the shell and put in a fresh cartridge. If it had been the Archangel Michael, Josef wouldn't have taken much stock in a fellow who didn't understand the Winchester action, and that afternoon poor old Shacky settled himself. We'd been travelling all day, paddling in canoes and tramping on portages, and we'd gone through two or three lakes and were now working up a little river full of rapids, but with long "*eaux morts*" between them. We were getting to the end of such a dead-water, and Shacky's canoe was in front, with a guide in bow and stern, and him in the middle, with a rifle. We were behind, but neither of Shacky's guides, Blanc or Zoëtique, saw the caribou till Josef gave a blood-curdling whisper that waked them up:

"C—caribou! C—caribou!"

And, sure enough, there it was, but so hidden in the branches on the left bank that no eyes but those big microscopes of Josef's could have picked out the beast. The stream narrowed just there and a ripple of water dashed over the stones between alders on one side, where the caribou was, and a pebbly shore in front of alders, on the other. Of course the animal heard Josef's whisper—that couldn't be helped. And what do you think he did? They're crazy in the head, those caribou. He gave a leap out of the alders that hid him, and jumped across the rapids with a tremendous splashing, and stopped on the pebbles in full sight of the audience, and stared at us. I suppose he didn't know where the trouble was coming from—or else he didn't know it was trouble, and liked our looks—but that question can't be settled this side the grave. Anyhow, Zoëtique swung the canoe around with one mighty stroke so that Shacky had a nice left-hand shot, and the caribou stood as if trained and waited for him to be good and ready; and poor old Shacky proceeded to profit by my lessons on the Winchester. He put the rifle to his shoulder and sighted with care, and started in and worked the lever back and forth, back and forth, till he'd loaded and thrown out all five cartridges—and never once touched the trigger. The caribou stood petrified with astonishment while he went through with this supporting performance, making a most unholy racket of course. And when he'd quite finished, and the last cartridge lay in the bottom of the boat—they rained all over him—then the beast stuck out his nose and took to the underbrush, a perfectly good caribou still. It sounds like an impossibility, but it's an absolutely true tale—it was a pure case of blue funk of course. And he wasn't used to guns—it's an outrage to bring a boy up like that.

Well, old Shacky was as game as they make 'em about it, and apologized profusely for wasting good meat, and never whined a whine on his own account. But that didn't help with Josef. I explained at length how the M sieur was new to the gun, but when his big eyes lighted on Shacky I saw such contempt in them I was dreadfully afraid Shacky'd see it too. He'd queered himself all right, and I believe Josef would have hated to guide for him at three dollars a day, he despised him so.

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Yet that's putting it strong—there aren't many things the French-Canadians won't do for money, poor fellows. Anyway, as things were, Josef never looked at Shacky, and acted, as far as he decently could, as if he wasn't there.

We came to the lake where we were to camp, and the four men put up the tents, and we settled things, and then Josef sneaked off in a canoe alone to see what the signs were for game. We'd planned to hunt first on the *Rivière aux Isles*, the inlet to this lake, which was said to be broad and grassy in spots.

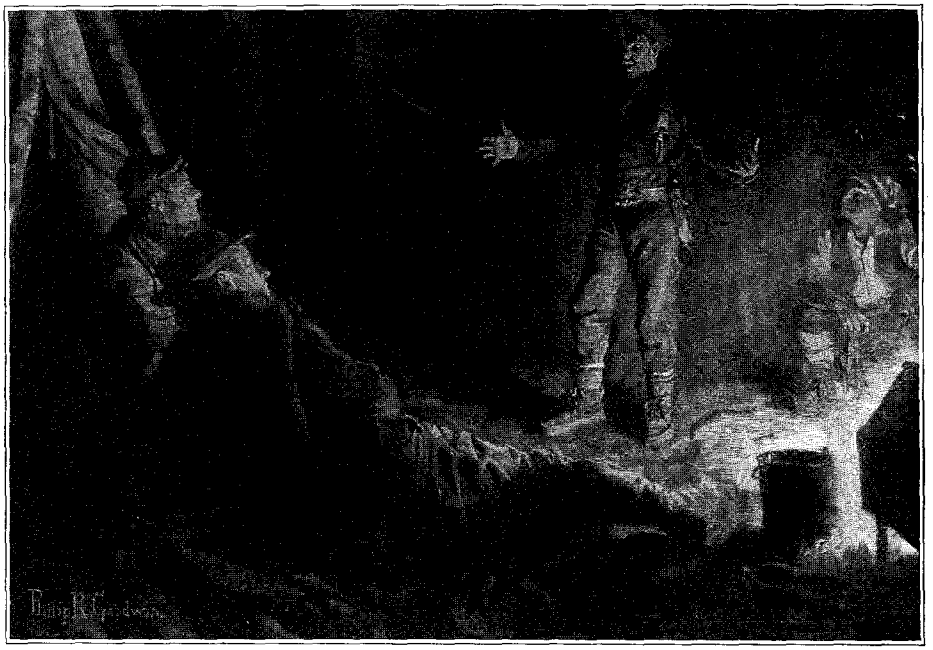
It was clean dark when Josef got back, and when he walked into the firelight his eyes looked like electric lights—blazing, they were. I never saw such extraordinary eyes. Some old cave-dweller that had to kill to eat, and depended on his quicker vision for a quicker chance than the next cave-dweller, may have had that sort—but I've never seen the like.

"Did you find good '*pistes*' Josef?" I asked him.

He had stopped on the edge of the light, shabby and silent and respectful in his queer collection of old clothes, his straight black hair sticking all ways, like a kingfisher's feathers, under his faded felt hat. I tell you he was a picture, with his red bandanna knotted into his belt on one side and the big skin knife-sheath with its leather fringe on the other. That knife gave a savage touch to his make-up. But he stood erect and light and powerful, a bunch of steel springs—there's nothing to pity Josef about on the physical question. He was shy because of Shacky's being there, but when I asked about the "*pistes*"—signs you know—up went his shoulders and out went his hands—he was too excited to think of anything but the hunting.

"*Mais des pistes*, M'sieur Bob! *C'est effrayant! C'est épouvantable!*"

Then he went on to tell me, with hands and shoulders going and his low voice chipping in with the cracking of the fire. It seems that, as there was a light drizzle falling, which would wipe out his scent, he had landed on the shore of the wide-water of the *Rivière aux Isles* near where he thought the beasts might come in. And he had found signs to beat the band—runways cut wide and brown with steady use, and huge prints of both caribou and moose.



"In that manner M'sieur Bob will kill a large moose."—Page 400.

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But what excited him particularly was that, according to his statement, there was a big moose which watered there every day.

"He is there to-day about 10 o'clock in the morning. He was there yesterday. There is also a *grosse piste* of day-before-yesterday," he exploded at me in mouthfuls of words. "He walks up the pass—I have seen his steps all along—I have followed. It is necessary that M'sieur Bob shall go there of a good hour to-morrow morning and wait till the great one comes up the river. It is a shot easy for M'sieur Bob from the wide-water to the place where that great one comes. In that manner M'sieur Bob will kill a large moose—*crais*—but yes."

"Hold on there a second, Josef," I halted him. "M'sieur Shackleton's got to have the first chance—he's my guest," and then I stopped, for not only was Josef looking black murder, but Shacky threw his boot at me.

"No you don't," said Shacky. "No more ruined chances and healthy wild beasts for mine. I won't go, and that's all. If you've got a good harmless spot with one caribou track to amuse me, and you'll let me sit and work a crank, I'll do that fast enough. But as for throwing away any more meat, I plain won't."

"Oh, cut it out, Shacky," I adjured him. "It was only a cow caribou any way, and you'll be steady as an old soldier next time"—but he wouldn't listen to me.

Then I labored with him, and finally after much agony we came to an agreement. There was a place, *Lac M'sieur*, a little pond to the east, which we had every reason to believe would be fine hunting. It was good country, and might beat out Josef's place, only we didn't know for sure. So I terrorized Shacky into a consent to draw lots, the winner to have the choice. We drew, and I won the choice. Josef stood there waiting, his eyes snapping and gleaming and watching every movement—he could understand enough English to follow, though he couldn't speak any. He saw that I had the long stick and he flashed a glance of unconcealed rapture at me.

"At what hour is it light, Josef?" I asked him.

"One can see enough to go *en canot*—in the boat—at three hours and a half,"—he answered happily. "I will wake M'sieur Bob at that hour, is it?"

I really hated to disappoint the chap, he was so tickled to death and so certain I'd get my moose. So I spoke very gently. "I'm sorry, Josef, but we're not going *en canot*, you and I. M'sieur Shackleton and Zoëtique will go to the river and we'll go to *Lac M'sieur*, and rake out a moose before they do."

"Oh come," burst in Shacky. "This is a crime. I simply can't"—but I interrupted.

"Shut up, dear one," I said politely. "You talk like a tea-pot in early June. It's my choice, and I choose *Lac M'sieur*."

Josef bent over with a quick swoop, and picked up the two sticks and held out the long one. "Pardon, M'sieur Bob. It is this one that M'sieur drew?"

"Yes," I said. It came hard to rub it into the fellow and I was just a little sick myself, I'll own, to have to throw away that moose on Shacky's fireworks. "Yes," I said.

"And it is for M'sieur to choose?" he asked, blinking.

"Yes," I agreed again—I let him fight it out his own way.

"Then—*Mon Dieu!* M'sieur Bob will choose the river. It is certain that M'sieur will there kill the great moose."

Well, I had to send him off sulky and raging, and entirely uncomprehending. He simply couldn't grasp why, when I had fairly drawn the choice, I should throw it away on such a thing as Shacky. I couldn't put a glimmer of it into him, either.

At gray dawn, out of the underbrush there was a low call of "M'sieur!" repeated more than once before it got us up. We crawled shiveringly into our clothes by a smoky fire kicked together from last night's logs; we had hot chocolate and not much else out in the open; and off we went, Shacky and his guide up the lake in a boat, and Josef and I through the woods that seemed to have a deathly stillness in them as if all the little wild creatures were sound asleep that make an underbuzz in the day time.

A little cold light was leaking, up in the branches, but down where we walked it was dark—mostly I couldn't see the *plaques*—blazes on the trees, *plaques* are. But you couldn't fool Josef—he went straight from one to another as if it was a trodden portage. My! but he sure was in an ugly

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temper. Once when he whipped his axe out of his belt and clipped a branch in our way, I just knew he wished it was Shacky he was chopping at. The light brightened as we went and before we got to *Lac M'sieur* I could see the sights of my rifle. As we came to the lake, the tree trunks stood black and sharp against a white wall of mist hanging solid on the water; above that the mountains showed black again, on the sunrise—only the sun wasn't risen. The marsh grasses were stiff with frost and when you stepped the marsh was crisp. We walked to the east side to get a good watch; we settled ourselves, and the sun came up behind us as we sat shivering with cold. First it lit the tops of the mountains across, and then crawled down the trees and lay on the water in a band. The stiff grasses suddenly stood up white in masses, and then as the sun hit them the frost melted, and they turned yellow. I wish I could tell how pretty it was and describe the feeling it gives you of the world's being just made that morning expressly for you to play with.

We watched there till the light shone high and came shooting through the branches where we sat straddling two logs, and the minute it touched us it grew so warm we had to shed our sweaters—about seven o'clock, I think. And about then Josef got restless. He picked twigs, and he crawled about, and he kept looking at his big silver watch as if he had a train to catch. Finally, he took out his pipe and began feeling in his pockets for tobacco—the flies were chewing us by then. But I couldn't have that—it's a crime to smoke on a hunt, because the caribou have wonderful noses and scent things a long way off if the wind is to them.

"*C'est bien dangereux*," I whispered.

Then Josef whispered back that this lake was no good—he didn't think we'd see anything.

"What can we do about it?" I asked him. I didn't agree, yet I trusted Josef's judgment more than my own, and he knew it, blame him. He shrugged his shoulders.

"*Sais pas!*" he said, and then he changed his manner. "If M'sieur Bob wishes, there is another pond where one might have a chance."

"What distance?" I asked.

"*Sais pas*," said Josef. "It might be an hour, it might be more. I believe well that M'sieur will kill a moose if he should go to that pond."

"All right," I said. "Come on."

So we crept off through the beaver meadows edging the lake, where every step comes "galoomph" out of soggy moss. Josef gave me a peach of a walk that morning. The sun went under and he had the compass, so I lost directions and we had a lot of bad going—windfalls and spruce thickets and marshes—all sorts. We walked forever, it seemed to me, more than an hour any way. But finally, we came out, around nine o'clock, on a little pond like a million others in Canada, which looked the real thing. There seemed to be quite a big inlet up at the end where we were. Here's a map to show how the thing lay.

We watched at the cross-marked spot and from there you could shoot all over the pond and up the opening which seemed the inlet.

I could judge at a glance that the place was good for game. Opposite us, two hundred yards across water, lay a bank of mud with lily-pads and grass, and that bank was trampled like a cow yard. From where I stood I could see huge sunken hoof-prints, lapping, and the mud thrown up on the edges, not caked or dry even—done inside a few hours. The big roots of the water-lilies had been dragged up—they look like snake pineapples—and partly eaten and left floating—that's the stunt of only a caribou or moose. I patted Josef on the shoulder silently, and his big eyes flashed as if he was satisfied. We selected a stump with some thin bushes in front, where I was screened, yet could swing my gun all around the place, and Josef effaced himself back of me, and we sat there and waited.

Not long. We hadn't been there over five minutes, and I hadn't stopped jumping at the sound of the water on a big stone below, and the sudden breeze through the trees back of me, and a squirrel who kept breaking twigs sharply and then scolding me about it—when all at once there was a thundering, unmistakable crack across the pond, in the trees close to the shore. My heart gave a pole-vault—I reckon every-

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body's does at that sound—and I heard a breath from Josef:

"*Orignal.*"

Neither of us stirred a finger. It was still as the grave for a second. There was another great crack, and then a huge rustling and breaking together, unguarded and continued. My eyes were glued on the thick screen of alders, and the alders parted, and out from them stepped the most magnificent brute I ever saw alive—a huge moose with spreading antlers that seemed ten feet across. As big as a horse he was, and looked bigger because he stood higher and because of the antlers. My! what a picture that made. He waded grandly into the water, making a terrific rumpus of splashing, and then, as I sighted down the barrel, I felt Josef's finger light on my arm.

"*Il va marcher*—he's going to walk up the shore. Wait till he turns."

It was plain that he wanted me to have a broad-side shot, and while it wasn't flattering, yet I didn't care to take chances on this moose myself. I lowered the rifle. The beast put down that gorgeous head and tore up a lily and tossed it on the water, and then bit off a piece of the root and munched it. It was hard to wait while his lordship lunched; I was so afraid I'd lose him I nearly exploded. But in a minute he turned and began to wade again arrogantly and deliberately up stream—it was plain he felt himself cock of the walk and the monarch of the forest all right. Then Josef's finger touched me again, and he grunted—I think he was beyond words. I lifted the rifle and held on to the back of his head and pulled the trigger. The stillness sure was smashed to pieces by the roar of that rifle shot. I reloaded instantly, but Josef yelled:

"*Vous l'avez,* M'sieur Bob—you've got him."

It was so, you know. Of course it was a fluke, but I hit him in the back of the head where I'd held, and he dropped like a log. Well, for about five minutes things were mixed. Josef and I talked to each other and listened to ourselves and both of us were mad to get across that pond to where the big moose lay, still and enormous—but we hadn't any boat. We didn't dare start to walk around it, for fear the moose might not be quite dead and might get up and make off while we were in the woods. So we stood and waited, ready to plunk him if he stirred.

"Where the dickens in Canada are we, anyway?" I burst at Josef in English—but he understood.

"It is a place not too far from camp, M'sieur Bob," he answered quietly. "If but we might have a canoe, *à c't heure-mais v'là*"—he broke off.

And, please the pigs, I lifted my eyes and there *was* a canoe paddling down the inlet, and in the canoe sat old Shacky and Zoëtique.

"Where in time did you drop from?" I howled, and then, with my hands around my mouth, "I've killed a moose! I've killed a moose! There he is!"

Not a sound from Shacky or Zoëtique—I couldn't understand any of it. Why were they there? Why weren't they surprised to see us? Why didn't they answer? However, they paddled steadily on, and as they got close I saw that Shacky was looking rather odd.

"What's up," I asked. "Can't you talk English? Aren't you glad I've killed him?'

"Fine!" answered Shacky with a sort of effort about it that I couldn't make out. "Whooping good shot!" he said, and the boat ran in on the bank and I squatted on the bow to hold her. Shacky proceeded to get out, but he didn't look at me, and Zoëtique, who's generally all smiles and winning ways, was black as thunder—there was something abnormal in the situation which I couldn't get on to. "Corking good shot," he went on in a forced sort of way. "The moose went down like the side wall of a church."

"How do you know?" I threw at him, for his manner irritated me.

"Know?" Shacky laughed a queer laugh. "Of course I know. Didn't I see him?"

"See him?" I repeated. "Where were you? What's this lake anyway, and what are you doing here?"

Shacky looked at me hard enough then. "What in thunder do you mean?" he asked with an astonished stare.

"Mean? I mean that," I yapped. "There's something about this I don't grasp. Do you know what this pond is? For I don't."

Shacky's lower jaw actually dropped, the way you read about in books. He stood and gaped. "What! you don't—know—where you are?" he jerked out. "Why,

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Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

The alders parted, and out from them stepped the most magnificent brute I ever saw alive.—Page 402.

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this is the lower still-water of the *Rivière aux Isles*—just below where you sent me to watch, you know:"

I gave a gulp; he went on:

"We've been listening to that moose an hour—he walked in from away up the mountain—we've heard him crack all the way—he was just in sight around the turn when I heard you shoot and saw him fall. I had my gun cocked and was waiting till he got a few yards nearer."

With that Zoëtique could no longer control himself, but burst in with voluble, broken-hearted indignation. "*C'est b'en malheur!*" he moaned, gurgling like an angry dove. "M'sieur had well the intention to shoot straight—he would not have missed this time—M'sieur. M'sieur had examined and practised the movement of the *carabine* constantly—he now knows it *comme il faut*. Also I remarked the arm of M'sieur, it had the steadiness of a rock—I say it as at mass—it was in truth the moose of M'sieur. He would have gained great credit—also me his guide. So that it was a hard thing to have that moose torn from us at the point itself of gaining. *C'est b'en malheur!*"

Now here's the rest of the map to show how it was, and how we were both holding on that moose around a corner from each other. That beast's last day had come all right, but I got the first crack at the trumpet of doom. Here's the map:

When the business had filtered into my intellect I whirled on Josef.

"You knew where we were? You knew this was M'sieur Shackleton's hunting ground? You brought me here to get that moose?" I flung at the fellow in nervous French, never stopping for tenses.

Josef shrugged his shoulders just a touch. "*Sass peut*" (*Ça se peut*) he murmured irresponsibly—which is Canadian for "It may be."

I could have choked him. To make me play a trick like that on poor old Shacky! And with that Shacky spoke up like the white man he is.

"I guess we're both stung, Bob," and he banged me on the back. "But it's a thousand times better you should get it. I'd probably have missed again. It's the reward of virtue; you gave me your chance. Only I did want to redeem myself. I really was steady, and I'd been fussing with the gun till I knew it by heart. I was going to do it right or bust—you'll give me credit for not being two fools, won't you, Bob? But it's the reward of virtue—that's straight."

I could nearly have cried. Poor old Shacky! when he was ready and nerved up, and that glorious moose within gunshot, to have me step in and snap him off his upper lip when he was almost tasting him.

I was afraid to speak to Josef for a minute, I felt so much like killing him. I simply hustled those two guides, without another word about it, into the canoe, and we crossed to where the moose lay, and the business of skinning the brute and cutting him up, and all that, took three good hours of hard work. But I was laying it up for Josef, I can tell you. I'd have dismissed him if it hadn't been that at lunch, when the men were off, Shacky took me in hand and reasoned with me, and made me see, what indeed I knew, that Josef had acted up to his lights. He couldn't understand our point of view if I talked to him a year, so it was no use talking. He had found that hunting place and he considered that he had a right to it for me, and that I should throw it away seemed to him pure childishness. By his code it was correct to circumvent me for my own good, and he had plain done it. Anyway I didn't dismiss him, owing to Shacky, and also because I'm fond of him.

But I did give him an almighty serious lecture, which did no good at all. He was bursting with joy and quite ready to face small inconveniences, so he just shrugged his shoulders and blinked his light, big eyes when I preached at him, and I don't believe he listened to much of it. Zoëtique was sore too, but Josef let the storm rage around him and was content.

And all the way down the river and through the lakes, as we went home in triumph with those huge antlers garnishing the middle of the boat, I heard old Josef humming to himself as he paddled stern, back of me,

> Chanceux est le chasseur
> Et louable, qui est capable
> Vaincre le Roi Orignal.

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A JOURNEY TO JERASH

By Henry van Dyke

I

THROUGH THE LAND OF GILEAD

I NEVER heard of Jerash until my friend the Archæologist told me about it, one night when we were sitting beside my study fire at Avalon. "It is the site of the old city of Gerasa," said he,—"the most satisfactory ruin that I have ever seen."

There was something suggestive and potent in that phrase, "a satisfactory ruin." For what is it that weaves the charm of ruins? What do we ask of them to make their magic complete and satisfying? There must be an element of picturesqueness, certainly, to take the eye with pleasure in the contrast between the frailty of man's works and the imperishable loveliness of nature. There must also be an element of age; for new ruins are painful, disquieting, intolerable; they speak of violence and disorder; it is not until the bloom of antiquity gathers upon them that the relics of vast and splendid edifices attract us and subdue us with a spell, breathing tranquillity and noble thoughts. There must also be an element of magificence in decay, of symmetry broken but not destroyed, a touch of delicate art and workmanship, to quicken the imagination and evoke the ghost of beauty haunting her ancient habitations. And beyond these things I think there must be two more qualities in a ruin that is to satisfy us: a clear connection with the greatness and glory of the past, with some fine human achievement, with some heroism of men dead and gone; and last of all, a spirit of mystery, the secret of some unexplained catastrophe, the lost link of a story never to be fully told.

This, or something like it, was what the Archæologist's phrase seemed to promise me as we watched the glowing embers on the hearth of Avalon, that winter night. And it is this promise that has drawn me, with my three friends, this April day, into the land of Gilead, riding to find Jerash.

The grotesque and rickety bridge by which we have crossed the Jordan soon disappears behind us, as we trot along the winding bridle-path through the river jungle, in the stifling heat. Coming out on the open plain, which rises gently toward the east, we startle great flocks of storks into the air, and they swing away in languid circles, dappling the blaze of morning with their black-tipped wings. Grotesque, ungainly, gothic birds, they do not seem to belong to the Orient, but rather to have drifted hither out of some quaint, familiar fairy tale of the North; and indeed they are only transient visitors here, and will soon be on their way to build their nests on the roofs of German villages and clapper their long yellow bills over the joy of houses full of little children.

The rains of spring have spread a thin bloom of green over the arid, sun-stricken plain. Tender herbs and light grasses partly veil the gray and stony ground. There is a month of scattered feeding for the flocks and herds. Away to the south, where the foot-hills begin to roll up suddenly from the Jordan, we can see a black line of Bedouin tents quivering through the heat.

Now the trail divides, and we take the northern fork, turning soon into the open mouth of the Wâdi Shaîb, a broad, grassy valley between high and treeless hills. The watercourse that winds down the middle of it is dry: nothing but a tumbled bed of gray rocks, the bare bones of a little river. But as we ascend slowly the flowers increase; wild hollyhocks, and morning glories, and clumps of blue anchusa, and scarlet adonis, and tall wands of white asphodel.

The morning grows hotter and hotter as we plod along. Presently we come up with three mounted Arabs, riding leisurely. Salutations are exchanged with gravity. Then the Arabs whisper something among themselves and spur away at a great pace ahead of us—laughing. Why did they laugh?

At noon we know. For here is a lofty cliff on one side of the valley, hanging over just far enough to make a strip of cool

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shade at its base, with ferns and deep grass and a glimmer of dripping water. And here our wise Arabs are sitting at their ease, to eat their mid-day meal under "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Vainly we search the valley for another rock like that. It is the only one; and the Arabs laughed because they knew it. We must content ourselves with this little hill where a few hawthorn bushes offer us tiny islets of shade, beset with thorns, and separated by straits of intolerable glare. Here we eat a little, but without comfort; and sleep a little, but without refreshment; and talk a little, but restlessly. As soon as we dare, we get into the saddle again and toil up through the valley, now narrowing into a rugged gorge, crammed with ardent heat. The sprinkling of trees and bushes, the multitude of flowers, assure us that there must be moisture underground along the bed of the stream; but above ground there is not a drop, and not a breath of wind to break the dead calm of the smothering air. Why did we come into this heat-trap?

But presently the ravine leads us, by steep stairs of rock, up to a high, green table-land. A heavenly breeze from the west is blowing here. The fields are full of flowers—red anemones, white and yellow marguerites, pink flax, little blue bell-flowers—a hundred kinds. One knoll is covered with cyclamens; another with splendid purple iris, immense blossoms, so dark that they look almost black against the grass; but hold them up to the sun and you will see the imperial color. We have never found such wild flowers, not even on the Plain of Sharon; the hills around Jerusalem were but sparsely adorned in comparison with these highlands of bloom.

And here are oak trees, broad-limbed and friendly, clothed in glistening green. Let us rest for a while in this cool shade and forget the misery of the blazing noon. Below us lies the gray Jordan valley and the steel-blue mirror of the Dead Sea; and across that gulf we see the furrowed mountains of Judea and Samaria, and far to the north the peaks of Galilee. Around us is the Land of Gilead, a rolling hill-country, with long ridges and broad summits, a rounded land, a verdurous land, a land of rich pasturage. There are deep valleys that cut into it and divide it up. But the main bulk of it is lifted high in the air, and spread out nobly to the visitations of the wind. And see—far away there, to the south, across the Wâdi Nimrîn, a mountainside covered with wild trees, a real woodland, almost a forest!

Now we must travel on, for it is still a long way to our night-quarters at Es Salt. We pass several Bedouin camps, the only kind of villages in this part of the world. The tents of goat's-hair are swarming with life. A score of ragged Arab boys are playing hockey on the green with an old donkey's hoof for a ball. They yell with refreshing vigor, just like universal human boys. The trail grows steeper and more rocky, ascending apparently impossible places, and winding perilously along the cliffs above little vineyards and cultivated fields where men are ploughing. Travel and traffic increase along this rude path, which is the only highway: evidently we are coming near to some place of importance. But where is Es Salt? For nine hours we have been in the saddle, riding steadily toward that mysterious metropolis of the Belka, the only living city in the Land of Gilead; and yet there is no trace of it in sight. Have we missed the trail? The mule-train with our tents and baggage passed us in the valley while we were sweltering under the hawthorns. It seems as if it must have vanished into the pastoral wilderness and left us travelling an endless road to nowhere.

At last we top a rugged ridge and look down upon the solution of the mystery. Es Salt is a city that can be hid; for it is not set upon a hill, but tucked away in a valley that curves around three sides of a rocky eminence, and is sheltered from the view by higher ranges. Who can tell how this city came here, hidden in this hollow place almost three thousand feet above the sea? Who was its founder? What was its ancient name? It is a place without traditions, without antiquities, without a shrine of any kind; just a living town, thriving and prospering in its own dirty and dishevelled way in the midst of a country of nomads, growing in the last twenty years from six thousand to fifteen thousand inhabitants, driving a busy trade with the surrounding country, exporting famous raisins and dye-stuff made from

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sumach, the seat of the Turkish Government of the Belka with a garrison and a telegraph office—decidedly a thriving town of to-day; yet without a road by which a carriage can approach it; and old, unmistakably old!

The castle that crowns the eminence in the centre is a ruin of unknown date. The copious spring that gushes from the castle-hill must have invited men for many centuries to build their habitations around it. The gray houses seem to have slipped and settled down into the curving valley, and to have crowded one another up the opposite slopes, as if hundreds of generations had found here a hiding place and a city of refuge.

We ride through a Mohammedan graveyard—unfenced, broken, neglected—and down a steep, rain-gulleyed hillside, into the filthy, narrow street. The people all have an Arab look, a touch of the wildness of the desert in their eyes and their free bearing. There are many fine figures and handsome faces, some with auburn hair and a reddish hue showing through the bronze of their cheeks. They stare at us with undisguised curiosity and wonder, as if we came from a strange world. The swarthy merchants in the doors of their little shops, the half-veiled women in the lanes, the groups of idlers at the corners of the streets, watch us with a gaze which seems almost defiant. Evidently tourists are a rarity here—perhaps an intrusion to be resented.

We inquire whether our baggage-train has been seen,—where our camp is pitched. No one knows, no one cares, until at last a ragged, smiling urchin, one of those blessed, ubiquitous boys who always know everything that happens in a town, offers to guide us. He trots ahead, full of importance, dodging through the narrow alleys, making the complete circuit of the castle-hill and leading us to the upper end of the eastern valley. Here, among a few olive trees beside the road, our white tents are standing, so close to an encampment of wandering gypsies that the tent-ropes cross.

Directly opposite rises a quarter of the town, tier upon tier of flat-roofed houses, every roof-top covered with people. A wild-looking crowd of visitors have gathered in the road. Two soldiers, with the appearance of partially reformed brigands, are acting as our guard, and keeping the inquisitive spectators at a respectful distance. Our mules and donkeys and horses are munching their supper in a row, tethered to a long rope in front of the tents. Shukari, the cook, in his white cap and apron, is gravely intent upon the operation of his little charcoal range. Youssouf, the major-domo, is setting the table with flowers and lighted candles in the dining-tent. After a while he comes to the door of our sleeping-tents to inform us, with due ceremony, that dinner is served; and we sit down to our repast in the midst of the swarming Edomites and the wandering Zingari as peacefully and properly as if we were dining at the Savoy.

The night darkens around us. Lights twinkle, one above another, up the steep hillside of houses; above them are the tranquil stars, the lit windows of unknown habitations; and on the hill-top one great planet burns in liquid flame. The crowd melts away, chattering down the road; it forms again, from another quarter, and again dissolves. Meaningless shouts and cries and songs resound from the hidden city. In the gypsy camp beside us insomnia reigns. A little forge is clinking and clanking. Donkeys raise their antiphonal lament. Dogs salute the stars in chorus. First a leader, far away, lifts a wailing, howling, shrieking note; then the mysterious unrest that torments the bosom of oriental dogdom breaks loose in a hundred, a thousand answering voices, swelling into a yapping, growling, barking, yelling discord. A sudden silence cuts the tumult short, until once more the unknown misery (or is it the secret joy) of the canine heart bursts out in long-drawn dissonance. From the road and from the tents of the gypsies various human voices are sounding close around us all the night. Through our confused dreams and broken sleep we strangely seem to catch fragments of familiar speech, phrases of English or French or German. Then, waking and listening, we hear men muttering and disputing, women complaining or soothing their babies, children quarrelling or calling to each other, in Arabic, or Romany—not a word that we can understand—voices that tell us only that we are in a strange land, and very far away from home, camping in the heart of a wild city.

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II

OVER THE BROOK JABBOK

AFTER such a night the morning is welcome, as it breaks over the eastern hill behind us, with rosy light creeping slowly down the opposite slope of houses; and before the sunbeams have fairly reached the bottom of the valley we are in the saddle ready to leave Es Salt without further exploration.

There is a general monotony about this riding through Palestine which yet leaves room for a particular variety of the most entrancing kind. Every day is like every other in its main outline, but the details are infinitely uncertain—always there is something new, some touch of a distinct and memorable charm.

To-day it is the sense of being in the country of the nomads, the tent-dwellers, the masters of innumerable flocks and herds, whose wealth goes wandering from pasture to pasture, bleating and lowing and browsing and multiplying over the open moorland beneath the blue sky. This is the prevailing impression of this day: and the symbol of it is the thin, quavering music of the pastoral pipes, following us wherever we go, drifting tremulously and plaintively down from some rock on the hillside, or floating up softly from some hidden valley, where a brown shepherd or goatherd is minding his flock with music. What quaint and rustic melodies are these, wild and unfamiliar to our ears; yet doubtless the same wandering airs that were played by the sons and servants of Jacob when he returned from his twenty years of profitable exile in Haran with his rich wages of sheep and goats and cattle and wives and maid-servants, the fruit of his hard labor and shrewd bargaining with his father-in-law Laban, and passed cautiously through Gilead on his way to the Promised Land.

On the highland to the east of Es Salt we see a fine herd of horses, brood-mares, and foals. A little farther on, we come to a muddy pond or tank at which a drove of asses are drinking. A steep and winding path, full of loose stones, leads us down into a grassy, oval plain, a great cup of green, eight or ten miles long and five or six miles wide, rimmed with bare hills from five to eight hundred feet high. This, we conjecture, is the fertile basin of El Buchaia, or Bekaa. Bedouin farmers are ploughing the rich, reddish soil. Their black tent-villages are tucked away against the feet of the surrounding hills. The broad plain itself is without sign of human dwelling, except that near each focus of the ellipse there is a pile of shattered ruins with a crumbling, solitary tower, where a shepherd sits piping to his lop-eared flock.

In one place we pass through a breeding-herd of camels, browsing on the short grass. The old ones are in the process of the spring moulting; their thick, matted hair is peeling off in large flakes, like fragments of a ragged, moth-eaten coat. The young ones are covered with pearl-gray wool, soft and almost downy, like gigantic goslings with four legs. (What is the word for a young camel, I wonder; is it camlet or camelot?) But young and old have a family resemblance of ugliness. They are the most ungainly and stupid of God's useful beasts: awkward necessities: the humpbacked ships of the desert. The Arabs have a story which runs thus: "What did Allah say when he had finished making the camel? He couldn't say anything; he just looked at the camel, and laughed, and laughed!" But in spite of his ridiculous appearance the camel seems satisfied with himself; in fact there is an expression of supreme contempt in his face when he droops his pendulous lower lip and wrinkles his nose, which has led the Arabs to tell another story about him: "Why does the camel despise his master? Because man knows only the ninety-nine common names of Allah; but the hundredth name, the wonderful name, the beautiful name, is a secret revealed to the camel alone. Therefore he scorns the whole race of men."

The cattle that feed around the edges of this peaceful plain are small and nimble, as if they were used to long, rough journeys. The prevailing color is black, or rusty brown. They are evidently of a degenerate and played-out stock. Even the heifers are used for ploughing, and they look but little larger than the donkeys which are often yoked beside them. They come around the grassy knoll when our luncheon tent is pitched, and stare at us very much as the people stared in Es Salt.

In the afternoon we pass over the rim of the broad vale and descend a narrower

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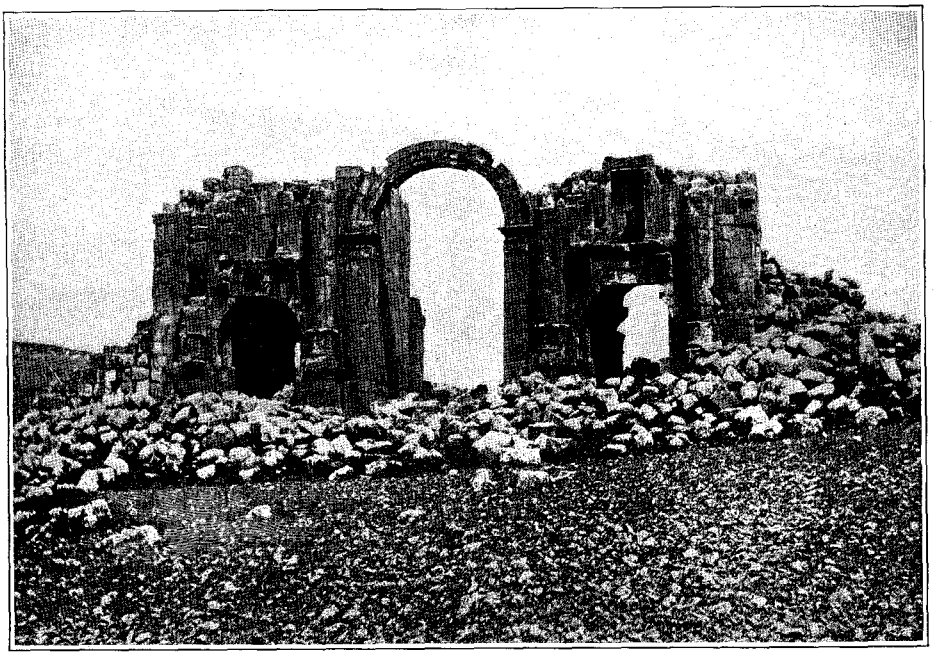

Arch of Triumph, Jerash.

ravine, where oaks and terebinths, laurels and balsams, pistachios and almonds are growing. The grass springs thick and lush; tall weeds and trailing vines appear, a murmur of flowing water is heard under the tangled herbage at the bottom of the wâdi. Presently we are following a bright little brook, crossing and recrossing it as it leads us toward our camp-ground.

There are the tents, standing in a line on the flowery bank of the brook, across the water from the trail. A few steps lower down there is a well-built stone basin, with a copious spring gushing into it from the hillside, under an arched roof. Here the people of the village (which is somewhere near us on the mountain, but out of sight) come to fill their pitchers and water-skins and to let their cattle and donkeys drink. All through the late afternoon they are coming and going, plashing through the shallow ford below us, enjoying the cool, clear water, disappearing along the foot-paths that lead among the hills.

These are very different cattle from the herds we saw among the Bedouins a couple of hours ago; fine large creatures, well bred and well fed, some cream-colored, some red, some belted with white. And these men who follow them, on foot or on horseback, truculent looking fellows with blue eyes and light hair and broad faces, clad in long, close-fitting tunics with belts around their waists and small black caps of fur, some of them with high boots—who are they? They are some of the Circassian immigrants who were driven out of Russia by the Czar after the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, and deported again after the Bulgarian atrocities, and whom the Turkish Government has colonized through eastern Palestine on land given by the Sultan. Nobody really knows to whom the land belongs, I suppose; but the Bedouins have had the habit, for many centuries, of claiming and using it as they pleased for their roaming flocks and herds. Now these northern invaders are taking and holding the most fertile places, the best springs, the fields that are well watered through the year. Therefore the Arab hates the Circassian, though he be of the same religion, far more than he hates the Christian, almost as much as he hates the Turk. But the Circassian can take care of himself; he is a fierce and hardy fighter; and in his rude way he understands how to make farming and stock-raising pay.

Indeed, this Land of Gilead is a region in which twenty times the present popula-

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tion, if they were industrious and intelligent and had good government, might prosper. No wonder that the tribe of Gad and Reuben and the half-tribe of Manassah, on the way to Canaan, "when they saw the land of Jazer and the land of Gilead, that, behold, the place was a place for cattle" (Numbers xxxii) fell in love with it, and besought Moses that they might have their inheritance there, and not westward of the Jordan. No wonder that they recrossed the river after they had helped Joshua to conquer the Canaanites, and settled in this high country, so much fairer and more fertile than Judea, or even than Samaria.

It was here, in 1880, that Laurence Oliphant, the gifted English traveller and mystic, proposed to establish his fine scheme for the beginning of the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. A territory extending from the brook of Jabbok on the north to the brook of Arnon on the south, from the Jordan Valley on the west to the Arabian desert on the east; railways running up from the sea at Haifa, and down from Damascus, and southward to the Gulf of Akabah, and across to Ismailia on the Suez Canal; a government of local autonomy guaranteed and protected by the Sublime Porte; a rich capital supplied by the Jewish bankers of London and Paris and Berlin and Vienna; and the outcasts of Israel gathered from all the countries where they are oppressed, to dwell together in peace and plenty, tending sheep and cattle, raising fruit and grain, pressing out wine and oil, and supplying the world with balm of Gilead—such was Oliphant's beautiful dream. But it did not come true; because Russia did not like it, because Turkey was afraid of it, because the rest of Europe did not care for it—and perhaps because the Jews themselves were not generally enthusiastic over it. Perhaps the majority of them would rather stay where they are. Perhaps they are not hankering for Palestine and the simple life.

But it is not of these things that we are thinking, I must confess, as the ruddy sun slowly drops toward the heights of Pennel, and we stroll out in the evening glow, along the edge of the wild ravine into which our little stream plunges, looking down into the deep, grand valley of the Brook Jabbok.

Yonder, on the other side of the great gulf of amethystine shadows, stretches the long bulk of the Jebel Ajlûn, shaggy with oak trees. It was somewhere on the slopes of that wooded mountain that one of the most tragic battles of the world was fought. For there the army of Absalom went out to meet the army of his father David. "And the battle was spread over the face of all the country, and the forest devoured more people that day than the sword devoured." It was there that the young man Absalom rode furiously upon his mule, "and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between heaven and earth." And one came and told Joab, the captain of David's host, "Behold I saw Absalom hanging in the midst of an oak." Then Joab made haste; "and he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak." And when the news came to David, sitting in the gate of the city of Mahanaim, he went up into the chamber over the gate and wept bitterly, crying, "Would I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son!" (II Samuel xviii.)

To remember a story like that is to feel the pathos with which humanity has touched the face of nature. But there is another story, more mystical, more beautiful, which belongs to the scene upon which we are looking. Down in the purple valley, where the smooth meadows spread so fair, and the little river curves and gleams through the thickets of oleander, somewhere along that flashing stream is the place where Jacob sent his wives and his children, his servants and his cattle, across the water in the darkness, and then remained all night long alone, for "there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day." Who was this "man" with whom the patriarch contended at midnight, and to whom he cried, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me"? On the morrow he was to meet his fierce and powerful brother Esau, whom he had wronged and outwitted, from whom he had stolen the birthright blessing twenty years before. Was it the prospect of this dreaded meeting that brought upon Jacob the night of lonely struggle by the Brook Jabbok? Was it the promise of reconciliation with his brother that made him say at dawn, "I have seen *God face to face*, and my life is saved"? Was it the unex-

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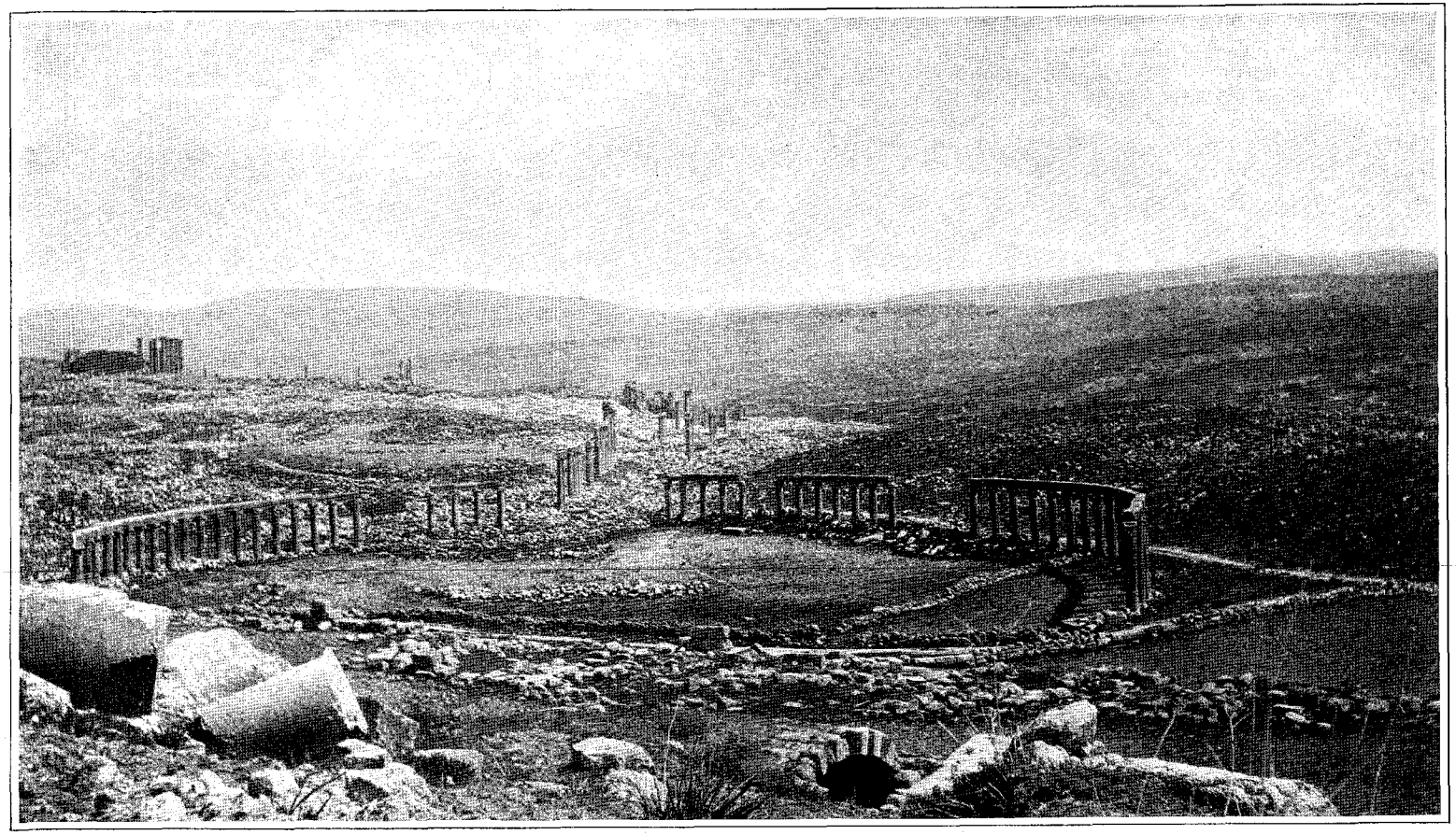

The Forum and Street of Columns, Jerash.

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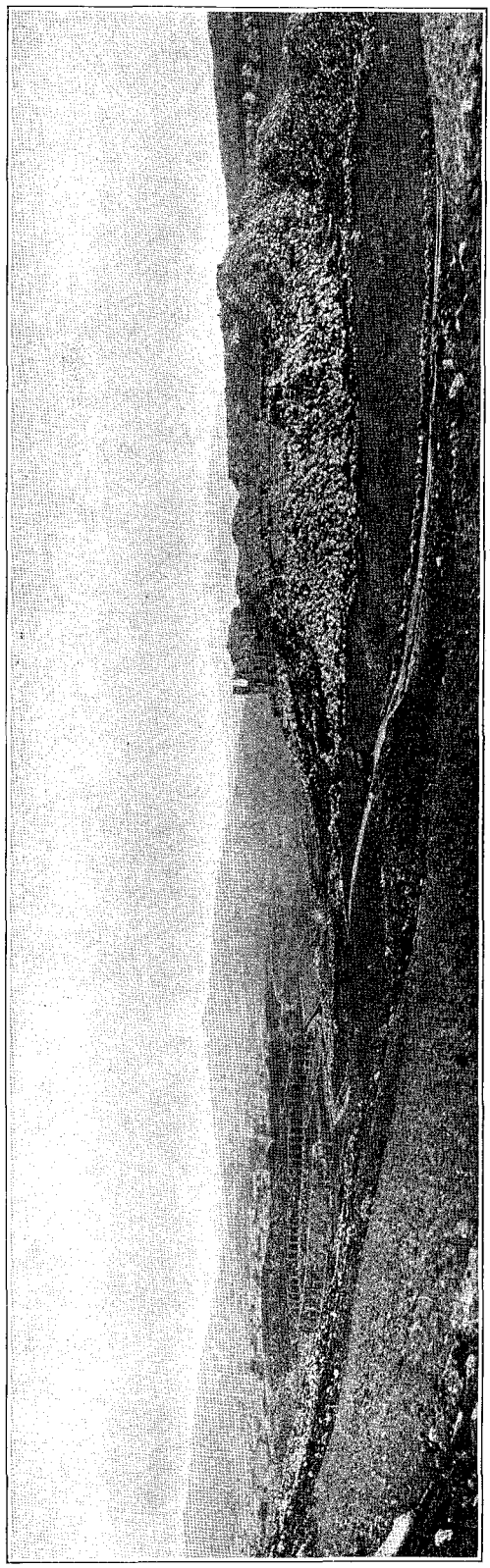

The South-Theatre, Jerash.

pected friendliness and gentleness of that brother in the encounter of the morning that inspired Jacob's cry, "I have seen *thy face as one seeth the face of God*, and thou wast pleased with me"? Yes, that is what the old story means, in its oriental imagery. The midnight wrestling is the pressure of human enmity and hatred. The morning peace is the assurance of human forgiveness and love. The face of God seen in the face of human kindness—that is the sunrise vision of the Brook Jabbok.

Such are the thoughts with which we fall asleep in our tents beside the murmuring brook of Er Rumman. Early the next morning we go down, and down, and down, by ledge and terrace and grassy slopes, into the Vale of Jabbok. It is sixty miles long, beginning on the edge of the mountain of Moab, and curving eastward, northward, westward, south-westward, between Gilead and Ajlûn, until it opens into the Jordan Valley. Here is the famous little river, a swift, singing current of gray-blue water—Nahr ez-Zerka "blue river," the Arabs call it—dashing and swirling merrily between the thickets of willows and tamaracks and oleanders that border it. The ford is rather deep, for the spring flood is on; but our horses splash through gayly, scattering the water around them in showers which glitter in the sunshine.

Is this the brook beside which a man once met God? Yes—and by many another brook too.

III

THE RUINS OF GERASA

We are coming now into the region of the Decapolis, the Greek cities which sprang up along the eastern border of Palestine after the conquests of Alexander the Great. They were trading cities, undoubtedly, situated on the great

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roads which led from the east across the desert to the Jordan Valley, and so, converging upon the Plain of Esdraelon, to the Mediterranean Sea and to Greece and Italy. Their wealth tempted the Jewish princes of the Hasmonœan line to conquer and plunder them; but the Roman general Pompey restored their civic liberties, B. C. 65, and caused them to be rebuilt and strengthened. By the beginning of the Christian era, they were once more rich and flourishing, and a league was formed of ten muncipalities, with certain rights of communal and local government, under the protection and suzerainty of the Roman Empire. The ten cities which originally composed this confederacy for mutual defence and the development of their trade, were Scythopolis, Hippos, Damascus, Gadara, Raphana, Kanatha, Pella, Dion, Philadelphia and Gerasa. Their money was stamped with the image of Cæsar. Their soldiers followed the Imperial eagles. Their traditions, their arts, their literature were Greek. But their strength and their prosperity were Roman, culminating in the second century.

Here in this narrow wâdi through which we are climbing up from the Vale of Jabbok we find the traces of the presence of the Romans in the fragments of a paved military road and an aqueduct. Presently we surmount a rocky hill and look down into the broad, shallow basin of Jerash. Gently sloping, rock-strewn hills surround it; through the centre flows a stream, with banks bordered by trees and a water-fall flashing opposite to us; on a cluster of rounded knolls, about the middle of the valley, on the west bank of the stream, are spread the vast, incredible, complete ruins of the ancient city of Gerasa.

Part of the South-Theatre, Jerash.

They rise like a dream in the desolation of the wilderness, columns and arches and vaults and amphitheatres and temples, suddenly appearing in the bare and

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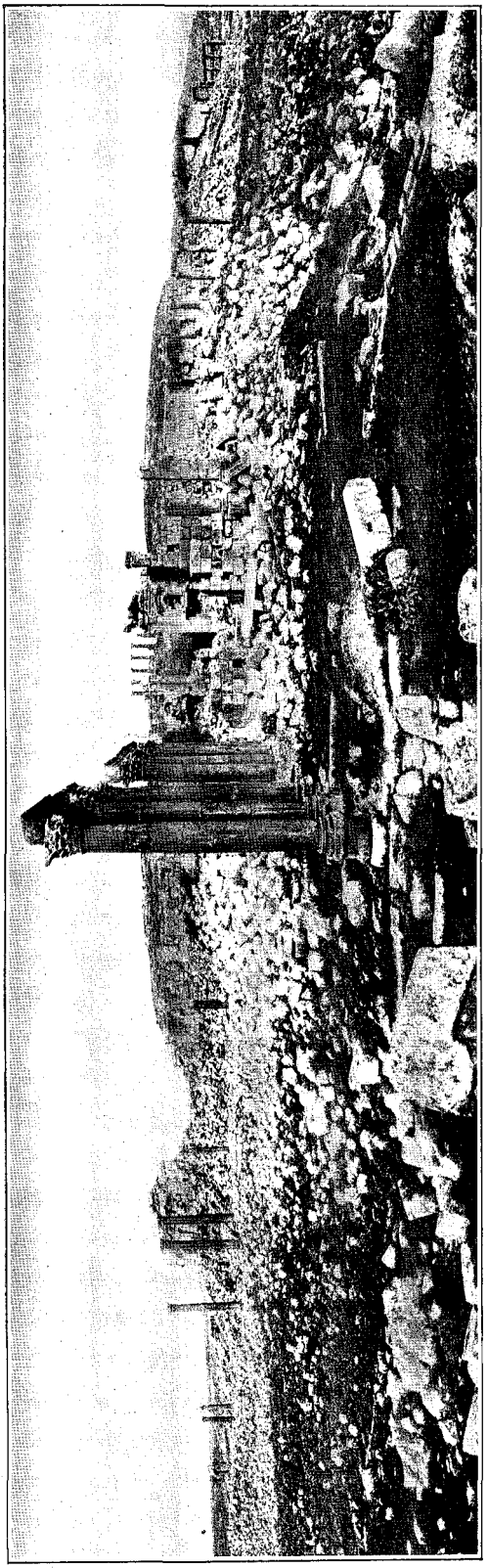

Ruins of Jerash, looking west. Propylæum and Temple terrace in the centre.

lonely landscape as if by enchantment. How came these monuments of splendor and permanence into this country of simplicity and transience, this land of shifting shepherds and drovers, this empire of the black tent, this immemorial region that has slept away the centuries under the spell of the pastoral pipe? What magical music of another kind, strong, stately and sonorous, music of brazen trumpets and shawms, of silver harps and cymbals, evoked this proud and potent city on the border of the desert, and maintained for centuries, amid the sweeping, turbulent floods of untamable tribes of rebels and robbers, this lofty land-mark of

"the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome"?

What sudden storm of discord and disaster shook it all down again, loosened the sinews of majesty and power, stripped away the garments of beauty and luxury, dissolved the lovely body of living joy, and left this skeleton of dead splendor diffused upon the solitary ground?

Who can solve these mysteries? It is all unaccountable, unbelievable—the ghost of the dream of a dream—yet here it is, surrounded by the green hills, flooded with the frank light of noon, neighbored by a dirty, noisy little village of Arabs and Circassians on the east bank of the stream, and with real goats and lean black cattle grazing between the carved columns and under the broken architraves of Gerasa the golden.

Let us go up into the wrecked city. This triumphal arch, with its three gates and its lofty Corinthian columns stands outside of the city walls: a structure which has no other use or meaning than the expression of Imperial pride: thus the Roman conquerors adorn and approach their vassal-town. Behind the arch a broad, paved road leads to the South-Gate, per-

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haps a thousand feet away. Beside the road, between the arch and the gate, lie two buildings of curious interest. The first is a great pool of stone, seven hundred feet long by three hundred feet wide. This is the Naumachia, which is filled with water by conduits from the neighboring stream, in order that the Greeks may hold their mimic naval combats and regattas here in the desert, for they are always at heart a seafaring people. Beyond the pool there is a Circus, with four rows of stone seats and an oval arena, for wild-beast shows and gladiatorial combats.

Part of the Propylæum.

The city walls have almost entirely disappeared and the South-Gate is in ruins. Entering and turning to the left, we ascend a little hill and find a Temple (perhaps dedicated to Artemis), and close beside it the great South-Theatre. There is hardly a break in the semicircular stone benches, thirty-two rows of seats rising tier above tier, divided into an upper and a lower section by a broader row of "boxes" or stalls, richly carved, and reserved, no doubt, for magnates of the city and persons of importance. The stage, over a hundred feet wide, is backed by a straight wall adorned with Corinthian columns and decorated niches. The theatre faces due north; and the spectator sitting here, if the play wearies him, can lift his eyes and look off beyond the proscenium over the length and breadth of Gerasa.

"But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades
Colonnades,
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,
All the men!"

In the hollow northward from this theatre is the Forum, or the Market-place, or the Hippodrome—I cannot tell what it is, but a splendid oval of Ionic pillars encloses an open space of more than three hundred feet in length and two hundred and fifty feet in width, where the Gerasenes may barter or bicker or bet, as they will.

From the Forum to the North-Gate runs the main street, more than half a mile long, lined with a double row of columns, from twenty to thirty feet high, with smooth shafts and acanthus capitals. At the intersection of the cross streets there are tetrapylons, with domes, and pedestals for statues. The pavement of the roadway is worn into ruts by the chariot wheels. Under the arcades behind the columns run the sidewalks for foot-passengers. Turn to the right from the main street and you come to the Public Baths, an immense building like a palace, supplied with hot and cold water, adorned with marble and mosaic. On the left lies the Tribuna, with its richly decorated façade and its fountain of flowing water. A few yards farther north is the Propylæum of the Great Temple; a superb gateway, decorated with columns and garlands and shell niches, opening to a wide flight of steps by which

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The Temple of the Sun, looking North.

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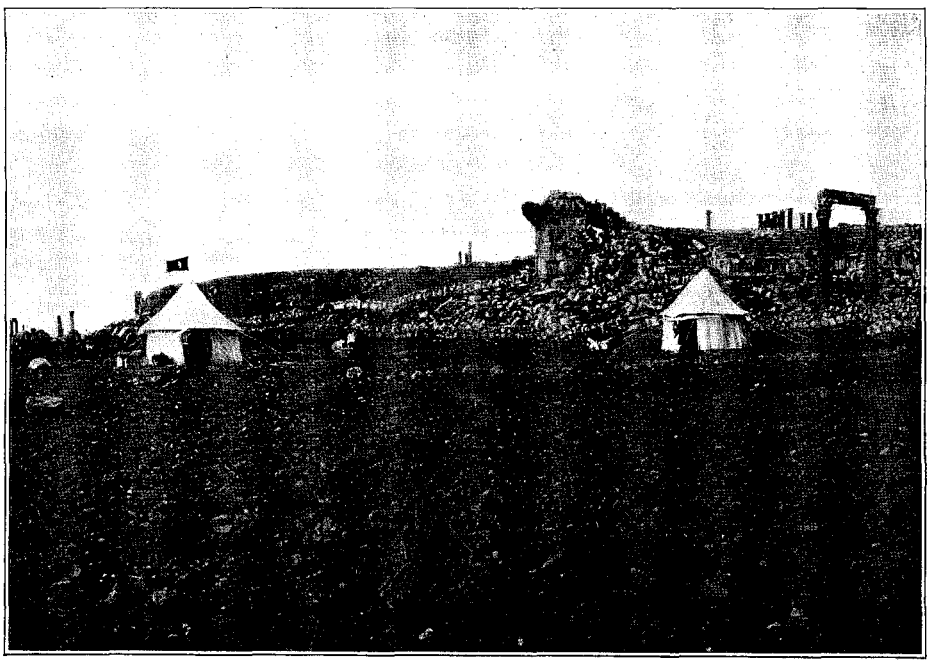
we ascend to the temple-area, a terrace nearly twice the size of Madison Square Garden, surrounded by two hundred and sixty columns, and standing clear above the level of the encircling city.

The Temple of the Sun rises at the western end of this terrace, facing the Dawn. The huge columns of the portico, forty-five feet high and five feet in diameter, with rich Corinthian capitals, are of rosy-yellow limestone, which seems to be saturated with the sunshine of a thousand years. Behind them are the walls of the Cella, or inner shrine, with its vaulted apse for the image of the god, and its secret stairs and passages in the rear wall for the coming and going of the priests and the ascent to the roof for the first salutation of the sunrise over the eastern hills.



Packing up our camp in the North-Theatre, Jerash.

Spreading our cloth between two pillars of the portico we celebrate the feast of noontide, and looking out over the wrecked magnificence of the city we try to reconstruct the past. It was in the days of Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, in the latter part of the second century after Christ, that these temples and palaces and theatres were rising. Those were the palmy days of Græco-Roman civilization in Syria; and then the shops along the Colonnade were filled with rich goods, the Forum listened to the voice of world-famous orators and teachers, and proud lords and ladies assembled in the Naumachia to watch the sham battles of the miniature galleys. A little later the new religion of Christianity found a foothold here (see, these are the ruined outlines of a Christian church below us to the south, and the foundation of a great Basilica), and by the fifth century the pagan worship was dying out and the Bishop of Gerasa had a seat in the Council of Chalcedon. It was no longer with the comparative merits of Stoicism and Epicureanism and Neo-Platonism, or with the rival literary fame of their own Ariston and Kerykos as against Meleager and Menippus and Theodorus of Gadara, that the Gerasenes concerned themselves. They were busy now with the controversies about Homoiousia and Homoöusia, with the rivalry of the Eutychians and the Nestorians, with the conflicting, not to say combative, claims of Dioscurus of Alexandria and Theodoret of Cyrus. But trade continued brisk, and the

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city was as rich and as proud as ever. In the seventh century an Arabian chronicler notes it among the great towns of Palestine, and a poet praises its fertile territory and its copious spring.

Then what happened? Earthquake, pestilence, conflagration, pillage, devastation —who knows? A Mohammedan writer of the thirteenth century merely mentions it as "a great city of ruins"; and so it lay, deserted and forgotten, until a German traveller visited it in 1806; and so it lies to-day, with all its dwellings and its walls shattered and dissolved beside its flowing stream, in the centre of its green valley, and only the relics of its temples, its theatres, its colonnades, and its triumphal arch remaining to tell us how brave and rich and gay it was in the days of old.

Do you believe it? Does it seem at all real or possible to you? Look up at this tall pillar above us. See how the wild marjoram has thrust its roots between the joints and hangs like "the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." See how the weather has worn deep holes and crevices in the topmost drum, and how the sparrows have made their nests there. Lean your back against the pillar; feel it vibrate like "a reed shaken with the wind"; watch that huge capital of acanthus leaves swaying slowly to and fro and trembling upon its stalk "as a flower of the field."

All the afternoon and all the next morning we wander through the ruins, taking photographs, deciphering inscriptions, discovering new points of view to survey the city. We sit on the arch of the old Roman bridge which spans the stream and look down into the valley filled with gardens and orchards; tall poplars shiver in the breeze; peaches, plums, and cherries are in bloom; almonds clad in pale-green foliage; figs putting forth their verdant shoots; pomegranates covered with ruddy young leaves. We go up to see the beautiful spring which bursts from the hillside above the town and supplies it with water. Then we go back again to roam aimlessly and dreamily, like folk bewitched, among the tumbled heaps of hewn stones, the broken capitals, and the tall, rosy columns, flushed with sunset.

The Arabs of Jerash have a bad reputation as robbers and extortionists; and in truth they are rather a dangerous-looking lot of fellows, with bold, handsome brown faces and inscrutable dark eyes. But although we have paid no tribute to them, they do not molest us. They seem to regard us with a contemptuous pity as harmless idiots who loaf among the fallen stones and do not even attempt to make excavations.

Our camp is in the enclosure of the North-Theatre, a smaller building than that which stands beside the South-Gate, but large enough to hold an audience of two or three thousand. The hemicircle of seats is still unbroken; the arrangements of the stage, the stairways, the entries of the building can all be easily traced. There were gay times in the city when these two theatres were filled with people. What comedies of Plautus or Terence or Aristophanes or Menander; what tragedies of Seneca, or of the seven dramatists of Alexandria who were called the "Pleias," were presented here? Look up along those lofty tiers of seats in the pale, clear starlight. Can you see no shadowy figures sitting there, hear no light whisper of ghostly laughter, no thin ripple of clapping hands? What flash of wit amuses them, what nobly tragic word or action stirs them to applause? What problem of their own life, what reflection of their own heart, does the stage reveal to them? We shall never know. The play at Gerasa was ended long ago.

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A BURIAL ON PYRAMID

By Victor Henderson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. MAYNARD DIXON

And then the summit.—Page 422.

"TO live unknown and die forgotten—isn't that the best way?"

From the depths of the great leather arm-chair Gordon blew a contentful smoke-ring.

"Forgotten? No man's safe to stay decently forgotten with such grave-robbers abroad as we moderns."

"You're right," answered Gordon, "our museums overflow with mummies, matted-haired Peruvian heads, the skulls and skeletons of every people. The dead were laid to rest by loving hands, intrusted reverently to the kindly earth, and now we ghouls of to-day—I've a mound-builder's skull on my own desk, to hold my pipes—I've not even the rights of science to cloak my sins."

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"Our funerals themselves are a disgrace to our civilization—a cruel exposure of grief, a gratification for vulgar curiosity, a heathenish superstition that the empty body signifies."

Gordon nodded assent.

"I've been mourner at one funeral," he answered, "that was exactly right. It was last summer, in the Sierras—but have you time to listen?"

"My wife's doing all the dancing for the family to-night."

"You're lucky." Gordon poked the log over, and a fresh blaze shot up.

"This one perfect funeral was last summer in the mountains. I'd been fighting a will case. It was all a muck of fraud and theft and scandal, and when we'd broken the forged will and won the grand-daughter the estate—but that story has nothing to do with this, and you know it already, anyway—I told my partner he had to run the shop by himself—I never wanted to open another law book or smell another court-room.

"The mountain fever had broken out in me again. You know how it is. Your ears throb night and day with the sound of falling waters and windy pines, you loathe cities and all mankind. I sent my old chum, Cassidy, John Muir's latest book—and that did for Cassidy. Three days later we'd staged across the furnace of the San Joaquin valley, and up through the foothills to the first pines and then to the last logging camp, we'd hired our mules and packed them with our grub, and there we were in the Sierras, a million miles from anywhere or anybody, and just in bliss—except for the mules.

"We loafed along up the middle fork of Pyramid Creek, camping in delectable meadows, and catching no end of trout, and feasting on Cassidy's culinary marvels—beans, Spanish, with tomato sauce and prune pie baked in a Dutch oven and 'trembling death'—and finally we came to a lake eight thousand feet high, and so heavenly set in the midst of the snow-mountains that we settled down just to stay there forever. One after another the long June days went by, and we knew there was nothing in the world but our lake and our mountains and ourselves. When we'd left San Francisco, there was a European war-scare on. Now London and Paris might have been swallowed up by an earthquake for all we cared. We were six days' journey from the nearest telephone bell, eight days' from a railroad station; we hadn't seen another human being for two weeks.

"Only one thing disturbed my peace of mind—Pyramid Peak. A physician once told me my athletics at college had affected my heart—that if I valued my present rude health I'd better not overexert any more. For two summers I'd followed his advice—I'd contented myself with looking at mountains from the deck of an Alaska steamer, or with whipping trout-streams, and enjoying the peaks only from below. But now we were in an unexplored country, and there loomed Pyramid, one of the scores of unclimbed Sierra peaks—and fascinating! Cassidy wanted to climb Pyramid. I told him there was no real pleasure in going up four thousand feet just to come down four thousand feet, that we'd already climbed Ritter and Williamson and the North Palisade and Rainier and Hood and Sir Donald, and that it was a waste of his time taking a walk up any insignificant little twelve-thousand-foot hill like Pyramid.

"But one evening when the shadows had closed down on our lake and our tamarack wood and I lay there gazing up at the sunset glow on the peaks, my eyes began to climb Pyramid, picking the practicable way, up, up, up to a tiny snowfield lodged high on Pyramid, right under the pinnacle. Then I knew I couldn't help it—I had to climb that immense buttress ridge, and cross that snowfield, and inherit the earth from the summit.

"Half past three in the morning came. It was a heroic task to crawl out of my sleeping-bag into the icy night, but Cassidy had shamed me—I heard the crunch of crackling ice as he broke the film on the pool, to dip the water for our coffee—and June, mind you! As we started up the bed of the stream, we pressed our way through budding willow-shoots, filmed in ice from the spray. Then the stream had vanished, but we could hear it rumbling far beneath us, in caverns under the snow, while we followed easily along the frozen crust. We clambered up the rocky wall of the cañon to the buttress ridge, crossed snowfield after snowfield, hung there like thatching on the roof of the world, and

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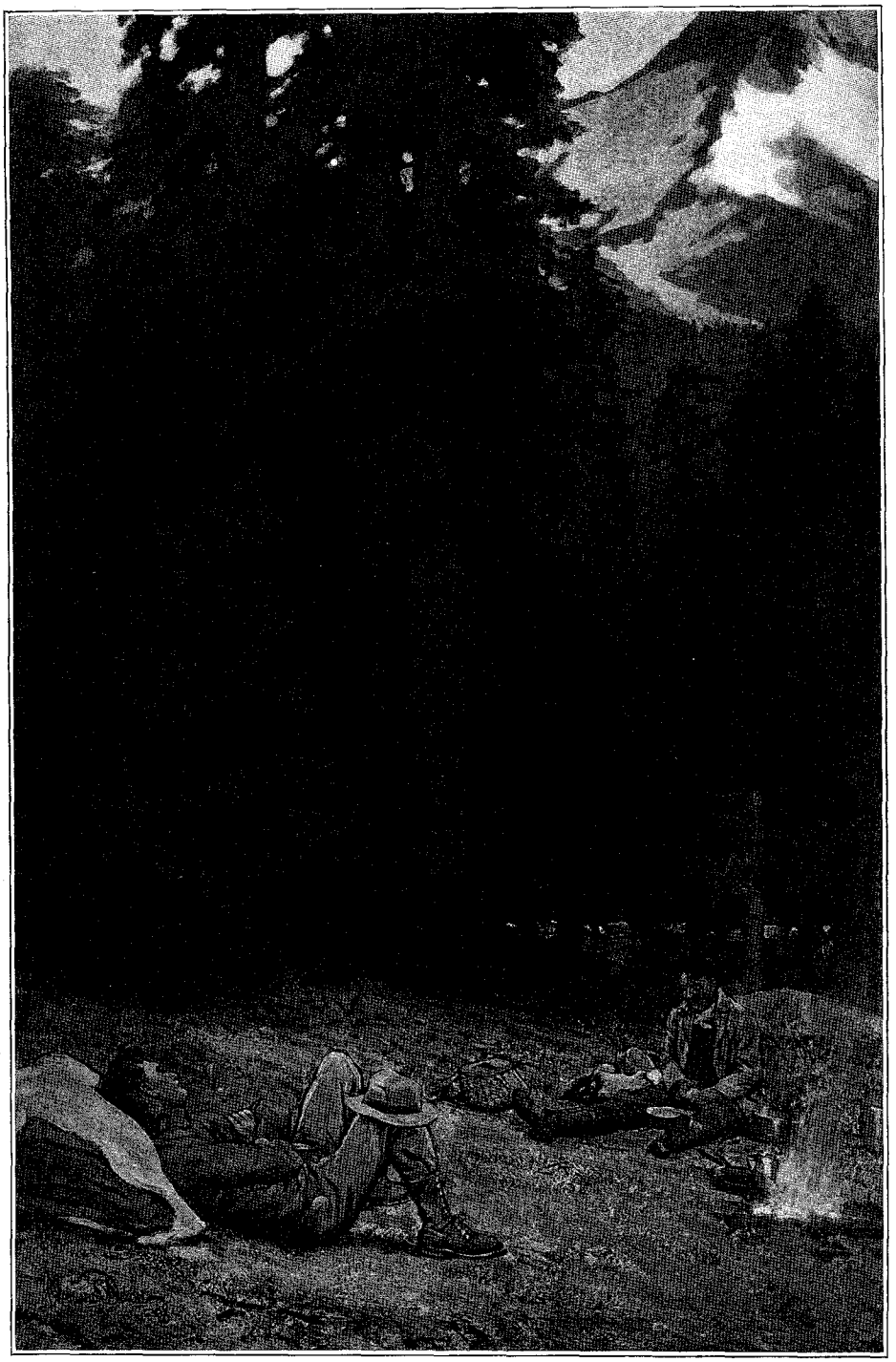

Drawn by L. Maynard Dixon.

Feasting on Cassidy's culinary marvels.—Page 420.

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came at last to the patch of snow I had seen gleaming rosy red at sunset. It was uneasily poised on the edge of a profound cirque, here nearly bitten through to a similar gulf on the other side. The sun had risen upon us now, and the softened snow gave us a chance to thrust our sticks stoutly in before moving hand or knee upward. We passed the last snow, squirmed uneasily through an aperture between two vast boulders, and found before us the ultimate ascent—an easy way over piled-up rock-fragments—sharp-angled masses the size of elephants. It was easy now, although laborious, and as we pulled ourselves upward in the sun, our hearts pumped hard. And then the summit—and we the first to tread it! It was the sort of peak I dreamed in nightmares when I was six years old, and by day—plain-dweller that I was—thought incredible. Tucked in a cranny between the rocks, we leaned over the edge of the vast cliff, and looked down, down, down into the snow-paved cirque, thousands of feet below us. In every direction lay tumbled ridges and sentinel peaks, gleaming white wherever snow could cling to the rock. Far westward the ranges softened in contour, their forested slopes all blue and velvety, and beyond, half lost in purple haze, we could divine the great interior valley of California, now in intensest summer.

"We munched our hardtack and sardines and cheese, our chocolate and dates, and drank the snow-drip slowly collected in a tin cup; we made panorama photographs of the far-flung mountains, and of our unworthy selves, against the rocks and the sky, and we set to work to build a little cairn, that we might leave a record of our visit, protected against weather in a sardine-can. And then, alas and alas! there under a stone was a bottle, and in the bottle a letter, pencilled on the edge of a piece of Argonaut that bore date of the previous October.

"'No, my dear friends,' said the scrawl, 'you are not the first to climb Pyramid. The foolishness of such an exploit could be exceeded only by the vulgarity of leaving your names here for the derision of the judicious. Pray follow my good example, for this my counsel shall remain unblemished by my name.'

"Cassidy read the note aloud. He held it out to me—but a gust of wind tore the paper from my fingers, and it went fluttering and shining away until it shrank clean out of sight. We wrote out the message once more as best we remembered it, told of the loss of the original, protested against what seemed to us the sentimentalism of the admonition, but declared our prompt accord with the desire of the proprietor-as-first-climber of the mountain for anonymity for his successors as for himself, and started for camp.

"We came to the first snowfield—or we didn't rather, for it had vanished. If we had started back a trifle sooner!

"Where it had lain, the ridge was now exposed—smooth rock, absolutely smooth, absolutely impassable. It was the one bridge to the mountain-buttress by which we had ascended, and now it was as impossible of use as Kehama's sword-edge causeway.

"We had to find another road. There always is one. But when we had descended a thousand feet below the summit the way began to grow more and more uninviting. It was now only a narrow chute, and ever steeper and more water-polished. We tried vainly to work over to the right or the left—all our efforts were sheer waste of time—and the afternoon was advancing. But we found a rusty knife—and that must mean the right road.

"We came to a descent so sharply inclined and bottomed by so narrow a cup that to jump down or climb down was equally impossible. I braced myself by the aid of crannies in the rock, took firm hold of Cassidy's home-made alpen-stock, and by this handle he let himself cautiously down the rock face. Idiot that I was, I gripped the iron shoe instead of the stick itself. Iron and wood parted company. Down shot Cassidy—and I turned sick with horror. Thank God, he saved himself—he flung himself forward, he gripped with his whole body against the rock, stuck, and crawled up in safety off the edge. If I'd killed him *that* way—by carelessness, stupidity!

"'We can't go on,' he cried.

"'What's the matter?'

"'There's a curved edge, and nothing beyond.'

"'It's impossible to go back,' I answered. 'I'm coming down. Stop me!'

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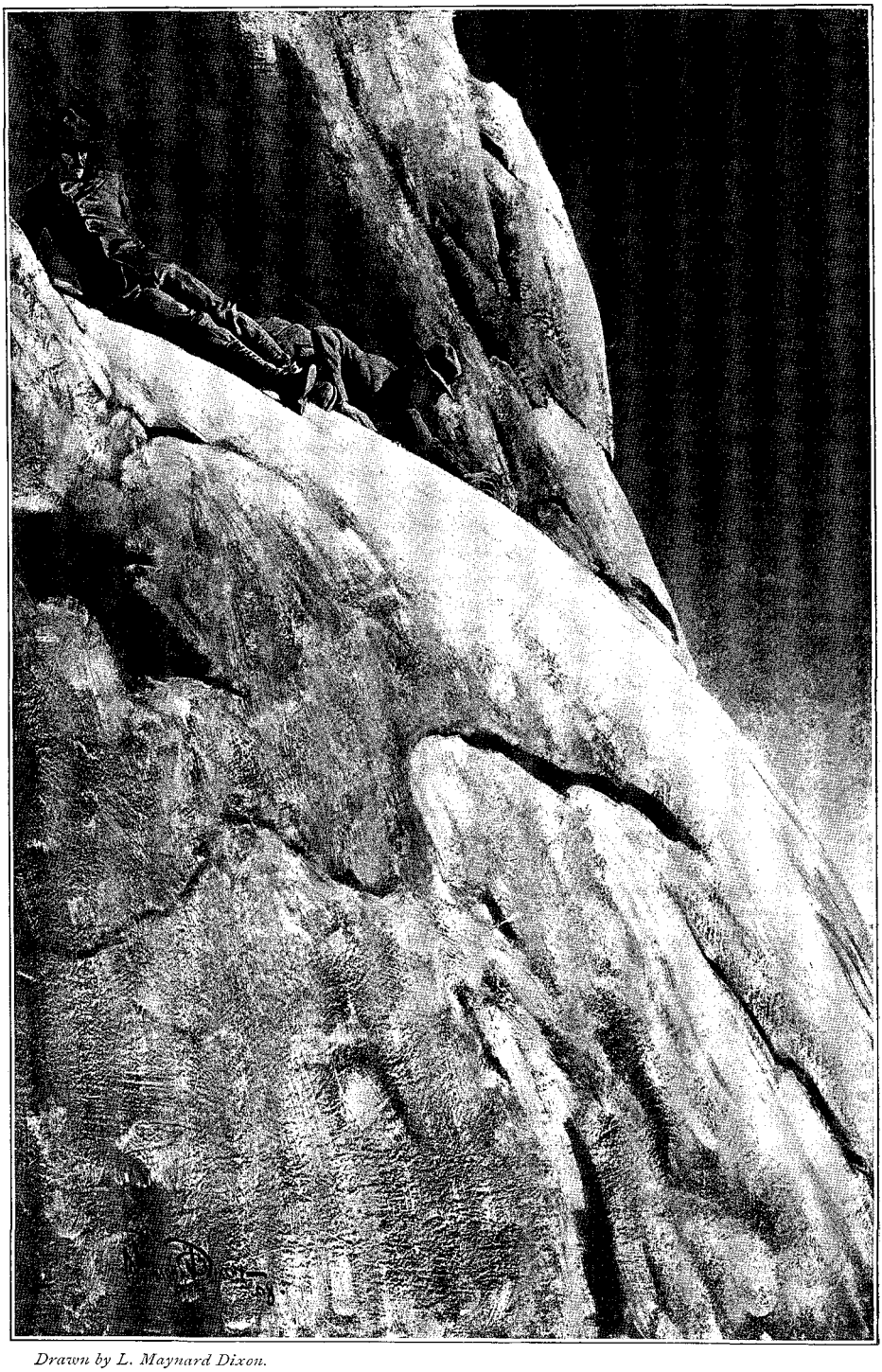

Drawn by L. Maynard Dixon.

The rock face curved away so that what came below could be neither seen nor guessed.—Page 424.

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Faster and faster the polished rock surface slid under us.—Page 425.

"If I'd waited I couldn't have done it—but I just slid. Cassidy caught me—or there'd have been no stop at all.

"I staggered back upon a bank of snow lodged against the rock. My foot sank in—there was a dead man under the snow.

"We scooped away the drift. The body was perfectly preserved. He was a young Englishman, about twenty-two years old, I should guess, of athletic figure, and evidently he'd been fine-looking, cultured, a gentleman. Cassidy took his photograph—he said perhaps our camera might in time be recovered. There was absolutely nothing to reveal the dead man's identity—only an Argonaut of the previous October, with a piece torn from the top of one page. Here was our sole forerunner in going up Pyramid—in going up!

"His clothes were rough lumberman's or miner's things, corduroy and flannel picked up probably at some company store at the edge of the mountains. His underwear was of fine quality, but without any marks. His pockets contained an empty flask and a few unsignifying things such as he might have bought anywhere. On his body was no mark of wound or injury. He had died of exposure, preceded by no accident. He had waited there—and died.

"I crawled to the edge and looked over. The rock face curved away so that what

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came below could be neither seen nor guessed. To go up was impossible. Right and left escape was barred by smooth rock. We were immured in a niche on the mountain wall. What was below us?

"In default of loose stones I threw masses of snow over the edge. We listened in vain for any sound from below.

"'There's only one way out,' I said to Cassidy.

"'Not his way!' answered Cassidy. 'Not starving, or freezing.'

"'Do you mean——?'

"'Yes,' said Cassidy, and pointed over the edge. 'Let him pioneer!'

"We dragged the dead man to the edge and slipped him over. He slid rigidly down, and disappeared. From below came no sound.

"'It's certain death!' I said.

"'How do you know?' answered Cassidy. 'He didn't bounce—only slid. Perhaps——'

"I looked over again, and then—let me confess my shame—my nerve forsook me. Shaking and dizzy, my heart in my mouth, my muscles softened to tallow, I sank down on the snowbank.

"'What a fool I was!' I cried. 'If I'd stayed above when you fell I might have got back to camp another way, might have come back with rope. What a fool I was!'

"'You were!' said Cassidy. 'Let's be going.'

"I begged and pleaded for delay.

"'What for?' asked Cassidy.

"'Someone might rescue us.'

"'In the past twenty-seven thousand years,' he argued, 'no one's been along here except *him*. I'm not going to wait. I want my dinner. The longer we hesitate, the harder to start. Come on!'

"Still I rebelled, while Cassidy argued. Then Cassidy went crazy, like the mad Irishman he always was.

"'I'm going,' he yelled, 'and I'm not going to leave you behind.'

"He tackled low. We fought together, madmen on the brink of death. Furious at his folly, I battled to restrain him, to save his life—and mine. I got him down on his back, I choked him, but with a last contortion he writhed upon the lip of the rock. I felt him slipping downward, and I was locked in his grip. Faster and faster the polished rock surface slid under us, the air whistled by, a white cloud rose from below—we floundered unhurt in the upper edge of a great snowfield, stretching in a heavenly unbroken slope down into the snowfield of the cirque itself. The road to life lay open.

"But the Englishman— On the edge of the snowfield we glued ourselves to a great overhanging rock, and looked below us. Far beneath was a terrace of the mountainside. There he lay, in snow, a thousand feet of cliff above him, a thousand feet below. As we looked, a vast rock in the cliff edge, broken by frost and now melted loose by the afternoon sun, fell from the cliff, a shower of detritus tumbling after. The avalanche filled the terrace—the burial was complete.

"The sky above was heavenly blue, the mountains in their snowy raiment seemed all compacted of light; mystical and awesome they gleamed, and yonder lay the purple valley, and cities, and men. And life was ours again. But my companion lay there looking down upon the far cliff-shelf.

"'When we go back,' he meditated aloud, 'there's dirt and poverty and disease and fraud and lies. And here it's just the mountains, the mountains, forever and ever. Who wouldn't envy his burial!'"

"But who was your Englishman?"

Gordon took out a slim wallet.

"Here's his photograph," he answered.

Against a background of snow and rock lay the contorted body of a dead man, pictured from the shoulders down.

"That focus shows how Cassidy felt," said Gordon. "And now it's too late. Unless some day, somehow——"

"Come on, Gordon, the german's going to begin!" Cassidy burst joyously into the room.

"All right, Cassidy, you light-minded ruffian! Coming!"

But as Gordon went, he whistled the Dead March.

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A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS

By Will H. Low

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM HIS COLLECTIONS

FOURTH PAPER

12 RUE VERNIER

THE little house at 12 rue Vernier was seldom without guests in the summer of 1886, when, after eight years absence, I returned to Paris; and though the days were devoted to sedulous and pleasant industry, at night the roof echoed the friendly hum of talk.

Not so often the roof, however, as the star-studded arch of the sky and the tapestry of the trees in the garden, for, following the customs of the country, we scorned to stay in-doors when the weather permitted us to dine in the open air. An iron garden-table stood permanently out-of-doors, and there we gathered our friends about us—old friends in renewal of our past sundered relations and new ones that—it appeared—we had somehow missed up to that time.

We had hardly unpacked our trunks, in our new quarters, before Theodore Robinson had been lured from Barbizon, and had been adopted as a quasi-permanent member of the household. The qualification is necessary, for with his independence nothing more was possible.

But we were always glad to have him at any time on any terms, and his presence added greatly to the crowning event of the summer; when, after the hesitation due to his state of health, and braving the dangers that affronted his slightest journey, Louis Stevenson and his wife decided to accept the pressing invitation that their friends in Paris had hastened to make, as a preceding and alternative project to their own visit to Skerryvore. July, meanwhile, had lengthened to August; when one morning there came, dated from the British Museum, or rather, and as usual, *not* dated, though the post-mark fixes the day as the 10th of August, 1886, a line that was equally and characteristically vague:

"We look to arrive in Paris Monday or Friday: till when 'R. L. S.'"

As this afforded no satisfactory clew to time or place of arrival, we simply awaited their coming, when a note came from W. E. Henley, whom I then only knew by name, that was more explicit. It appeared that Henley was in Paris for a time; and that Stevenson had promised to spend a night at the hotel where he was stopping, before coming to the rue Vernier; that our friends would arrive the following day; and that our first opportunity of seeing them would be by coming to the hotel.

Consequently the next evening we hastened to the Hotel Jacob, rue Jacob, where I found my old friends—and the Henleys, with whom, as in honor bound, we at once swore alliance—comfortably housed.

As we entered the room Louis came forward, moving swiftly, with the lightness peculiar to him, that was devoid of any appearance of haste; a gait entirely his own, that kept him constantly in motion without suggestion of restlessness; a quality of movement not unlike his speech, flowing swiftly yet measuredly. If, accepting Anglo-Saxon customs, our greeting was less demonstrative in word and action than many in which I had shared with my Gallic friends in the preceding weeks, it was no less heartfelt.

To my great joy, however, the appearance of my friend had hardly changed. The flush of his cheek, always and at all times richly colored with a complexion that one sees more often in Italy than Scotland, though there was nothing of the olive tone in the deep ruddiness of his tint, was as I remembered him. He was still "unspeakably slight" as in the earlier time, hardly more so, and of the two I, who had shared this quality when he had last seen me, was by far the most changed.

Everything conspired that evening to

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wipe away the eight intervening years, and their many changeful events that had elapsed since we had bade each other adieu in the Parc Monceau. Henley, who in after years I have known in moods of cynical bitterness, was this evening, and during the rest of his stay in Paris, as blithe as a great overgrown school-boy on a holiday jaunt. He played the host within the limits of his *chambre meublée* with the genial largeness which became him so well; for he was ever a most hospitable soul. His great physical stature; his kindly eyes, in which proud self-reliance and a generous choler were latent also—though dormant for the moment—his resonant voice and ruddy viking type were strangely attractive, giving the impression of one born to command, a man of action cruelly fettered by his lameness. In the meeting of the two old friends he took an approving interest, devoid of jealousy or patronage; with a kindly paternal air; as who should say: "I am glad to have brought this about; bless you, my children, be happy!"

To add to this sense, of the renewal of the time of our youth, it chanced that Henley had a brother-in-law, living in the quarter and following the study of art, who, in honor of the occasion, had sought out, and brought to this meeting three or four men of our student days who still lingered in Paris. These were ostensible students who, in a manner not unusual in this city of study, where there is no limitation to the age of the student or the duration of the anticipatory stage to the real activities of life, had remained, liking the profit and the kind of life of this Forest of Arden, in which we, too, had dwelt. They had been mere acquaintances in the past, as they now traversed the scene for a moment to vanish once more; but their presence in the chorus lent reality to our comedy of looking backward. One of them, in point of fact, had known R. L. S. so little in the past that, challenged to guess his identity, he, with much show of confidence, declared that he must be one who had been an innocent "duffer"—the butt of the quarter in the old time—and Stevenson's momentary discomfiture, as he gasped: "Oh, no, surely not he," added greatly to our gayety.

As a sequel to this happy meeting our friends were on the morrow lodged under our roof.

The Henleys meanwhile remained in Paris and were with us frequently.

At one of our dinners an incident occurred which, as a salutary correction to the manner in which the chronicler has on a number of occasions played the *beau rôle* in this narrative, my regard for veracity obliges me to relate. We were numerous at table; Louis and his wife, Henley, his brother-in-law and their wives, Robinson and ourselves. Our talk had drifted to the consideration of the peculiar qualities of American humor. Both through his marriage and his frequentation of all classes of people in California, Louis had a high appreciation and a subtle understanding of our national form of humor; and he proceeded to tell, for the benefit of our British friends, the well-known tale of the mongoos, that was being conveyed to a supposititious brother, in order that, according to the nature of the animal, it might devour the supposititious snakes that had been engendered in the brain of the supposititious brother. He had reached the climax: "This ain't no real mongoos, neither," when, ill inspired, I endeavored to cap his story with another of like quality.

This also has acquired a deserved reputation for its typical character—as well as a certain flavor of antiquity—but twenty years ago, it was less well known. I had heard it first in New York when a visitor at the Tile Club, that short-lived organization of which all its former members—and many who were only occasional guests—deplore the demise, and had heard it, moreover, from the lips of its godfather, if indeed he is not its natural progenitor; that versatile gentleman who in those days was an industrious tiler in addition to his activities as author, painter, and sea-wall contractor—in two of which varied avocations he is still, fortunately, busied.

It is the tale of the mate of a whaler, out of Nantucket, who sights "a snorter and a blower," and excitedly seeks his captain for permission to "lower" and give chase; to which his phlegmatic superior, not denying that "she *may* be a snorter and a blower," responds, "but I don't see fitten for you to lower." With the cetacean still in the offing, the mate again goes below to the captain, who, this time in response to

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the fervent plea, pleasantly remarks that "*if* she's a snorter and a blower, Mr. Macy, you may lower and be —— to you!" Thus far I had proceeded glibly, but, from this point on it suddenly occurred to me that "our army in Flanders" were babes-in-arms in comparison with Capting Coffin and Mr. Macy—and there were ladies present.

Now in the pursuit of artistic verity I would not strain at a gnat, nor even a camel; and from two of these ladies I was reasonably sure of the large toleration that the quest of the fitting word, or the exact value of tone and color, often demands from the long-suffering spouses of the writer or painter. The two other ladies, however, were comparative strangers; they were Scotch, also, and—incongruous as the momentary thought seems now in the light of further acquaintance—no exactness of presentation might possibly pardon the considerable quantity of profanity, paradoxically contrasted to the most studied politeness, on which the whole structure of this particular story reposes.

Therefore I hesitated—and was lost. Stevenson, a most exacting critic of form, caught the waver in my voice, and, holding up a warning finger cried, "Stop!" Then turning to where Theodore Robinson sat, he asked: "Do you know that story?" and upon Robinson's nodded affirmative he settled back in his chair with a sidewise look of scorn for his host, saying, "then be so kind as to tell it in a proper manner."

As I have said I have heard this story supremely well told, but never so well as that time. The contrast between the calm dispassionate delivery in the husky voice, hardly more than a whisper, with only the gleam of his expressive eyes, to temper the implacable impartiality with which Robinson gave the variations, between the strong vernacular of the sea-faring men and the nice differentiation of rank and character of each of them, was delightful. He went on to tell of the triumphant return of the mate with the captured whale, the captain's change of tone as he greeted the victor as "a scholard and a gentleman" with "here's your whiskey and here's your seegars," and the noble reply of the mate: "Capting Coffin, I don't want your whiskey; nor no more your seegars. All I want is si-vility; and that of the commonest —— sort!"

I have often thought of Robinson's simple and straightforward rendition of this story, as being strangely identical with the best expression of his art; a direct attack, the main foundation firmly established, the difficult passages met and lightly indicated; rather than painstakingly rendered, and the whole carried to completion, with every part kept in the nicest balance, without faltering or the slightest sign of the means used to obtain the result. Such was the best of his painting; and this story, as it rippled from his lips in the broken cadence of his asthmatic voice, might have been told to a convocation of the clergy, possessing a sense of humor, without offence.

In our possibly less exacting circle the story found instant favor, even the Briton and his allied Scots showing appreciation of its humor, and Louis declaring that it was positively the best American story that he had ever heard; but that the man who would maim its fair proportions, as I was about to do, was quite unfit for publication.

One trait of British insularity, on the part of Henley, amused his American friends greatly, when one day he passed before a proof of Henri Lefort's fine etching of George Washington from Stuart's well-known original, which hung in the hallway of the house, with the remark: "That's a fine head. Who is it?" Suspecting an intentional assumption of ignorance on his part, I answered, with the voice of our national bird: "Well, if you don't know who that is, you'd better ask George the Third," only to be met by a stare of honest perplexity. Explanations following, it appeared that this man of wide knowledge had somehow never seen, or had failed to retain in his memory, any image of the much be-pictured father of our country.

PLEASANT DAYS IN THE CITY OF LIGHT

Even as the ancients conducted their feasts under the shadow of *memento mori*, our little circle showed little outward concern for the precarious state of health of its most cherished member. Yet this thought lurked near us and more than once have I seen Stevenson rise so quietly as not to attract the attention of others and slip out of our gay company, carrying his

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handkerchief to his lips as he left the room, in prevision of a hæmorrhage. Fortunately these were always false alarms, and two minutes after, respited and apparently forgetful, his voice would rejoin the chorus of discussion or story.

In our journeys around the city, the easy-going open carriages of Paris permitted us to cover a wide range within the city walls. I was always careful to instruct the driver to take a roundabout course, so that we might follow the asphalted streets, for it was feared that jolting over uneven pavements might wake the sleeping enemy; yet, with this impending danger never absent, my friend contrived to be cheerful, and I could but imitate his example. The gallant recklessness with which he ever played the game of life was often brought into play in these rides. On entering the carriage he would say: "Now you must do all the talking; that is the only condition under which I am allowed to go out this morning." Perhaps for three minutes he would be silent and then speaking, he would be reminded of this condition. Another momentary silence; another infringement of the rule, this repeated perhaps once or twice more; and finally declaration that life was not tenable under such conditions; and the flood gates of talk would be loosed—never, fortunately, with ill results.

This skirting the edge of danger lent a peculiar zest to our rides through the beautiful city in the pleasant sunshine, which was clement to him during all the stay in Paris that was destined to be his last sojourn there, though we did not think of this at the time. "You must be 'a chronic sickist' to appreciate all the fun I am getting out of this," he said as we rolled along a tree-lined boulevard. Every sight of the streets pleased him, above all, the trim *Parisiennes;* grand ladies in fine equipages on the Champs Élysées; or, more often, bare-headed working girls tripping along on their way to their shops. "We can beat them in the way of men, I think, Low," was one of his comments, "but the Lord was on His mettle when He made the Frenchwoman. In America and England, at their best they're often angels and goddesses, but here they're real women."

Our destination one day was the bookshop of Callman-Levy; the publishers of a translation of my friend's "New Arabian Nights"; which he wished to procure for presentation to Rodin. On our way thither we had gleefully rehearsed the comedy of the unknown author, obtaining a gratuitous and unbiassed opinion from the vender of his wares; but, somehow, it failed utterly before the polite indifference of the salesman as to the quality of his offering. When we returned to our carriage we were quite crestfallen, and Stevenson remarked, "If I was getting any royalty from that translation, I suppose that it would have been my duty to go behind the counter and, you could have purchased the book while I could have expatiated on its merits; and between us we could have shown that young man a thing or two about dealing in literary masterpieces." We agreed that even this might have been useless, but upon our next quest we were more successful. This time we crossed the Seine to the fine old-fashioned shop of J. Hetzel & Cie., in the rue Jacob; whose imprint is to be found on all the myriad works of Jules Verne, and much other literature, adapted to the uses of the youth of France. This house publishes a good edition of "Treasure Island" in French, with numerous illustrations.

We entered Hetzel's together and Stevenson elaborately described the book he desired; not being quite sure of the title, or the author's name, except that it ended in son—"as so many of our English names do." But here the young man behind the counter rose to the fly in the most beautiful manner. The volume was brought at once, and the shopman, turning to the preface (prepared by another hand than the author's for this edition), read how Mr. Gladstone, returning from the House of Commons late at night, had picked up the book and, despite his fatigue and the entreaties of his family that he should seek needed repose, had read persistently until the dawn of day and the end of the story. This amused me more than it did the author; for to owe a part of his first popular success to the "G. O. M."—some such incident having occurred—was something of a trial to one who was not in sympathy with Gladstonian policies; indeed it was about this time that he meditated signing a necessary letter to the prime minister as coming "from your fellow-criminal in the

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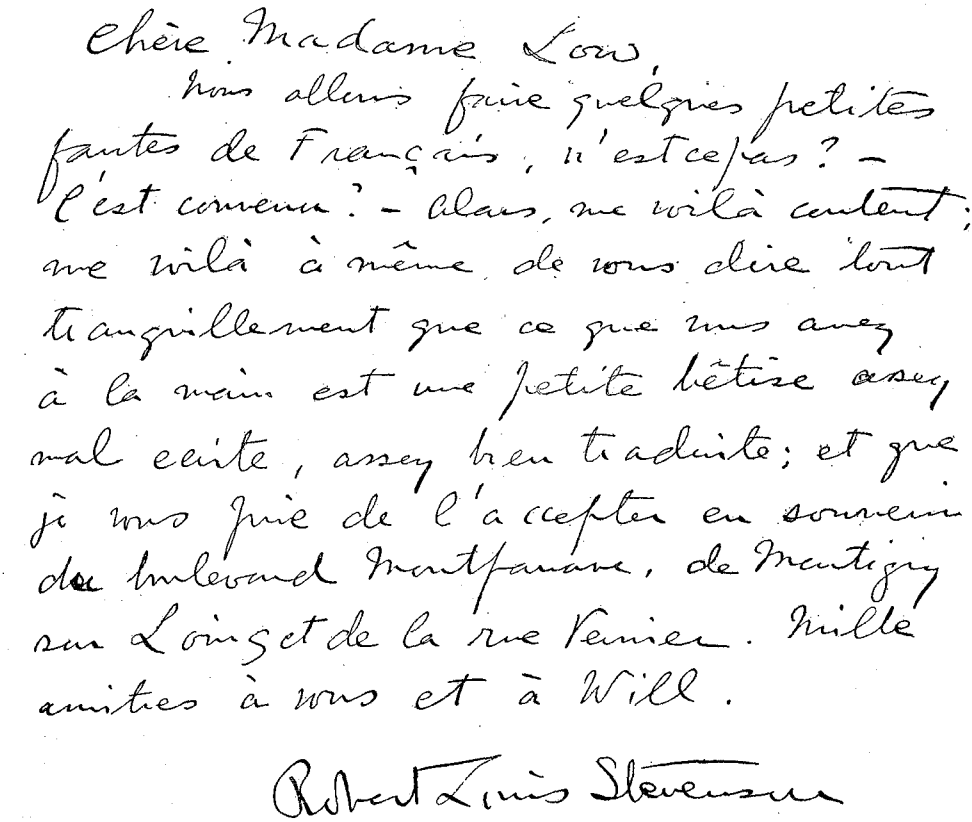
sight of God." Gliding over this dangerous ground, Stevenson next inquired if the moral tendencies of the work were such that it could be put into the hands of youth without danger; and was fervently reassured upon this point. Here I thought fully parried this thrust by saying, that it was evidently hardly necessary to remind gentlemen of our literary tastes that many authors of notoriously loose lives had written works abounding in moral qualities; and consequently that, though he did not doubt



Chère Madame Low,

Nous allons faire quelques petites fautes de Français, n'est ce pas? — C'est convenu? — Alors, me voilà content; me voilà à même de vous dire tout tranquillement que ce que nous avez à la main est une petite bêtise assez mal ecrite, assez bien traduite; et que je vous prie de l'accepter en souvenir du boulevard Montparnasse, de Montigny sur Loing et de la rue Vernier. Mille amities à vous et à Will.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Paris
12 Rue Vernier
18 Août 1886

that I might take a hand, and I blandly remarked that from a particularly intimate friend, who was at the same time one of the most noted of the younger English writers, I had heard some very damaging statements concerning Stevenson's character. We had some difficulty in keeping our faces straight as the book-seller skilmy report of Stevenson's character, he would guarantee that no trace of these regrettable defects would be found in the book.

"That's something like a salesman!" said my friend as we bore away the volume; which lies before me now, and from which I copy the charming dedication which he wrote in it the next day.

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"Chère Madame Low:

"Nous allons faire quelque petites fautes de Français, n'est-ce-pas?—C'est convenu?—alors, me voilà content: me voilà a même de vous dire tout tranquillement que ce que vous avez à la main est une petite bêtise assez mal écrite, assez bien traduite; et que je vous prie de l'accepter en souvenir du boulevard Montparnasse, de Montigny-sur-Loing, et de la rue Vernier. Mille amities à vous et à Will.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."*

"Paris, 12 rue Vernier,

"18 Auôt 1886."

We were not always engaged in feasting, nor in driving around Paris, and some of the most interesting hours that we spent together were in the studio. Here, while I worked, Stevenson smoked his thin wisps of cigarettes and we talked as we had under similar conditions among the trees of Fontainebleau. He was much preoccupied by a "Life of Wellington," which he had undertaken to write as one of a series of the "Lives of English Worthies." and much of his reading at that time had been in preparation for that book.

Unfortunately it was destined to remain unwritten—from what circumstance I know not—but he was full of his subject, and his many tales of the Iron Duke made that theretofore-conceived (to me) rather wooden—or iron—hero, wonderfully living and human.

At the end of the month Stevenson and his wife left us, exacting a promise of a return visit to Skerryvore, from whence he wrote shortly after:

"We had the most delightful of visits, and left you with all and much more than all of the old affection; which is a fine thing to be able to say."

*In Graham Balfour's "Life" (Vol. II, p. 24) mention is made of this dedication and the statement at its beginning ("we are about to make some small mistakes in French") is followed by the quotation of an alleged remark of mine "as in fact he immediately proceeded to do." Is it possible that speaking from memory, far from my books—in mid-Atlantic to be quite precise—I made so sweeping a statement? Probably I did, for I am sure of the good faith—and would not question the veracity of a lady; who at that time made some notes for the biographer's use. But, for my own confusion, I reproduce this dedication in *fac-simile;* and the whole extent of my friend's linguistic transgressions can be seen to be thus limited to small errors of omitted accents and the like. Moreover, may I say once for all that it is far from me—though French is almost my household language and I have a kindly prompter at my elbow—to throw stones when another takes a fall in the gymnastics of that polite tongue; for in that respect I am abidingly conscious that my house is of glass.

LONDON—EN PASSANT

The lapsing of the summer, and a winter in Italy, brought us to the spring of 1887, *en route* to Skerryvore by way of London.

It had not proven possible to include Bob in the reunion of the previous summer, but we looked forward to meeting him with an eagerness which the memories of previous years intensified, now that our desire was on the point of fulfilment.

We were newly arrived at Charing Cross and, having put up at the caravansary contiguous to the station, were removing the traces of travel when word came that Bob awaited us below. We were not long in joining our friend who, accompanied by his wife, thus took the earliest opportunity of meeting us.

There was no shock of strangeness in meeting Bob beyond that of seeing him attired as a conventional citizen of London town; I believe that he had even donned a high hat in honor of the occasion, so that within a very few minutes we were deep in a resumption of intercourse that might only have been interrupted a few hours before. Again the long alienation from a common existence threw us back upon the firm ground of our earlier friendship, and all the years of struggle to gain a place in life, under conditions that differed so greatly that one was ignorant of the detail of the other's solution of the problem, vanished and made us grown men—each with a certain hold on our time and environment—youths once more. After our first eager exchange of inquiry and comment, the hour of dinner had arrived and, as what I presume to be the solid English comfort of the Charing Cross Hotel, promised little to the newly arrived, and quite visibly held but slight appeal to our friends; we resigned ourselves to their guidance for a quiet place where we could talk while dining.

The place was found, somewhere around Leicester Square, modest, somewhat dingy, and quite appropriately French. It was our intention to stop but a day in London and, after our visit to Skerryvore, to return for a short stay before sailing from Liverpool. But it soon transpired that our visit to Skerryvore must be given up. We learned that on the day preceding our arrival the summons—which, however, pre-

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pared it may find us, always comes as a dolorous surprise—had come to Louis to hasten to Edinburgh if he would see his father alive. Louis and his wife had thus hastened northward, where the elder Stevenson, with whom all the differences of his son's youth had long given place to the most entire affection, lay dying, arriving only on the eve of his death.

Thus our plans fell about our ears, and with Bob we began at once to rearrange them for a longer sojourn in London.

I knew the city but little, and it was my wife's first visit there, so that we were literally in the hands of our friends. As Charing Cross is in the centre of London, Bob declared that it was miles from everyone and everywhere, and suggested an instant departure from the hotel. I had made some inquiries from Louis some time before, in view of a possible month in London, which the need of my presence in New York had made inexpedient, and had received this characteristic reply:

". . . There are piles of decent inns, and in none I believe does political opinion run high. Were you to stay a week or two, the cheapest way is lodgings; a man or a man and his wedded spouse can have damn bad rooms, including a private sitting-room, for a pound—5 dollars—25 francs—and the devil knows how many thalers, roubles or doubloons—a week. In the same spot he can be supplied with inferior vittles to the tune of ditto, or say one pound (or the answerable proportion of dollars, francs, thalers, roubles, asses, lire, zwanzwigers, moidores, etc.) a week. But I don't know the reasonable inns. I will try and find out."

Viewed in the light of practical information this leaves to be desired, and I was to find that with many other amiable qualities which Bob shared with his cousin, he, too, was but a slender reed to lean upon in matters practical.

Had we been left to ourselves we should have turned to Baedeker for relief, but, early the next morning, Bob appeared accompanied by Henley and assumed charge of the strangers within their gates. Two four-wheelers were procured and on these our luggage was hoisted and, personally conducted by our friends, we set forth in one of the carriages followed by the other, in quest of a place to lay our heads.

We finally landed before a small house of Henley's holding in what I was informed was Shepherd's Bush. We had been absent from home for over a year and, though as experienced travellers we pride ourselves on journeying with but little luggage, we had for our return voyage five or six trunks. "Are those what you call 'Saratogas'?" Bob inquired dubiously when, after creating a certain excitement in the quiet neighborhood, they had all been deposited in Henley's front hall; which, being of small proportion, they filled most generously. "Now," he added cheerfully, "we'll find you lodgings in a jiffy." Alas, my slender reed! We would stop before a house and Bob would opine that so-and-so lived there three years gone—but no, it was in the next square. Then we visited strange places, impossible places; while the cheerful cosey room with the tea-kettle singing on the hob—it was May, but chilly—seemed more and more a work of English fiction. In one place the condition that the landlady's daughter should be admitted to the sitting-room two hours a day, for her piano practice, seemed reasonable to Bob; at another his effort to convince his friend, by measuring with his cane, that a bed, not much above the proportion of a coffin, was ample for two fairly portly people was more enthusiastic than persuasive.

After covering miles in this fruitless quest, we returned to Henley's house, where the more capable member of my family took our guide, philosopher and friend under her direction and soon came back triumphant, having found very decent lodging in the immediate neighborhood; a natural result, as the perfidious Bob insisted of "knowing what you wanted when you saw it."

These lodgings were truly in the centre of things; being about midway between the apartment of Bob and the house of Henley; and the trifling disadvantage of a ten-mile ride on the Underground, to reach any other object of interest, counted for little, although, after one trial of the "vittles" at our lodging and finding that Louis's qualification was but too well justified, we were obliged to make this journey whenever we lacked an invitation to dinner. The hospitality of our friends rendered recourse to restaurants infrequent,

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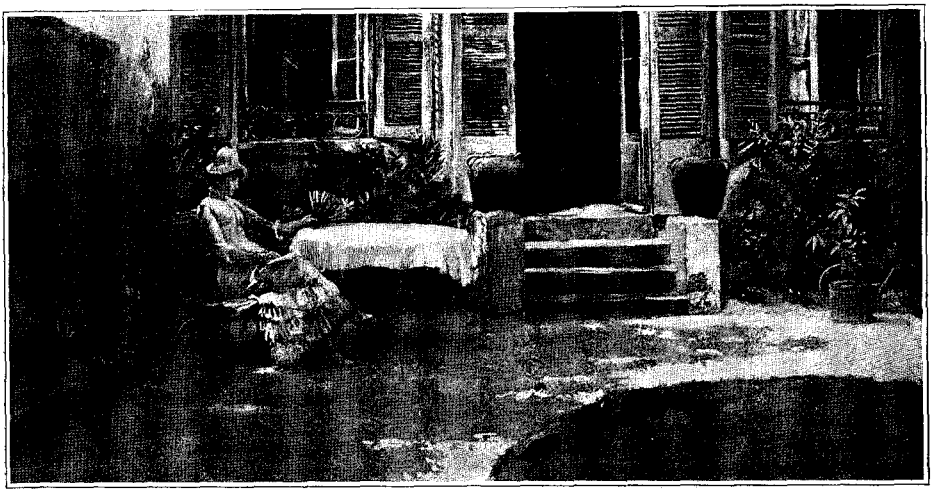

In the Garden at 12 Rue Vernier, Paris.

however, and, as the lady of my family was much interested in questions of the household, the opportunity to study typical English family life was eagerly welcomed, independently of the sentimental attractions of our kind reception. A few months later, when this student of economic conditions based some general conclusions on her observations at that time, I regret to say that Louis gave way to the most unseemly hilarity at the thought of Bob or Henley in the character of the typical British householder. But whatever these establishments may have lacked of conventionality, was more than made up by the good feeling that reigned in both, and in that of Bob's especially, where a girl child, rejoicing in the name of "Pootles," radiated joy that was not less deeply felt by her parents because its appreciation was whimsical and humorous.

Superficially Bob was somewhat changed undoubtedly. In the earlier days he had worn his heart upon his sleeve and, in the awakening from his speculative dream of life and in the assumption of its every-day responsibilities, the daws had pecked him to such purpose that much of his former buoyancy had given place to a subdued and slightly apprehensive manner. But experience gained in rubbing against his fellow-men in the struggle for existence had left Bob, after all, less dismayed than puzzled and, in his settled conviction, there was more of wonder at the prizes for which men fought than fear that he had missed something worth having, or regret that his share was no larger. He had always deplored ambition, holding that no man mounted high without trampling another, perhaps as worthy and only less self-centred, under foot. Now he maintained consistently that he wisely limited his effort to the amount of work necessary to the needs of his little family and, having in this the assent of its only other member who had arrived at years of discretion, the appeals of his friends to extend his influence, and achieve the position to which his talents entitled him, fell on a deaf ear. It is a notable instance of his constant depreciatory attitude to his work that, some years later, he described to me his then unpublished "Art of Velasquez," as a "little book that he had written to accompany a few reproductions of the master's pictures"; conveying the impression that it was mere hack work, instead of the most illuminating insight to a painter's achievement known to English letters.

But here space is denied me to linger over these or later memories of my friend or describe more fully a pleasant fortnight in London and so, traversing the Atlantic, I arrive at a date in the later summer when I received the following letter:

SKERRYVORE, Bournemouth,
August 6, 1887.

"MY DEAR LOW:

"We—my mother, my wife, my step-son,

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my maid-servant and myself, 5 souls—leave, if all is well, Aug. 20th, per Wilson line ss. *Ludgate Hill*. Shall probably evade N. Y. at first, cutting straight to a watering place: Newport, I believe, its name. Afterwards we shall steal incognito into *la bonne ville*, and see no one but you and the Scribners, if it may be so managed. You must understand that I have been very seedy indeed: quite a dead body; and unless the voyage does miracles I shall have to draw it dam fine. . . . Till very soon, Yours ever R. L. S."

A HALT BEFORE SARANAC

The editor of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE can hardly have forgotten the 7th of September, 1887, for it was that day that we had received news that the *Ludgate Hill* was off Fire Island and would dock that afternoon; and it was in his company that I went to meet Stevenson. It seemed quite in character that the steamer, which had none of the smartness of the modish liners, should be boarded by means of a ship's ladder; and "Stevenson ahoy," seemed the most appropriate greeting for my friend. We found him on deck, and all his thoughts of stealing into the good city incognito must have been rudely shattered, for he was already surrounded by a dozen reporters.

One of these, in fact, having learned that, in his own estimation, he was merely an obscure British author, whose views could have but little interest for the public, had the effrontery to warn him, on our approach, to "look out for those fellows, they represent the Associated Press, and they'll worm all your secrets out of you."

The preliminaries of landing were soon over; the only delay being caused by Stevenson's scrupulous desire to declare some trifling trinkets, which he brought as presents, to the lone customs officer who had been detached for the service of the *Ludgate Hill;* who was quite visibly bored by this excess of virtue and received the few dollars of duty with an air of, "Nobody asked you, sir, she said."

I remained behind to arrange for the transfer of their luggage, and the whole party repaired to a hotel; where everything had been arranged for their reception by their kind friends, whose guests they were to be at Newport a few days after.

Upon their return from Newport we had arranged quarters for our friends in a quiet hotel in Eleventh Street, near University Place. Here in the early morning and late in the afternoon, when work was done, I would come to be with my friend and to aid his watchful family against encroachments on Stevenson's, of necessity imposed, privacy.

One of my greatest desires I was so fortunate as to realize before Stevenson left for the Adirondacks, where it was decided, soon after his arrival, that he was to pass the winter. The realization of this desire brought a new friend to Louis and had incidentally as a result the production of the medallion portrait of him by Saint-Gaudens.

The latter regretted greatly the mischance of missing his acquaintance in Paris, and had exacted from me the promise that if Stevenson ever came within speaking distance he should know him. This promise he recalled when he was on his way to this country, and said that if Louis would consent he would consider it a privilege to model his portrait.

The state of Stevenson's health was such that, though there were a number of my friends with whom I knew the pleasure of acquaintance would be mutual, I exercised a regretful but necessary self-control, with the approval of the guardians of his well-being, not to bring about meetings which I knew he would enjoy and to which his consent would, only too willingly, have been given.

With these vigilant guardians there was a momentary hesitation, lest the fatigue of sitting for his portrait should be more than he should be subjected to; but the first sight of Saint-Gaudens destroyed whatever share of this hesitation Louis might have felt, for the two men "took to" each other from the first.

"Astonishingly young, not a bit like an invalid, and a bully fellow," was Saint-Gaudens's answer to my query concerning his impression, as we came out together from their first meeting. "I like your sculptor, what a splendid, straightforward and simple fellow he is," was Stevenson's salutation, when I came to him later in the day. The sittings had been arranged at

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this first interview, and, at Saint-Gaudens's request, I endeavored to be always present when he worked; and, thanks to our triangular flow of talk, I doubt if Louis ever felt for a moment the constraint of posing.

Thus for Saint-Gaudens the way was made easy. "I could not escape, if I would," said the sitter, for the sculptor's easel was drawn up near the bed where Stevenson was a prisoner. Never was dungeon more enlivened by talk, of which, as usual, it is difficult to give much idea, so constantly did subjects change; and so wide the gamut from serious consideration of serious topics to the lightest and wildest chaff.

William Ernest Henley.
From the bust by August Rodin.

The relief rapidly took the form in which it was first conceived, a circular composition suggested probably by the lines of Stevenson's figure sitting propped by the pillows at his back, his knees raised; his usual position to read or write in bed. The general composition was quickly indicated in masses, but the head alone was finished at this time; the hands being completed the following year from casts which Saint-Gaudens made during Stevenson's stay at Manasquan. By that time the whole medallion was advanced nearly to completion, and in this circular form it appears to me much to be preferred to the oblong relief which, about fifteen years later, was placed in position in the Church of St. Giles in Edinburgh —the Scottish Westminster Abbey where many of the greater men of the country are commemorated.

The memorial may, however, be taken as merely an official variation of the original conception which fortunately remains; a copy of it built into my chimney-piece looks down on me in my studio—where, surrounded by an ivy-wreath as an emblem of friendship, the sculptor, with a decorative sense of the beauty of an inscription that was peculiarly his own, has modelled in relief on the background the poem Stevenson addressed to me in acknowledgement of the dedication of my designs for "Lamia," with its frank acceptance of our common lot and its brave confession of abiding faith at the end:

"Life is over, life was gay,
We have come the primrose way."

Life seemed held by but a slender thread for one of us in those days, but it was continuously gay by Stevenson's bedside as Saint-Gaudens's work grew apace.

One morning Louis attacked the conditions of American life as they appeared to him, urging that the tendency of a system like ours was to lower all men to a common level, or, as in deference to his hearers he expressed it, "raise them to a sufficiently high average"; but one which rendered difficult the expression of strong individuality.

He gave us a number of instances of the contrary effect of the civilization of the British Isles, some of which were suffi-

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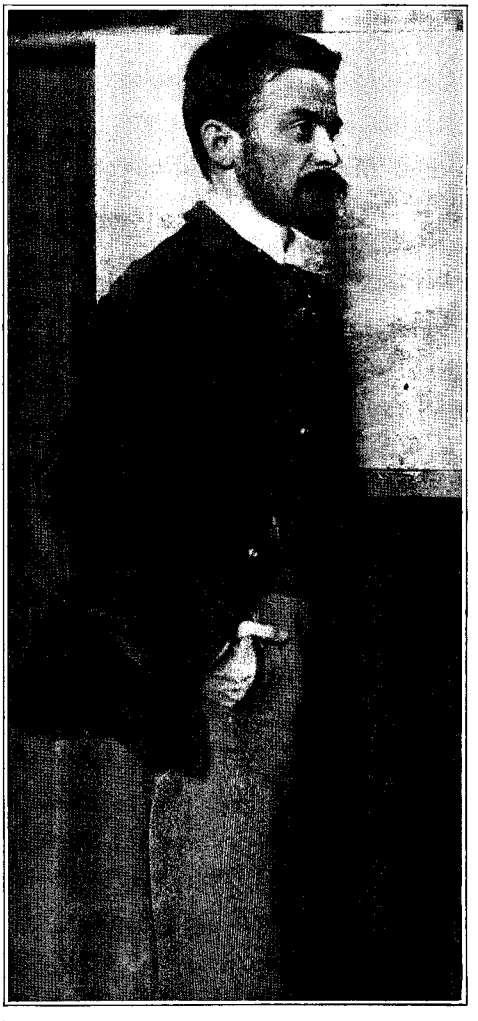
ciently amusing and denoted strong individual characteristics in the men he rapidly sketched for us. "But here," he concluded, "you cannot tell whether a man is from Boston or Denver, they may both be charming fellows, but they are generally as like as two peas."

In answer we insisted that his opinion was not generally held in either of the cities cited, and would probably meet with indignant denial in both. We were forced to admit that there was some truth in his assertion, so far as the superficial aspects of our people were concerned, but we asserted that this was only natural, as our newer conditions afforded none of the quiet backwaters, removed from the main current of life, that had survived in the older countries from earlier conditions and were doomed by the march of progress to disappear even there; but which meanwhile afforded a refuge where personal idiosyncrasy could develop without hinderance.



Theodore Robinson.

Moreover, in further refutal of Stevenson's contention we were certain that without going out of the circle of our friends, certainly keeping within that of our acquaintances, we could muster a number of our compatriots who for strongly marked individual characteristics would satisfy the most ardent lover of idiosyncrasies. Thereupon Saint-Gaudens and I projected an imaginary dinner of twenty-five or thirty covers to which Stevenson should be invited; and where each man, by artful contrivance, should be induced to advance his own private theories of life, morals, or art; and the only difficulty which we could foresee was that each one of the invited should be, for his proper safety, encased in armor.

As one after the other passed in rapid review, Saint-Gaudens's faculty for visualizing gave each character life, and Stevenson lamented that some such festivity could not take place; owning at the end that he had been led into a sin that he abhorred; of making a general statement upon insufficient knowledge.

At another time the conversation turned on the purely accidental avoidance of the nude on the part of Saint-Gaudens; who declared then, as I have often heard him say before or since, that "if he ever got a moment free" he would repair the omission. To fortify him in this resolve I quoted Emerson:

"The sinful painter drapes his goddess warm,
"Because she still is naked, being dressed:
'The godlike sculptor will not so deform
"Beauty, which limbs and flesh enough invest."

These lines took Stevenson's fancy greatly, and for the rest of the time that they were together, and in his subsequent correspondence with Saint-Gaudens he was generally addressed or referred to as the "Godlike sculptor"—a form of ad-

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My episode with Stevenson
has been one of the events
of my life and I ~~can~~
~~no~~ more understand the
state of mind God gets
in about people. This is
that beatific state

It makes me very happy and on
the pursuit of happiness is
an "unalienable right" "God gives"
"one and indivisible"
Vide constitution of
United States

I'm damned if I don't think
I've a right to be so
puffed & don't injure any one

Yours ever
G.

The signature here shows Saint-Gaudens's amusing caricature of his *François premier* profile, a resemblance denoting the Provençal ancestry common to both, with which he frequently signed his more intimate letters.

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A bit of the porch of the Union House.
(On the Manasquan River, New Jersey.)

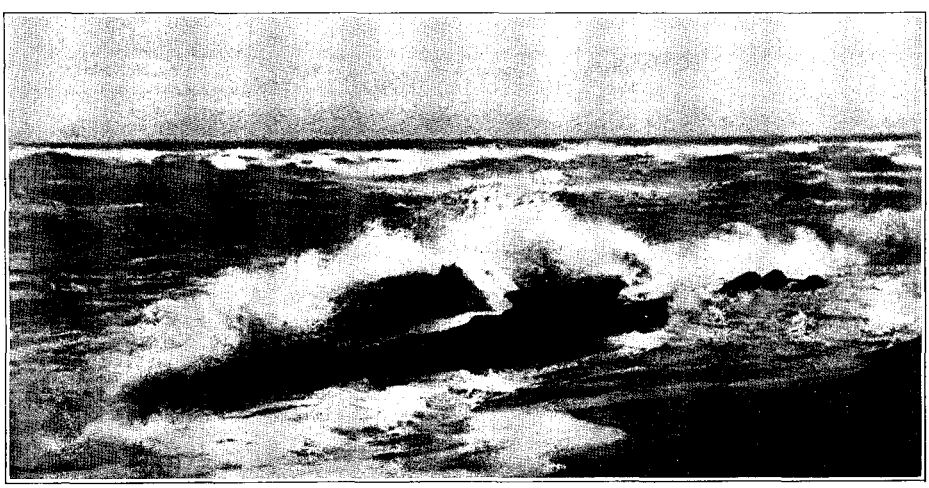
dress which may have puzzled some of the readers of the "Letters."

Once or twice Saint-Gaudens asked me to take his place and criticise the work, or, as he put it, "to jump on it, just as I would to a pupil in the school." Thus invited, I scrutinized the model and compared the portrait without finding any but minor suggestions of detail to enhance closer resemblance.

In addition to its veracious character it is superfluous to speak of this medallion as a work of art; for whatever reservation may yet come to be made concerning other forms of sculpture by Saint-Gaudens, the series of relief-portraits which he modelled, where this one ranks among the best, are all characterized by absolute mastery.

It was with heartfelt regret, and many amicable protestations, that the two new friends parted when the moment came for Stevenson and his family to go to Saranac. I had formed the pleasant habit of sharing their life a part of each day, and, having been a pleased witness of the progress of this new relation between two men, for whom I felt such hearty affection, I regretted the cessation of work upon the medallion.

Soon after this I received a letter from



At the Manasquan Inlet.

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Saint-Gaudens from which I extract these characteristic lines:

"WINDSOR, Vt., 29 *September*, 1887.

". . . My episode with Stevenson has been one of the events of my life and I can now understand the state of mind —— gets in about people. I am in that beatific state. It makes me very happy and as the pursuit of happiness is 'an inalienable right, God given, one and indivisible' (*vide* Constitution of the United States), I'm damned if I don't think I've a right to be, provided I don't injure any one. . . ."

Stevenson's parting message, as he left on his northward journey, was, "Don't forget to find out all you can about yachts for the summer. The Rhone trip didn't come off, but we may make a book together yet; and in any case you've never known what life is until you live on the sea."

And so in this spirit I left him on the Hudson River boat one morning in early October; not yet knowing that it was always to be my fate to bid him God-speed—and never to share his journey.

With frequent messages from Saranac, and the usual mixture of much work and a little play, the winter in New York passed quickly. Almost before the passage of time was realized April had come, and our friends were once more occupying their former quarters in the Hotel St. Stephen in Eleventh Street; which by this time had come to be known among the intimates as the Hotel St. Stevenson.

The Union House.

The room on the second floor with the open window is the one occupied by Stevenson.

During this stay in New York, Stevenson's condition showed the profit of his winter at Saranac, and he was able to meet an increasing number of interesting people. As carefully measured as were these indulgences, so prone was he to give even more than he received, they told upon his meagre store of strength. One morning I was greeted with: "Low, you must get me out of this"; and so, after consultation with his mother, it was decided that he should go to a quiet country hotel, closed at that season, but of which I felt assured

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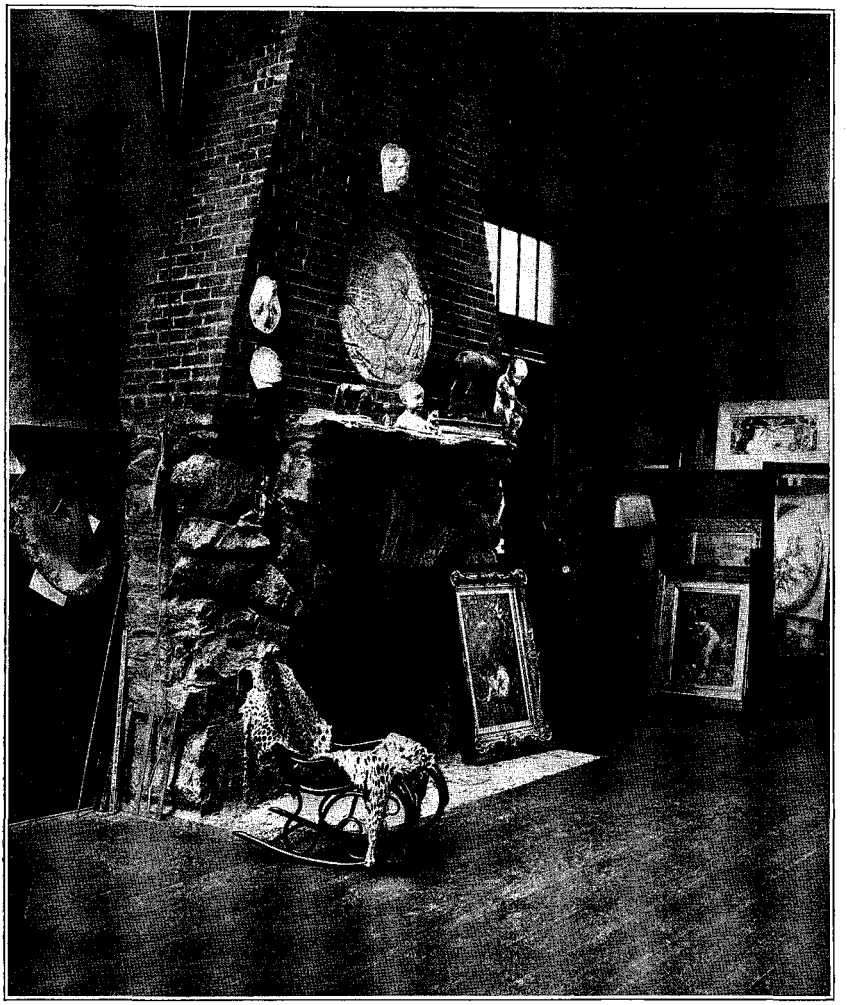

A copy of it built into my chimney-piece looks down on me in my studio.—Page 435.

that the kindly proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wainwright, would open a portion for the reception of my friends. Mrs. Louis had meanwhile gone to California; but, a few days after, Louis, his mother, Lloyd Osbourne, and the maid Valentine Roch, were established at the Union House, upon the border of the Manasquan River in New Jersey.

My own work, unfortunately, could not be prosecuted under the mobile conditions that Stevenson's could, but every moment that I could spare from it I was with him; though none of us realized, of course, how near was the time of our definite parting. Mrs. Low, who shared his affection with me, stayed at Manasquan, and the greater part of the time I arranged to be there; for I felt as never before, that, as to the members of his own family, he clung to us with a singular dependence; that measured the depth of his depression more eloquently than words. The weather was only intermittently good, from my point of view, but Stevenson found it to his liking, and was much out-of-doors. Aided and abetted by his stepson, his interest was centred by the catboat, a craft new to his experience. A work on sailing boats by Lieut. Qualtrough, of our navy, who was immediately rechristened Taffrail as more appropriate to the vocation, was eagerly studied, and theories about the proper management of the catboat were put to instant practical tests.

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We sailed up and down the river, Stevenson being greatly pleased with the manner in which the laws of navigation were construed for our benefit; the draws in the three bridges which span the river in different places opening promptly for our cockleshell craft in response to the imperious toot of a tin horn which signified our desire to pass through. Once, when a train was detained on the railroad bridge, in order that we might pass, Louis declared that the sense of our importance shown by our having the right of way, was most gratifying. His spirits rose in these innocent adventures, each of which by contrast with his usual forced inactivity took on, or was endowed by him, with some spice of romance. One afternoon we landed on an island a little way up the river, whose shore upon one side was protected by a bulkhead. As the island was nameless, we proceeded to repair the oversight and christened it Treasure Island, after which we fell to with our pocket knives to carve the name upon the bulkhead together with our initials and the date. This inscription was there some years after, and, if the winter tempests have spared it, I am pleased to signal it for some one in quest of a Stevenson autograph; as it might figure as a unique specimen in almost any collection.

This obvious duty accomplished, we crossed the island and, stretching ourselves on the sandy beach in the sun, we discoursed, while the soft air and the sense of awakening nature that comes with the spring lulled us into an agreeable realization of the pleasures of indolence. From this the lengthening shadows recalled us to the homeward hour.

Our covert was sheltered from the wind, and on the other side of the island our boat was hard-a-ground, with a breeze on shore.

"There's work before us," said Louis, rising and stretching himself; but Lloyd was brisk upon his feet. "Here, let me go and sail the boat around to you," he cried. "You may," we cried in unison, settling back on the strand with one accord, as Lloyd ran in the direction of the boat. Louis followed him with his eyes and then shaking his head, said with solemnity: "Low, we're growing old. It's only a little while since we would have raced Lloyd for that privilege."

Louis had at that time taken up the "Wrong Box," which up to that point had been entirely written by Lloyd Osbourne, who, in his own words, says that Louis "breathed into it, of course, his own incomparable power, humor and vivacity and forced the thing to live as it had never lived before."

The text of this collaboration Louis read us one evening; and though I am forced to agree to some extent with the surviving author, that there is "a sense of failure" as one reads the book to-day, this element was not apparent when it was read aloud, as Louis read it.

His voice was rich, with a peculiar quality of vibration well under control, and as the various intricacies of the plot were deftly disentangled, and the absurdities of Joseph Finsbury and his kindred were disclosed, the colder criticism which the printed book evokes fell before it. The reader's enjoyment was as keen as ours; for, though he kept perfect control of the situation, while we were well nigh exhausted with laughter; he fairly beamed with joy.

Not the least wonderful (I use the word advisedly) quality of the performance was to see Louis, alert and masterful, making of this trivial task so complete and finished a representation, with such just measure of absorption and equal suggestion of reserve power, that a stranger, entering at that moment, would have found it impossible to believe that this easily competent comedian was one, "far gone," for whom "the lights were turned down"; around whose bedside some hours each day stood anxious watchers, striving as best they could to hide all trace of anxiety, and to equal in courage and cheerfulness the victim marked with a dread malady.

We had a few visits at Manasquan from chosen friends, notably a day with Saint-Gaudens, who brought his son and, at the request of the sculptor, Stevenson wrote the charming letter to Homer Saint-Gaudens that may be found on page 125 of the second volume of the "Letters," and which, sealed in our presence, was only opened after the writer's death; though the date of the boy's majority was fixed upon at the time as the humorous ceremony was concluded. Another day I had projected a return to New York, to figure at a dinner

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given to John S. Sargent by some of his confrères, in recognition of the esteem in which they held him, and in partial return for a royal feast to which he had invited a large portion of the artistic fraternity some weeks before. Stevenson, however, would not hear of my going even for a day, so closely at the time did he cling to all those near to him; and said authoritatively: "I'll take the responsibility of keeping you, and will send Sargent a telegram to explain it." This was at breakfast, and shortly after, when we were already seated in the boat prepared for a morning excursion on the river, his mother came out and said, "Louis, you asked me to remind you that you wished to send a telegram." "Ah, yes," answered the son, tearing a leaf from a pocket-book on which to write it. "We'll send it in rhyme to soften the blow." Then in a moment he produced the following doggerel, which as I heard afterward was read at the dinner:

"I have here detained Will Low,
He cannot dine with you:
We send you from the *bord de l'eau*
A cordial how d'ye do."

"You've a devil of a name to rhyme with," laughed Stevenson, as we set out to sail up the river.

EXIT "R. L. S."

Into the trivial events of our daily life at Manasquan there was suddenly cast a more serious element; for Stevenson had been called upon to make a decision of the greatest import; though when the question was presented, and on the instant decided, he, no more than those about him at the time, knew that it was the hand of ultimate fate that cast the decisive die. All plans for the immediate future had been adjourned awaiting the return of Mrs. Stevenson from California; or, as the event proved, to be governed by conditions which she might find existing there.

We were at lunch one day when a telegram was brought to Louis, who uttered an exclamation of surprise and then, tossing the yellow paper across the table to where his mother sat, said, "Read that aloud." She passed it to me and I read, in its brief terms, that a servicable schooner-yacht could be had in San Francisco for a cruise in the Pacific. "What will you do?" was my query, and the answer came at once, "Go, of course." Before we left the table an answer was dispatched, and, virtually he, and during his life those nearest to him, "were from that hour the bond slaves of the isles of Vivien."

The die once cast, we continued to sail the placid Manasquan, awaiting the moment of the departure of our friends for California on the first of June. A new interest appeared in the life of Stevenson and his step-son, for they busied themselves at all times of the day, and at intervals of all other activities, in drawing up lists of stores for the voyage. Mild expostulation, or computation of the probable storage capacity of a schooner-yacht had no effect on these dreamers; they calmly proceeded with their interminable lists and scorned the criticisms of a mere landlubber. All conversation that was not of a nautical character failed to hold their interest, and "Taffrail's" enchanting pages usurped the place of all other literature.

Our quiet life, the open air and, above all, the glimmer of hope that the projected voyage inspired, had worked wonders with Stevenson's physical condition. His main physical activity was still the somewhat passive exercise of sailing; where Lloyd or I usurped what little manual labor fell to be exercised. Toward the end of his stay, however, he had been able to walk a little, though this form of exercise had been limited to short tours inland. One evening, after an early dinner, he proposed an excursion to the sea, and the two of us set out. The distance by land is about two miles, and the route lies along a low, sandy road, through patches of beach grass and over a number of little bridges that cross as many small inlets, where the sea has pushed its way into the level land. It was a balmy spring evening, the day just gone and the stars sparkling faintly overhead, as we walked. Stevenson's springy gait went lightly over the yielding roadway and I, solicitous that he should not overexert himself, linked my arm in his, though he would often withdraw his own to punctuate his talk by gesture.

We were speaking of Keats; of his single-purposed devotion to beauty and his equal conviction that it comprised truth; as expressed in the famous concluding lines

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of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Louis quoted them:

"'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

"Keats was fortunate," he went on somewhat sadly, "in some mysterious way he belonged to an earlier age of the world, where such belief suffered fewer shocks than it does with us." "Nonsense," I retorted, "think of his birth and actual surroundings, of the men he knew, his pinchbeck old master Haydon, the seamier side of Leigh Hunt, and the actual state of taste in the England of his day." "There were Wordsworth and Shelley." "Wordsworth whom he admired and respected; but who was at the opposite pole from every intuition of Keats's nature; and Shelley, whom he avoided. No," I insisted, "mysterious as it is, John Keats did belong to an earlier age of the world, but if he looked at the world about him he could well have suffered more shocks than to-day, when we live in an age which he in part has inspired, and where the men who came after him have continued his influence."

Then I recalled to him a promise contained in one of his letters, to which I turn in order to quote his words correctly. It was written on the receipt of the "Lamia" with my drawings.

"The sight of your pictures has once more awakened me to my right mind; something may come of it, yet one more bold push to get free of this prison yard of the abominably ugly, where I take my daily exercise with my contemporaries. I do not know, I have a feeling in my bones, a sentiment which may take on the forms of imagination, or may not. If it does, I shall owe it to you, and the thing will thus descend from Keats—even if on the wrong side of the blanket. If it can be done in prose—that is the puzzle."

Thus reminded Louis said, "Well, as you see, nothing came of it. The 'Master of Ballantrae' is not precisely inspired by Keats." "'The Primrose Way' was inspired by more than my pictures, and is 'a thing of beauty—and a joy forever,'" was my prejudiced assertion. "The gratitude of the dedicatee," was the laughing response, and then, more gravely, "No, it is not in me, I can do the grim, I can do the Jekyll-and-Hyde sort of thing, but the trouble with me is that I am at bottom a realist." Here I exploded into wrath, quoting back at him Keats's lines; and demanding, if for a moment he thought that any work of art represented other than reality, *as the artist saw it.*

"Oh, I know," he replied with a sort of gentle impatience; "your old contention that love and hate, joy and sorrow, are the primitive qualities of man and the material with which the artist works; that since the world began these simply reappear, and that local conditions, more often than not, enfeeble and distort the typical character which they first assumed in the hands of the Greeks; all that is true enough, but it is the local conditions, the things of the moment and hour that strike the hardest. If it were not for Zola and his gang, who have spoiled the game, I should be a rank realist."

In this he persisted, meeting each contradictory instance which I could cite from his own work with an exasperating reiteration that none of these had really "come off"; that he had been "feeling his way"; that these were "tries" at various sorts of things—"various sorts of realities," I interposed, "but not done by a man with a note-book and tape-measure." "There is where you mistake," he rejoined eagerly. "That's just what I am really, the man with a note-book."

By this time we had reached the shore and were pacing the sand where the retreating tide had left it firm. Louis stopped suddenly, and put his hand on my arm. "Listen," he said, "and tell me if you think this beautiful."

Then he described, in a way that I wish he might be writing it instead of me, a scene which had impressed him from the window of a railway train, in some of the mining districts in England. It was a black, dismal country, the day was almost spent as the train wound its way by squalid villages set in a face of nature that was everywhere darkened by the coal dust. Here and there chimneys belched out smoke, that trailed like black plumes in the heavy air surcharged with gases from the furnaces, which flared from time to time, lighting the scene with a lurid copper-colored gleam that made the ensuing dusk more sinister than before. Scattered over the face of the landscape uprose miniature

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mountains of the refuse from the mines and furnaces, and upon these, on their peaks and in their valleys, miserable hovels struggled for a foothold. From their doors women looked out, children stopped in their play to watch the passing train, or a hulking workman toiled up to what he called his home. There were no trees, no flowers, no sward, nor was there any vestige of the green country in sight, only the stark chimneys and these truncated cones; like the floor of some monstrous cavern of which the overhanging density of the charged atmosphere made a roof. "It was like looking into the mouth of a *cold* Hell," said Stevenson, "even the furnace fires gave no sensation of warmth or cheerfulness."

"Yet," he continued, "in these hovels men and women lived; marriages were consummated; children were born; the man went to his work in the morning, his wife watched from the door for his home-coming at night; the children had their play upon these grimy heaps, and growing up, all the old story of love was repeated; they in their turn took up life, as their parents, their eyes closed in death, were carried down to be laid in a church-yard—please God, a green church-yard."

All this and more had he seen from the passing train, for I can only give the merest outline of the finished picture which he, with deliberation, carefully elaborated. I was not a little impressed; but in a moment our discussion reverted to my mind.

"Have you ever returned to this place with your note-book? I thought not; yet all of this you saw (and felt) in the flash of a train and then, possibly not from one place but from a whole section of this country, you realized this scene and imagined its significance. How often have I heard you revile Zola, and even more Balzac for the slow piling up of detail extraneous to the movement of the tale. Don't you remember the morning in the rue Vernier, when I spoke of the impression I had gained of the country through which Alan and David fled in 'Kidnapped,' and your own proud assertion, which you insisted that I should verify from the book, that there was not a line descriptive of landscape in it?"

So far our talk resembled much of the disputatious converse to which we were prone, except for the description that he had given of his glimpse from the train window, which was more studied than his usual careless flow of talk, and in this vein it continued until I made the assertion that in "Treasure Island" he had written a tale of the sea, of ship and island adventures that all the accumulated detail of actual experience would not enable him to surpass.

Generally, we had been as of one mind on these trite questions, but that evening, undismayed by the evidence of his past work, Stevenson chose to disagree and repeated his assertion that, had the realism that was rife in the arts of that time chosen its themes more wisely, its practice would have given new life to art, and he would have willingly served in its ranks. "Zola and his crowd have spoiled the game, or very nearly spoiled it, I'll allow," he continued, "but wait until I get hold of all this new and splendid material, and you will see that every added truth, every touch of local color, every trait by which these island peoples resemble or differ from other races, sympathetically studied by one who thinks our civilization is a ghastly farce, will make a fine book."

Our argument had come to an end, leaving me—leaving us both, no doubt—quite unconvinced, as arguments will; though it is a fine exercise and one, when conducted in a temperate manner, that harms no one.

The tide was at the flow, the sea had turned once more to its ceaseless task, breaking in foam out upon the bar, foam of dim silver in the starlight, and rising ever nearer in circling shapes to die upon the sand at our feet. We had not spoken for a moment; and alone, we two, upon the beach, the world seemed very large, the sea boundless and the sky without limit; when Louis broke the silence, speaking at first as though to himself:

"England is over there," with a vague gesture seaward, "well, I bear her no grudge though she has cast me out. I cannot live there and—" turning to me almost fiercely— "Low, I wish to live! Life is better than art, to do things is better than to imagine them, yes, or to describe them. And God knows I have not lived all these last years. No one knows, no one can know the tedium of it.

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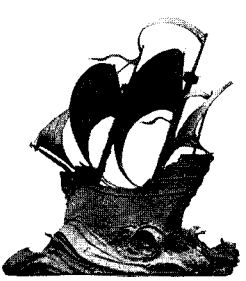
I've supported it as I could—I don't think that I am apt to whimper—but to be, even as I am now, is not to live. Yes, that's what art is good for, for without my work I suppose that I would have given up long ago, without my work and my friends and all those about me—I am not forgetting them; for, with all the courage I could summon, I would not be here to-day, if all their loving care had not added to my courage and made it my duty to them to fight it out. As long as my father was there I would never think of leaving; all our old troubles were long ago forgotten, and these last years we were much to each other; but, when he was laid to rest, I determined to make a new effort to live. Not as we lived at Fontainebleau, for youth was on my side then—remember how you never realized that I was less strong than the other men who were there with us—but to be the rest of my days a decent invalid gentleman. That's not a very wild ambition, is it? But it's a far cry from being bed-ridden. I'm willing to take care of myself, but to keep on my feet, to move about, to mix with other men, to ride a little, to swim a little, to be wary of my enemy but to get the better of him; that's what I call being a decent invalid gentleman and that, God willing, I mean to be."

"There's England over there and I've left it—perhaps I may never go back—and there on the other side of this big continent there's another sea rolling in. I loved the Pacific in the days when I was at Monterey, and perhaps now it will love me a little. I am going to meet it; ever since I was a boy the South Seas have laid a spell upon me and, though you have seen me all these weeks low enough in my mind, I begin to feel a dawn of hope. The voyage here, even with the bad weather off the banks, was life to me, and in a better climate on the Pacific, surely a better life awaits me."

He stopped for a moment and I was too moved to speak. Never had he spoken in other than in passing reference of his ailments, never to disclose the utter weariness that his voice, his gesture, and his words conveyed; at the same time that his slight figure, tense with his determination to conquer his ills, imparted a sense of hope, almost a latent certitude that on those far-off seas life, as he desired it, awaited him.

After a pause he resumed, in lighter tone, "Yes, it will be horrid fun to be an invalid gentleman on board a yacht, to walk around with a spy-glass under your arm, to make landings and trade beads and chromos for cocoanuts, and have natives swim out to meet you. If this trip really sets me up I'll come back a regular "Taff-rail" and never quit the sea. If it does all that I mean it to do, we will get some magazine to pay the shot and let us do a book together. The Ionian Islands, the Greek archipelago, that's more your game. We, too, will live in Arcadia, and listen out for the sirens of Ulysses." I was used to this transition from grave to gay and, not ashamed, but seeking after the manner of our race to hide our emotions, we walked homeward gayly. At the door of the inn his mother met us. "You've been gone a long while," she said; "I was beginning to be anxious." Louis laughed, "I'm not the least tired," he replied; "but we've been quite far. Low and I have been looking out from the shores of the Pacific."

A few days after, in New York, Louis said, "Don't see us off on the train. We can't lunch at Lavenue's but we'll go to Martin's and drink a bottle of Beaujolais-Fleury to our '*bon voyage.*'" So this we did, and so parted.



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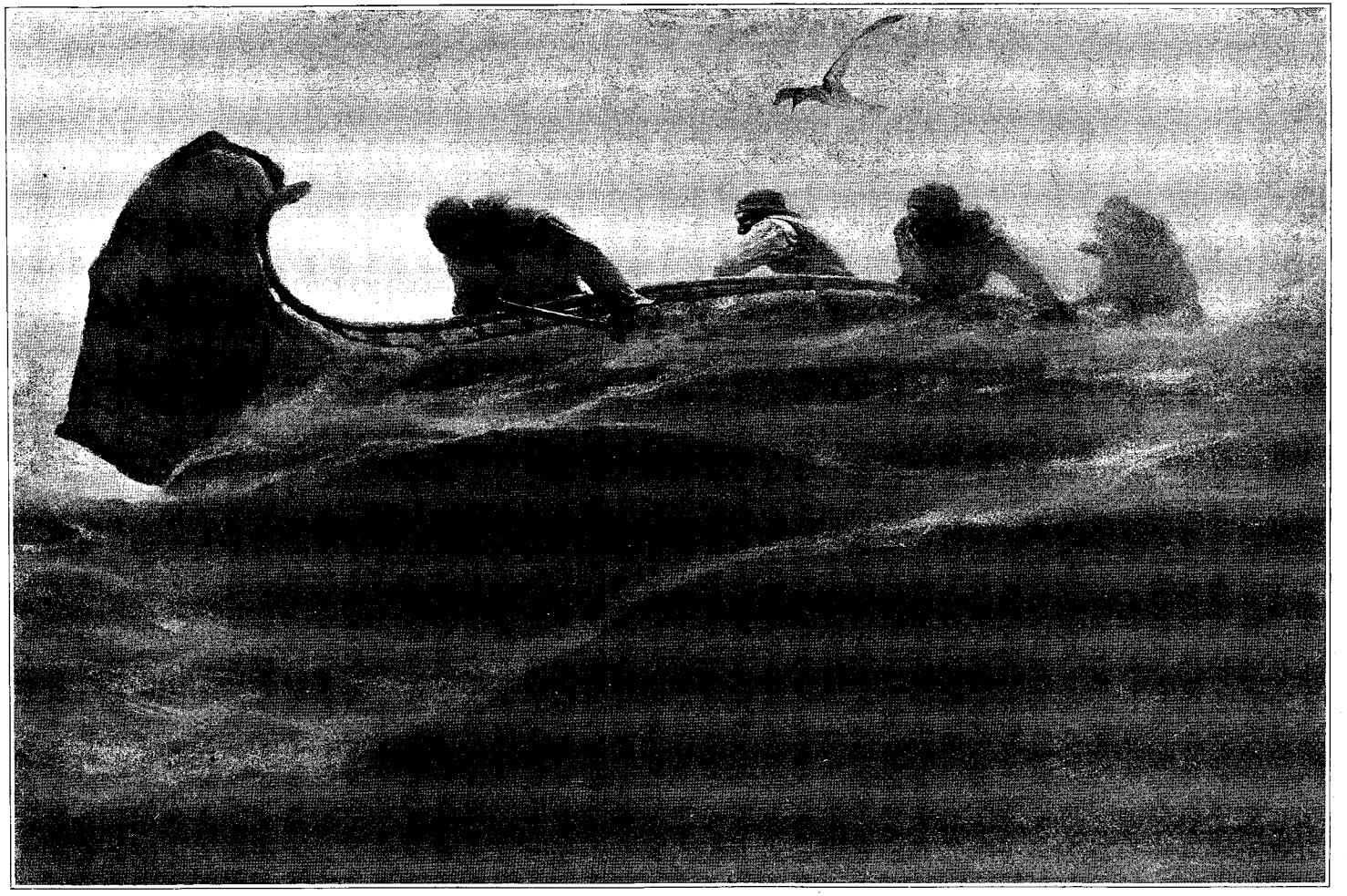

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

In phantom guise my spirit flies
As the dream-blades dip and swing.

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THE OLD CANOE

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH

My seams gape wide so I'm tossed aside
To rot on a lonely shore
While the leaves and mould like a shroud enfold,
For the last of my trails are o'er;
But I float in dreams on Northland streams
That never again I'll see,
As I lie on the marge of the old *portage*
With grief for company.

When the sunset gilds the timbered hills
That guard Timagami,
And the moonbeams play on far James Bay
By the brink of the frozen sea,
In phantom guise my spirit flies
As the dream-blades dip and swing
Where the waters flow from the Long Ago
In the spell of the beck'ning spring.

Do the cow-moose call on the Montreal
When the first frost bites the air,
And the mists unfold from the red and gold
That the autumn ridges wear?
When the white falls roar as they did of yore
On the Lady Evelyn,
Do the square-tail leap from the black pools deep
Where the pictured rocks begin?

Oh! the fur-fleets sing on Timiskaming
As the ashen paddles bend,
And the crews carouse at Rupert House
At the sullen winter's end;
But my days are done where the lean wolves run,
And I ripple no more the path
Where the gray geese race 'cross the red moon's face
From the white wind's Arctic wrath.

Tho' the death-fraught way from the Saguenay
To the storied Nipigon
Once knew me well, now a crumbling shell
I watch the years roll on,
While in memory's haze I live the days
That forever are gone from me,
As I rot on the marge of the old *portage*
With grief for company.

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"Very well, Helen," he said, "I think it is better that you should have your way."—Page 454.

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THE EXECUTORS

By Charles Belmont Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

SINCE the announcement of his engagement to Helen Trask, Wallace Stillwell Hamilton, or "Wallie" Hamilton as he was affectionately, and almost universally known, had become little better than a stranger to his numerous friends in town. Almost without exception, now, the late afternoon found him on his way from his office to the Grand Central Station, and his recently acquired knowledge of "expresses" and "locals" between Rye and Forty-second Street was worthy of the oldest commuter. On rare occasions he made his mother very happy by dining with her at her home in the country and going over later to the Trasks, but more often he dined and spent the evening with Miss Trask, and on such occasions Mrs. Hamilton was rewarded only by a fleeting glimpse of her son on his arrival from town and a hearty kiss just before he turned in for the night. "Wallie" Hamilton had always been accounted a good son and now he was cheerfully admitted to be the true type of the perfect lover and husband-elect, and this, in spite of the fact that he and Helen Trask had been neighbors and playfellows as far back as either of them could remember anything.

Neglectful as he may have been of his other friends and acquaintances in town, Hamilton's engagement seemed only to have brought him the nearer to his most intimate friend—Lloyd Druce. The two had grown up together as boys, gone to the same New England preparatory school, graduated at the same university, and later, now more like brothers than friends, had returned to New York to work as well as play together. Formerly, when neither of them had been dining out, they had generally spent their evenings together at their club, or more often at the theatre, but now, on the rare occasions when Hamilton remained in town, the two men dined quietly at some restaurant and afterward went to Hamilton's apartment, where they filled the cosey sitting-room with slowly drifting gray clouds of tobacco smoke and talked a little of the days to come and a great deal of those that had gone.

The wedding was but a week distant, the details had all been arranged, the gifts, for the most part, had been received and acknowledged, and for the last time Hamilton was spending the night in town as a bachelor. He and Druce had dined late, and now Hamilton was sitting before his desk in the little study, and his friend was stretched out in a deep leather chair before the open hearth. The two young men had talked but little, and during a long silence, Hamilton opened a small drawer of the desk, fumbled among some papers, and took out a silver key ring from which there was suspended a single key. From the bunch of keys, which he always carried, he took another key and twisted it on to the silver ring. Then he swung his chair around so that he could see his friend.

"Lloyd," he said, "the lease of these rooms doesn't run out until May, and I don't want to sublet them. They're no good for Helen and me, so I think I will give you these duplicate keys. It might amuse you to run in here once in a while to borrow a book or—or just for old-time's sake, and——"

Druce looked up and smiled. "Why, of course, I'd like to, very much." He held out his hand and Hamilton tossed him the keys.

"The larger one," Hamilton said, "is for the front door and the little one is for a drawer here in the desk. It's the lower one on the left—you can tell it because it's the only one that is ever locked."

Druce dangled the keys from his finger and looked up at his friend, interrogatively, as if he expected him to go on talking, but for a few moments there was silence, while Hamilton sat staring ahead of him, his brow wrinkled and his expression that of a man who was trying to reach a definite decision.

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"Lloyd," he said at last, "if anything should happen to me—oh, I know," and he threw up his hand by way of protest—"of course nothing is going to happen—but I say if anything should happen, I wish you would come here and let yourself in and open the drawer that is locked and destroy anything you find there and—and don't waste any time about it."

Druce continued to twirl the key ring about his finger and then looked up suddenly and caught Hamilton's eye.

"Oh, I don't know, Wallie," he said, "it doesn't seem good enough to me. If you've got anything to destroy, why not do it now? You——"

"You don't understand," Hamilton interrupted.

"I know I don't understand. But I know that you, like every other man about to be married, are starting all over again—turning over a new leaf—not that the old one was damaged, at that. But for Heaven's sake, if you've got any closets with skeletons in them, now is the time to clean them out. At least, that's what I think."

Hamilton nodded and slowly rolled the end of his cigar between his lips.

"That's the trouble, Lloyd. That's what you think—that's pretty much what any one would think. Skeletons in my closets—bah! I never had any skeletons about me—I don't like them. I may have a decoration or two locked up, but no skeletons."

"What kind of a decoration?"

"Well, according to my ideas, there are all kinds of decorations. There are decorations of honor to the person who wins them as well as to the person who gives them, and there are decorations that reflect honor on the person who wears them and of dishonor on the one who awards them, and *vice versa*. Sometimes there is no tangible emblem—just a quarter of an hour—not that long, perhaps—but it's the quarter of an hour that means most in your life. There is nothing that can ever crowd out the memory of these decorations, and the worst of it is that to every one but yourself they are usually such foolish baubles—only tawdry pieces of junk that mean little or nothing—not even to the woman you are going to marry. And yet in our hearts we are forever turning back to them and the moment we won them. Do you suppose a man who won the Victoria Cross ever had the memory of that one brave act crowded out by any life of domestic happiness on the biggest estate in Great Britain? When I was a kid, I knew a boy who lived in a little town down on the Jersey coast, where I spent my summers, and he was the freshest, most unpopular boy in the village. He went to Princeton afterward and learned to race on one of those old-time high-wheeled bicycles. When he graduated, he went back to his native town and entered the mile bicycle race at the Spring Fair and licked the life out of all of his old enemies. He afterwards became mayor of the town and bred the best race horses in the country and married a rich woman. But he told me that often when the family had gone to bed he used to get out the dinkey medal he won at the Fair grounds and sit in front of the fire, and, by looking into the flames, he could see the boys on the other bicycles, with their matted hair and the sweat running down their white cheeks, and he could see the banks of faces of the crowd on either side of the track and hear them curse him as he crossed the line. I knew another man—about the best corporation lawyer here in town to-day—he showed me once an old revolver that had been given him as a fee for his first case in the town out West where he was born. His client was a murderer and things looked altogether hopeless, but my friend, the lawyer, made a wonderful speech, and the jury voted for acquittal. The murderer had no money, so he gave the lawyer the revolver he had killed the man with. That man's rich and famous now; but when he showed me that old gun, his eyes softened and he handled it as tenderly as if it had been some living thing that had been wounded. Whenever he looked at it, he said that his mind went back to the little, stuffy, crowded court-room out West and the lean, sorrowful looking face of the judge on the bench sitting all alone and the line of the twelve jurymen standing up, and at the end of the line the moon-faced foreman grasping the rail in front of him and saying 'not guilty.' That was *his* decoration; but what has it to do with the domestic life of the present great corporation lawyer? And yet, that was the best moment of his life. What do you suppose he would trade for that moment now?"

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Hamilton looked down at his friend.

"I can't imagine," Druce said; "go ahead."

"And then," Hamilton continued, "there is another kind of decoration. Suppose a woman—I mean the one woman you remember when you are very ill, or when you have been in the open and away from civilization for a long time. Suppose just once she had put her arms about you—I don't mean, necessarily, pink-and-white, well-rounded arms, with dimples at the elbow, but arms with nerves in them—nerves that not only go down to the heart but up to the brain too. Or, suppose a woman had never put her arms about you, but had just written you a line of three words, 'I love you,' and suppose she had no right to write you that line, and the discovery of it would mean her finish, but she wrote it because it was the one real thing in her life, and because she wanted to show you she trusted you. That's another kind of decoration—of honor or dishonor, whichever you choose to call it. You can't forget it, and I don't believe it's human nature to want to destroy the insignia that went with it, because that is always good for one real thrill."

Hamilton got up and walked over to the fireplace and looked down at his friend.

"I tell you, Lloyd, there are a whole lot of different kinds of decorations, and pretty much every man has one. You can't always see it because it may be at home in his desk, or it may be that there was no emblem that went with it; but believe me he knows it's there—hanging on his chest—not very far from his heart either."

Druce stretched his arms above his head and blew a long cloud of gray smoke toward the ceiling. "All right," he said, "I'll keep the keys, but it's only because it's you."

Hamilton smiled. "It's only because you're you that I gave them to you."

. . . . . .

Five days later, and two days before the date set for the marriage, a farmer driving a vegetable cart to town in the gray light of the early morning, found what there was left of Wallace Stillwell Hamilton and his racing car. The accident had taken place near Rye at the bottom of a steep hill, half way between the young man's own home and that of the girl he was so soon to have

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married. Hamilton was known as an occasionally careless, always fearless driver; the road had been rather slippery and the machinery of the car was demolished beyond the possibility of finding out the condition of the brakes at the time of the accident—that is, if it had occurred to any one to look at them, which, as a matter of fact, it probably had not.

Druce returned to town after the funeral, more genuinely depressed than he had ever felt before. Hamilton had been the best part of his life, and how much this friendship meant to him, how great was the void that no one else could fill, had begun to strike home. He wandered aimlessly into the club, but whenever he came near, the men drew long faces, and their words of sympathy only hurt him the more; and so he went out again and walked slowly along the streets that seemed the least crowded. It was late in February, but the air was warm and damp and there was a heavy mist; the sidewalks were wet with melting snow, and the streets and gutters ran deep in mud and slush. With no heed as to where he was going, Druce walked aimlessly on, occasionally nodding back to faces that smiled and nodded to him. The mist turned to a light drizzle and a little later the drizzle to rain, and the warm drops blowing against his face brought him back to his surroundings. It was quite dark now and the street lamps were lit and the sidewalks crowded with men and women going home from work. For a few more blocks he jostled along with the crowd, and then seeing an empty hansom pass, he hailed it and gave the driver the address of the apartment house where he lived. It was on his way there that he remembered the silver key ring and Hamilton's last request and his friend's injunction not to "waste any time about it." He found the keys at his rooms and set out for Hamilton's apartment at once, because he knew that the servant of his late friend was almost sure to be away at that hour and on this visit he wished to be alone and undisturbed. As a precaution Druce rang the bell, but as no one answered, he opened the front door and passed on into the sitting-room. He switched on the electric light and found that the shades of the windows which opened on the street were down and the curtains drawn. The air was damp and heavy with the odor of stale tobacco smoke, and the coal grate was half filled with gray cinders. It was evident that the room was just as its late master had left it. He closed the door, and walking very softly, as if afraid of disturbing the loneliness of the cheerless room, went over to the desk and sat down before it. For a moment he glanced about at the things on the desk he knew so very well—a small photograph of Helen Trask in a riding habit and a broad round sailor hat, and a larger photograph of Hamilton's mother; the old-fashioned silver ink-well and the green leather rack filled with the familiar note-paper. On the broad blotter there lay a pen, just where Hamilton had left it, and Druce hesitatingly picked it up and then quickly put it back just as he had found it.

The young man seemed to become suddenly conscious of the chill in the air, for the room was very cold, and he at once set about his task. He tried the little drawers of the desk until he had found the one that was locked, and then taking the keys from his pocket, inserted the smaller one in the lock. And, as he did so, he heard the rustle of a portiere opening behind him, followed by a low cry, and turning he saw the mother of his friend and Helen Trask standing in the doorway. Unconsciously he rose to his feet, and at the same moment Mrs. Hamilton recognized him and came toward him.

"Oh, Lloyd," she said, "I'm so glad it's you. We had no idea any one would be here."

Druce put his arm about her, for she had always been much like a mother to him, and led her to a big arm-chair at the side of the desk.

"I'm afraid it's very cold for you," he said. "I'll try to start a fire."

He turned, and as he did so he saw Helen Trask standing before the desk, her eyes resting on the key ring dangling from the locked drawer. For a moment the girl's face, white and as expressionless as marble against her broad black veil, remained unmoved. Turning toward Druce she inclined her head very slightly, her colorless lips moved in words of an unheard greeting, and then her eyes turned back to the locked drawer.

He went over to the fireplace, but there was neither coal nor kindling of any kind.

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"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hamilton," he said, "but I fear a fire is impossible. It's really very cold. Do you think you ought to stay?"

"It's only for a minute. Helen and I were so terribly lonely out there in the country that we thought we would come to town and spend the night with my sister. And then Helen wanted to come here—we thought the servant might be in, but the caretaker says he has not been back since —that is, for several days—and so he opened the door for us."

Helen sat down in the chair before the desk and turned her colorless face toward Druce. There was a certain questioning look in her eyes, which seemed to ask, even demand some sort of an explanation. He walked over to the desk, and taking the key from the lock, dropped it into his coat pocket. Then he went back to his former stand before the fire.

"Mrs. Hamilton," he said, "I feel that I ought to tell you why I am here. Some time ago Wallie told me if anything should ever happen to him that I should come here and look for some papers, in a particular drawer in his desk, and destroy them. I suppose they were some business papers—probably notes from people to whom he had loaned money which he did not wish ever to have collected. You know how Wallie was always doing something for people and never wanting to have it known?"

The mother smiled at him and nodded her head. "Why, of course," she said, "I've no doubt that's what it was. Wallie was so good to every one and he never spoke of his charities even to me."

Miss Trask was looking away from Druce, her elbows resting on the desk and her chin between her palms. "Did you say, Lloyd," she asked, "that it was long ago that he told you this? Before—before Wallie and I were engaged, I mean?"

"Oh, yes, long before. Probably a year or so ago."

"I can't understand that," the girl said without looking up, "because this is a new desk; I remember the day he got it; we all came here to supper that night. Don't you remember, it was not more than a month or so ago?"

The older woman looked up questioningly at Helen and then at Druce. After all, what difference could it make now—her boy was gone and a few papers more or less could not matter very much. For some moments there was silence and then it was Druce who spoke.

"You're quite right, Helen," he said. "He gave me the keys very recently. It was just the other night—the last time we were together."

The girl turned and looked at him. "And what are you going to do with these papers?" she asked.

"Destroy them—of course," he said.

"Unopened?"

"Naturally—unopened."

For a moment the girl closed her eyes and brushed her forehead with the back of her gloved hand.

"I'm afraid," she said, "I don't quite understand. Why should he ask you to destroy these papers? Why should you try to deceive me about them!"

Druce clasped his hands behind his back and looked the girl evenly in the eyes.

"I don't know that they are papers. All I know is that he asked me to destroy something in that drawer. I am simply trying to carry out the last request of a friend. I do not believe that the papers, if they are papers, are of any great value to any one except to the man who left them."

"Value!" the girl repeated. "Has a name no value, has a memory no value? Wallie Hamilton gave his life to me—and I gave mine to him—and now all I have left is that memory. I believed that it was a life without blame, and that there was no secret he held from me, and yet you would destroy that memory? I am to go back to my grief with that suspicion always before me? Do you think that it is fair to throw up this barrier between his memory and my love for him, which is the most real thing in my life? You claim the rights of a friend—I claim the rights of the life that he gave to me."

"Helen," Druce said, "you are making it very hard for me. I only want to do my duty as I see it."

The girl rose from her seat at the desk, and going over to Mrs. Hamilton, sat at her feet and rested her head against her knee. The older woman gently brushed a loose strand of hair from the girl's eyes.

"I was his mother," she said, "his blood was my blood, and I am his legal executor. He was, I think, the best son a mother ever

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had, and yet no mother could know all her son's life. My child, you are very young in the ways of the world and you are very tired, and you have suffered a great deal—more, I hope, than you will ever suffer again. I think you had better let me take you home."

The girl buried her head in the older woman's lap and cried softly to herself.

Druce turned away, and, resting his hands before him on the shelf over the fireplace, looked down on the cinders in the cold grate. For the first time he saw resting on the gray coals the charred remnants of a piece of paper—the fragile, twisted form in ashes of a burned letter—a breath would have blown it into a thousand flakes.

He went over to where the girl knelt and touched her gently on the shoulder. "Very well, Helen," he said, "I think it is better that you should have your way. You will probably find that the drawer is empty—he had no secret from you. Wallie always loved a joke."

He took the keys from his pocket and pressed them into the girl's hand. Then he bowed to the two women and went out and left them to their empty legacy.

When he had reached the street he stopped to look up at the familiar windows. On how many nights during the past few years, on his way home had he glanced up at the same windows to see if the lights were still burning.

"Poor dear old Wallie," he said half aloud, still looking up at the dark, forbidding house-front. "Poor old Wallie—I did the best I could for you. And now that it's all over, I wonder who is the proper executor for a man's secret!"

DIVERSIONS IN PICTURESQUE GAME-LANDS

THE WILDEST CORNER OF MEXICO

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY ILLUSTRATED BY DR. D. T. MACDOUGAL AND JOHN M. PHILLIPS

THE desire to kill big game for sport in a region that is totally uninteresting and devoid of the picturesque, implies a genuine blood-lust that is fairly deplorable. There are men who can hunt the white goat in the Rocky Mountains and see nothing but the goat; and after the goat has been killed, the beautiful mountains are nothing.

On the other hand, there are men who think that killing great numbers of giraffes, rhinoceroses, zebras and hartebeests, waterbucks, gnu and gazelles on the flat and uninteresting plains of East Africa is very great sport.

To sportsmen who keenly enjoy the picturesque aspects of Nature, it is occasionally possible to become so fascinated by scenery and plant life that even the finding of big game becomes a secondary consideration. I am sure that had Dr. MacDougal, Mr. Phillips, and I been obliged to choose once for all between photographing the Pinacate region and the hunting of mountain sheep therein, we would unhesitatingly have chosen the picture records of that wonderland.

In that great lava field, and around it, the handiwork of Nature was weird and unearthly, beyond compare. That trip of ours was like a visit to the moon, or to Mars. To me there was not a shrub, tree, water-hole, valley, peak, nor even a blade of grass that was of a familiar type, save the few species of desert trees and cacti that we met on the way down the desert from Tucson, and found repeated on the lava. It was the first time in my life wherein I achieved surroundings in the plant world in which there was not even one old acquaintance. Even the prickly pear of New York

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and Montana was totally absent, and in its place were various queer species of *Opuntia* that I never before had seen.

The penetration of that lava-and-dead-volcano district cost us many a long mile of desert travel. There was a time wherein it seemed as if we never would make an end of circling to the left around grim and black old Pinacate, at a radius of fifteen miles from its summit. At last, however, we did achieve the Tule Tank, seven miles into the lava field and eight miles from the summit of the Mystery. We were a long way from any tules, but with a good supply of delicious water in the lava-bound basin, and enough galleta grass for our horses, we cared naught for names. It was from that camp that we went to the summit.

I must pause here long enough to explain that we were bent on the exploration of an unmapped, undescribed, and unknown region in the north-western corner of Old Mexico. It is the angle that is formed by the north-eastern shore of the Gulf of California and the International Boundary. The trip was planned and led by Dr. D. T. MacDougal, Director of the Desert Botanical Laboratory at Tucson, and for companions in arms we had Mr. John M. Phillips, of Pittsburgh (and "Camp-Fires in the Canadian Rockies") and Mr. Godfrey Sykes, of Dr. MacDougal's official staff. At Sonoyta, Mexico, we were joined by Mr. Jefferson D. Milton, U. S. Inspector of Immigration, who entered with keen and intelligent interest into the various objects of the expedition.

Primarily it was a geographical exploration, with Mr. Sykes as civil engineer and geographer, and after that it was a botanical-zoological-big-game reconnaissance. With a record of more than 200 years for the little oasis of Sonoyta, the Pinacate region, fifty miles westward thereof, had remained a complete mystery; and the longer the Doctor sought detailed information at Tucson, the less he found out.

As we had suspected, we found that the reasons for the Mystery of Pinacate were water and grass. In dry years the water-holes are dry, the grass is burned up by the fierce heat, and the place is completely inaccessible, save to the Papago Indians. In any desert region the distance to which a horse can go and return, carrying water for himself and his leader, is not great. Most fortunately for us, the year 1907 was for that region "a rainy year," and we found enough water and grass so that we had no real trouble whatever. True, our horses and mules came out looking gaunt and thin, and feeling "used up"; but rest and plenty of food soon put them to rights again. We had a grand outfit—large enough to do everything required, but also small enough to be perfectly mobile.

When we struck the eastern edge of the great lava fields, at the point where the Sonoyta River also strikes it and turns southward to avoid it, we semicircled north-westwardly along its border. We kept on circling, until finally we discovered MacDougal Pass, the great crater at the south end of it, and came abruptly against a lava barrier so impassable that the wagons had to be abandoned. By pack train we went on to the Papago Tanks, found for us by Messrs. Milton and Daniels, and there we camped for a week.

It is a pity that those weird Papago Tanks—then well filled with delicious water—do not command the summit of Pinacate, and the shore of the Gulf; for if they did, they would form an ideal base. But, even though they are too far north for that, they form the key to a really grand situation. Four miles west of them is the end of MacDougal Pass, the group of gray-granite mountains that last week were formally named in my honor, the grand crater that so astonished us all, and the edge of the sand hills of the Gulf shore. Four miles north of the tanks there descend four more deep craters—one of them very deep—surrounded by various peaks of red lava that once were parts of active volcanoes.

The whole region down to the sand hills is *lava*, and nothing else! Its total diameter is about thirty miles, and from its centre rises, like a black pyramid, the group of highest peaks that is called Pinacate—after a big black beetle of the desert that always stands on its head when it is disturbed. The name is pronounced Pe-na-cat'ty. The central group of peaks is surrounded by a plain, which everywhere rises toward the centre. Mr. Sykes says that according to his best count, he estimates that the district, as a whole, contains at least 500 lava peaks and cones and deep craters, each of which represents what once was an active volcano.

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It is painfully impossible to set forth within the limits of a dozen pages an adequate statement of even one-tenth of the interesting features of that weird region; and the utmost that I can do is mechanically to pick out a few scenes, and briefly throw them upon the screen. The natural features, and the works of Nature *in progress before our eyes*, so far surpassed in interest our mountain-sheep hunting that the latter seems in comparison quite trivial. The sheep, however, are to the zoologist and sportsman extremely interesting products, for they represent the great genus *Ovis* at one of its jumping-off places in America.

Crater hunting is most exciting sport. It beats mountain-sheep hunting literally "out of sight!" Mr. Sykes cared not a rap for hunting sheep with any other weapon than a camera, but as a crater-hunter he was great. His thrilling successes made our sheep episodes look like child's play. Each success was to him as the discovery of a new species is to a zoologist. And the way he went down to the bottom of every crater that he found, and measured it, and mapped it, and possessed himself of it for all time, actually filled the souls of the rest of us with unspeakable envy—as well as admiration. Now I would not have climbed down to the bottom of that "Deep," since named Sykes, Crater, 750 feet and 300 risks of a broken neck—"not for *no* money!"

As a spectacle, I am inclined to think the Grand Crater, close beside my mountains—the one that we afterward named MacDougal Crater—surpasses the Sykes Crater; and the cameras fully support this view. With four plates in a row the cameras got the former, but in the presence of the Sykes Crater they all bogged down completely. Even Dr. MacDougal's panorama fails utterly to convey an adequate conception of the reality. The camera that can go down 750 feet, at an angle of 70 degrees, and also catch the rim, has not yet been invented.

As a fair example of crater-hunting, take the rosy dawn of the morning after we camped beside my mountains, in the extreme southern end of MacDougal Pass.

No sooner had the hunters of the party scattered for their several ways than Mr. Sykes suddenly appeared again, riding rapidly toward Dr. MacDougal, Mr. Phillips and me, waving and shouting:

"Come up this way," he cried. "*There's a huge crater*, just at the top of this ridge! *It's grand!*" And back he went again, as fast as his horse could go.

We quickly turned and followed the geographer up a brown slope covered with small lumps of lava, toward the crest of what seemed to be a perfectly innocent ridge. On reaching its summit, like a picture thrown upon a screen, an immense crater suddenly yawned at our feet! Its rim was almost a perfect circle, two miles in circumference, and its top was nearly level. Its diameter at the top was about three-fourths of a mile.

Far below, a floor almost as level as a lake spread across the abyss. Its surface was of clean yellow sand, but a dark area in the centre looked like moisture that had settled there during a recent rain. Evidently the sand which covered the floor had blown in from the near-by sand hills of the Gulf littoral.

And that crater floor was most strangely planted. It was actually fascinating to see, with such clearness of detail, how Nature had gone about her work. Each item of the planting was so separate and distinct that with the aid of a moderately good glass one could have counted the individual plants, even from the rim. In places *the things were growing in rows*, radiating from the centre outward; and I particularly call upon the long lines of creosote bushes in the southern end of the crater to bear witness to the truth of what I say. I think this has been brought about by the wash of water from the steep sides of the crater flowing toward the central area.

The sandy floor was stippled all over with tiny creosote bushes, like dark-colored dots on pale-buff blotting paper, very far apart. This, evidently, is the most persistent and hardy Pioneer of the Sand. The mesquite had climbed down the walls of the crater, from every direction, and had marched about one-third of the distance out toward the centre. By and by, say in twenty-five years from now, they will meet in the centre. The eye easily picks them out by their greater height and larger mass than the creosote.

The oddest thing, however, was the invasion of the saguaro, or giant cactus. Its advance guard found it impossible to climb down the steep walls, but at the southeastern side of the crater they found

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From a photograph by Dr. D. T. MacDougal.

The Sonoyta River.

Where the desert meets the northern edge of the oasis.

a deep notch, and through that breach they were swarming in. About fifty of them had "made good" by getting down upon the crater floor, and they were marching forward in irregular open order, to capture the place. A few skirmishers had ventured out fully half way to the centre, but the main body was back near the breach in the wall, as if to keep in touch with the one line of retreat. There was not one saguaro anywhere else (that I saw) on the crater floor. The invaders were just like so many soldiers in lightest fighting order—small, straight, and quite limbless.

Mr. Sykes lost not a moment in climbing down to the floor of the crater, taking its altitude, and measuring its diameter by pedometer. He reported it as being 400 feet in depth below the rim, 50 feet above sea level, and 1,200 feet in diameter on the bottom. As he paced across the floor, he looked like the terminal third of a pin, and it was with much difficulty that the unaided eye could pick him out. On the bottom he saw a jack rabbit, several doves and a small rodent.

This crater was not so very deep, and its sloping walls were in many places quite practicable for a good climber. There are many craters that are larger than this, and in comparison with such gigantic manifestations as Kilauea or Mauna Loa in Hawaii, this is a mere saucepan. For all that, however, as desert craters go, it is a big one, and the perfection of its modelling is thoroughly satisfactory. Excepting its floor, it is exactly as it was when the last ton of lava was thrown out, and the fire was permitted to go out because there was no more work for it to do. Unquestionably, on the western side of the crater, there is plenty of lava buried under the sands that have blown up from the Gulf; but at the present the only visible work of this crater, of any decided importance, is the lava field toward the east, which boiled out through the notch, and ran toward Pinacate for two miles or more.

That crater was the leading sensation of the day. When the teams arrived opposite the point of view, the men leaped from the wagons and fled up the lava-covered slope to the sky-line, for a share of the wonder. At imminent risk to the safety of "Bill" and "Maude"—the leading mules of our stock company—the whole

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From a photograph by the author.

A great Organ-Pipe Cactus, 18 feet high.
Where the Sonoyta River strikes the eastern edge of the lava field.

party of men and dogs strung itself along the rim, vainly striving to absorb into their systems an adequate impression of the wonderful scene. Early in the game three photographers got busy, but it took Dr. MacDougal's heavy artillery to do the subject justice. Of course no camera could take in the entire crater, nor even the half of it, on one plate; so each of the real photographers made a three-section panorama. Their pictures are very good, especially when put together in a strip two feet long; but when an effort is made to reduce all that down to the length of a page illustration, the grandeur of it goes all to pieces, and the reduction is a tame spectacle.

It was while we were admiring the crater at the rate of twenty interjections per minute, and the two rapid-fire cameras were working their hardest, that we were startled by two thundering reports coming from the notch, just out of our sight, southward. As the roar of the shots rose on the still air, resounded through the crater, and undoubtedly travelled far beyond, we all looked at each other in astonishment.

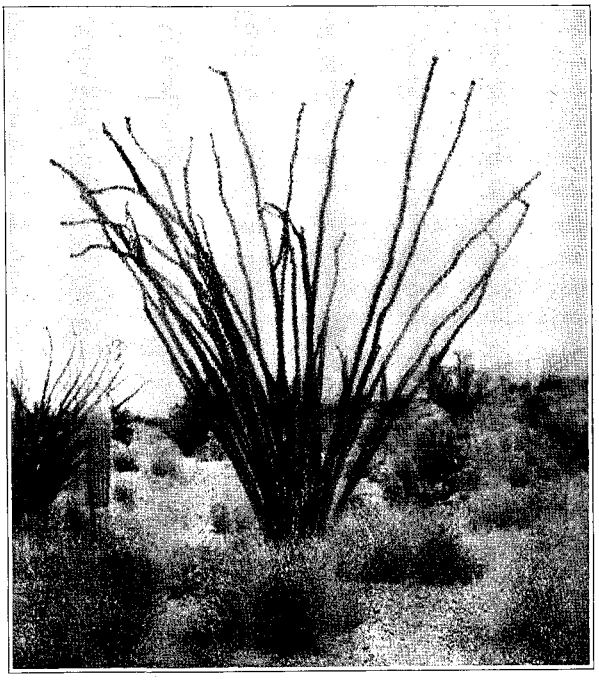
"Who was that?"

"It must be Daniels and Charlie."

"They must have found some sheep in that notch!"

So they had. When Rube Daniels amused himself—quite contrary to the laws of the hunt—by "shootin' at some rocks over there," his shots raised five mountain sheep and also the largest disturbance that I ever saw in a hunting party. Incidentally they frightened the sheep quite out of that neighborhood, and nullified an otherwise fine hunt on the following day in the granite mountains that rose near by.

Though we should all live a thousand years, I am sure that no member of our party ever could forget the Papago Tanks—so named because their tiny oasis once was a favorite halting place for the Indians of the Sonoyta Valley as they journeyed to and from the Gulf shore for supplies of salt. I expected a muddy pool in an alkaline arroyo, bad water, and many wigglers



From a photograph by the author.

The beautiful Ocatilla, or "Devil's Chair."
In the Ajo Valley, 10 miles south of Montezuma's Head.

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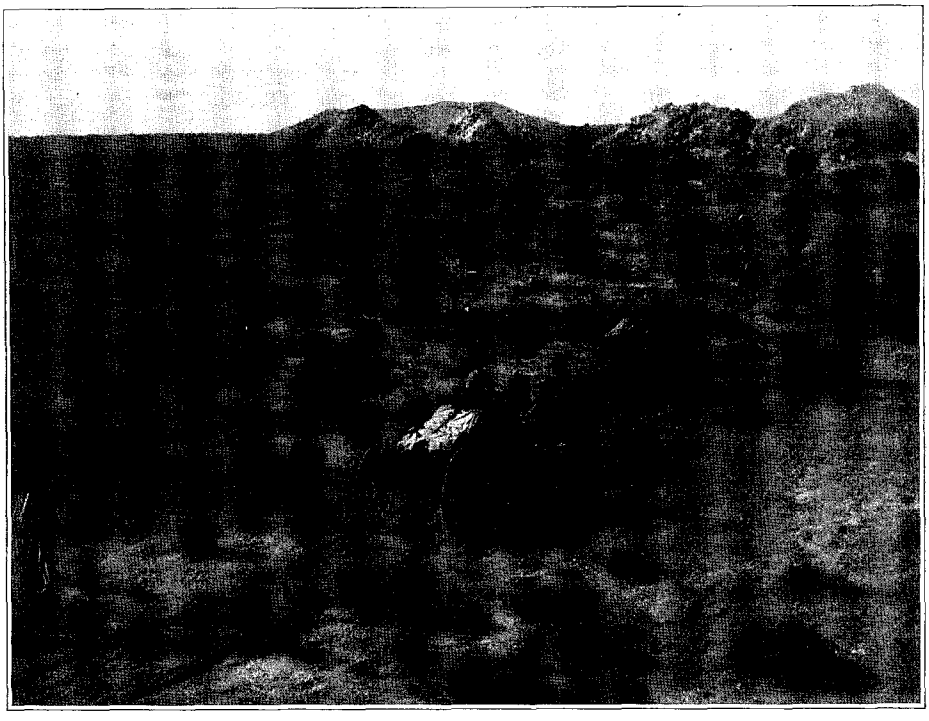

From a photograph by J. M. Phillips.

The Expedition in MacDougal Pass.

The great lava field embraces all the country to the left of the course.

among those present. As usual in that blasted country, nearly all the items of my bill of expectations were wrong!

We found three glorious pools of clear, cold water, in deep basins of speckless basalt—or lava rock, to be strictly precise—walled in most carefully by immaculate natural masonry. The walls of the upper pool rose about thirty feet above the water, but for the larger pool one side had most humanely been left open to admit mountain sheep, antelopes, coyotes, tired horses and thirsty dogs. The lava rock of the walls was of flinty hardness, dark bluish-brown in color, and it glistened like vitrified brick. The water in the horse's pool seemed abundant, but even during our short stay there we lowered it about eighteen inches. The supply could have been quite exhausted in six weeks. A bunch of thirsty range cattle could drink those pools stone dry in less than two weeks. The nearest water to the north is about twenty-five miles away, at the Represa Tank, and on the south the Tule Tank is about eighteen miles distant—if you know where to find it. If you don't know, it may possibly be as far as from you to the Styx.

I never before saw cameras break down, and go all to pieces, as they did in those Pinacate lava fields. All told, we had five machines, of all degrees of difficulty, but not one of them succeeded in making a long-distance picture of the worst of those lava fields that was a genuine success. It was the dull-brown monochrome, only very slightly flecked by the green of mesquite and palo verde, that defied all the attempts of lenses and boxes to dig out their details. If cameras could think and feel, and our five could know the extent to which they were baffled by the conditions existing there—including the fine sand in the atmosphere—they would become raving maniacs.

Excepting for the little oasis below the Papago Tanks—of about a square mile's area—the whole Pinacate lava district, say thirty miles in diameter, was absolute lava and volcanic ashes, and nothing more in the line of soils. In places there were wide plains, three or four miles in width and generally level, on which the lava was so

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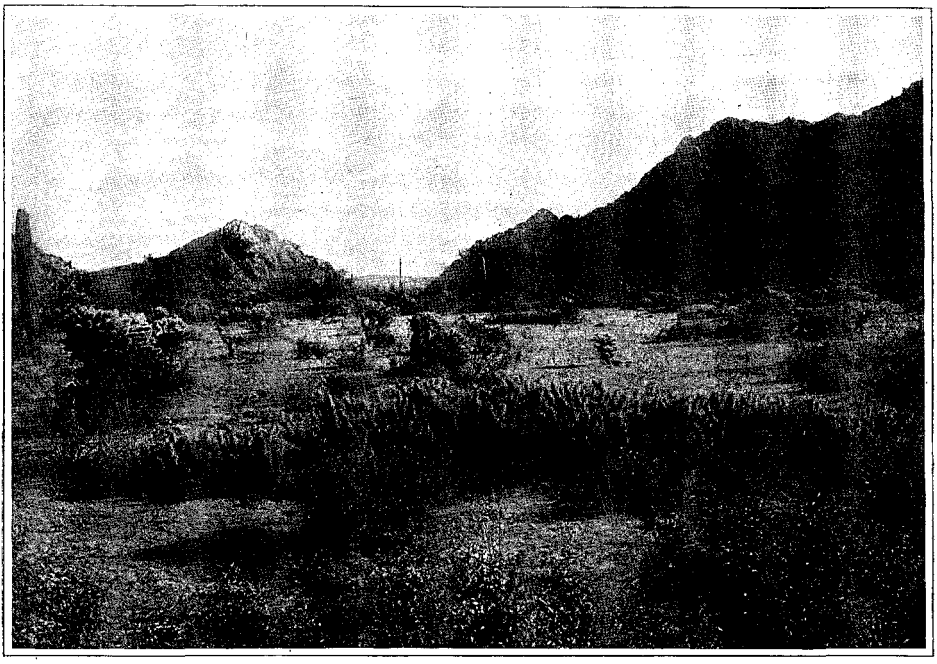
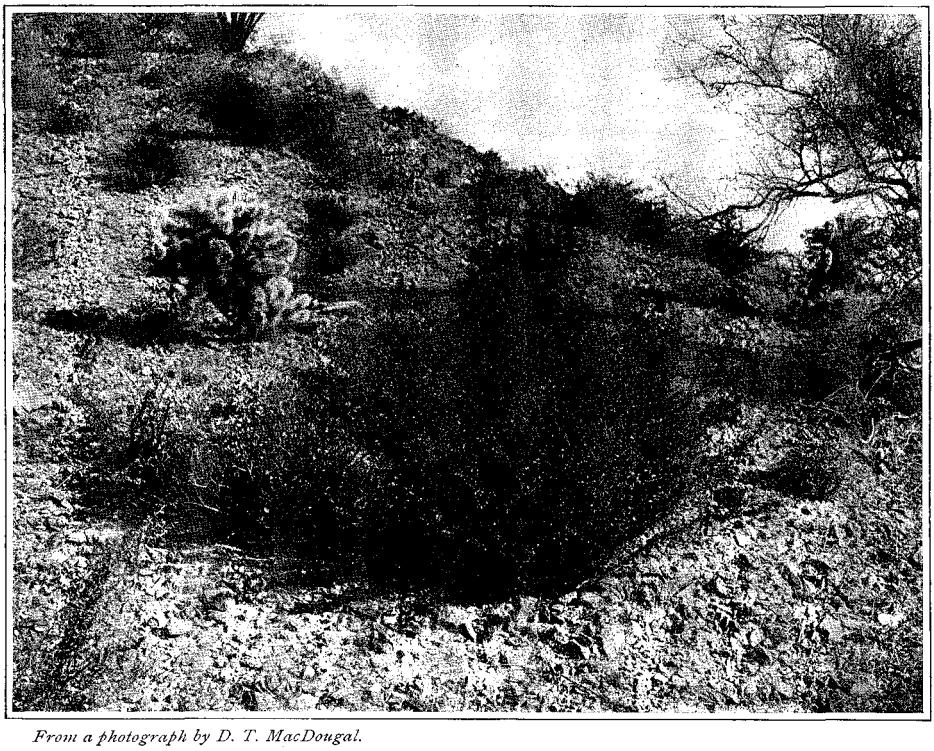


From a photograph by D. T. MacDougal.

A cactus garden at the western edge of the lava field.



From a photograph by D. T. MacDougal.

Characteristic vegetation on the side of a granite mountain.

The bush is Dragon's Blood (*Jatropha*) and the cactus on the left is the awful Bigelow Choya (*Opuntia bigelowii*). A Palo Verde tree thrusts a branch into the upper right-hand corner.

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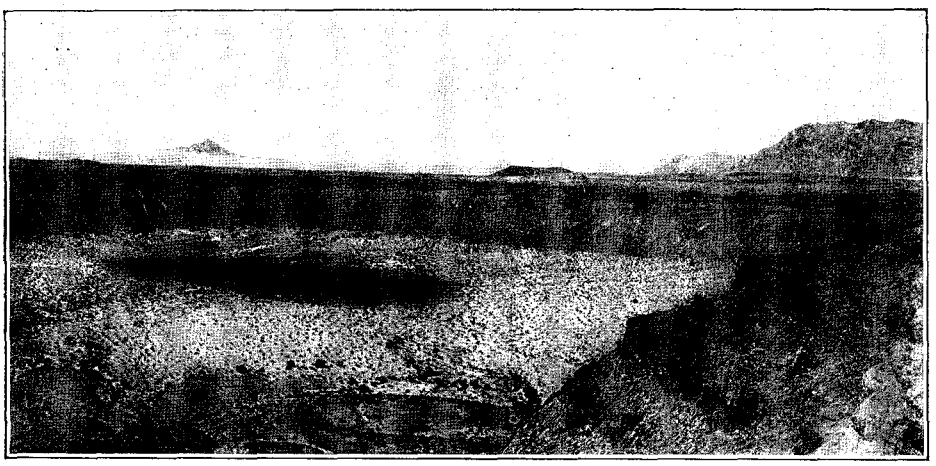
fine that horses could march over it very easily. In years enough, when the process of lava disintegration has gone much farther, those plains will be covered with what will appear to be soil.

But there are miles upon miles of clean, fresh, naked lava, almost destitute of trees and shrubs, whereon the roughness is indescribable. There are places over which it is impossible to lead a horse. We saw great ridges of lava, like the pressure ridges of ice in the far North, upheaved, contorted, ragged beyond words, and so fresh and sharp it seems to have cooled only yesterday. Clinkers and cinders and slag, forty or fifty feet of stature, branchless, and by the awful dryness of its surroundings reduced to a club-shaped stem only eight or ten feet high. On the lava field they grow very far apart—miles, mostly—but they climb up Pinacate to an elevation of 2,500 feet or more, and are in evidence within two miles of the highest summit. Bigelow's abominable choya cactus is even more persistent, and wherever found its room is better than its company.

Like promises of better days to come, the beautiful palo verde ("green tree") and the ever-welcome mesquite bravely claim their place, at wide intervals in every arroyo or



From a photograph by J. M. Phillips.

MacDougal Crater from the South-east.

The sand dunes rise into view in the middle distance, around the half-buried granite butte on the left.

fresh from an iron-mill, are no more rugged and ragged than the lava of those ridges that seemingly lie there glowering and cursing the sky in impotent rage.

Over this awful desolation, Nature is bravely and persistently striving to throw a soft green mantle of plant life. The struggle is magnificent, no less. On lava as naked and inhospitable as the steel-clad deck of a man of war, in defiance of the terrors of fierce heat, absolute thirst and blazing light, you will find the beautiful white brittle-bush (*Encelia farinosa*) gloriously growing as if all its wants were fully supplied. Each plant stands aloof and alone, its hemisphere of tender branches covered with a thick mantle of clean, white leaves. Ten feet away from it you may find a solitary giant cactus, shorn of its wherever any lava basin gathers water and holds it long enough to do good in this thirsty world. On the worst of the lava fields they are reduced to weak little bushes a yard high, but in the Papago Oasis, where water is held up for a time, they make trees fifteen feet high. The mesquite is the great wood-producer for the desert camp-fire.

The creosote bush successfully defies the sands and disintegrated granite of the desert plains, but it likes not the lava, and is hardly to be counted as a habitant of the volcanic district.

On the lava plains there grow picturesque clumps of the nigger head cactus, a small pine-apple-like species related to the famous barrel cactus (*Echinocactus*), covered with a tangle of long, curved spines.

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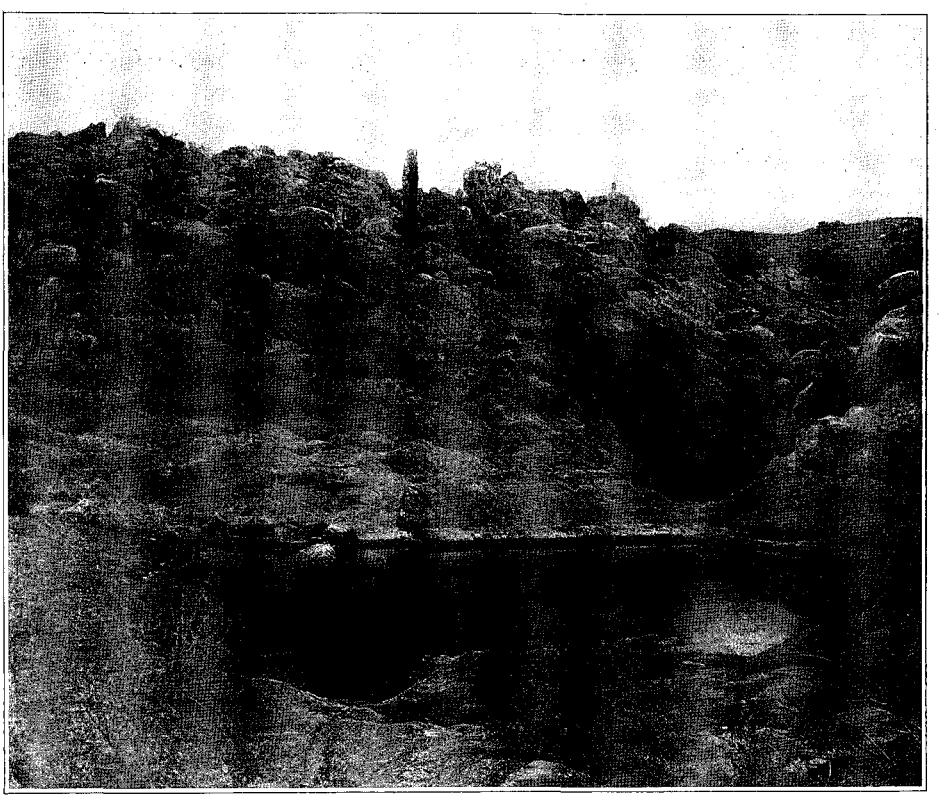
The four-footed animals that inhabit lavaland are by no means too numerous to mention—but far be it from me to offer an "exhaustive" list. We saw the old-fashioned big-horn mountain sheep (*Ovis canadensis*), the prong-horned antelope (*Antilocapra americana*), the coyote (*Canis mearnsi?*), the Arizona jack rabbit (*Lepus californicus eremicus*), the desert cotton-tail rabbit (*Lepus arizonæ*), and the white-throated pack-rat (*Neotoma albigula collaris*). The desert kangaroo-rat, so common on the desert plains, especially in sandy situations, was quite absent from the lava, for obvious reasons. Its tiny paws were not fashioned for digging through lava. A flock of doves came to the Papago Tanks one evening at sunset and drank, and on the lava we saw a few Gambel quail.

So far as I can remember, the above enumeration includes all the mammal species that we observed in the lava region, and it is my impression that our list of the four-footed habitants of the lava is not far from being complete.

After nearly a week at the Papago Tanks we made up an extra-light pack-train, and made a long cast southward and south-eastward to find the tank of water which a Papago Indian had described to us as the Tule Tank. "Tule" means "marsh." We found no marsh, but luckily for us we did find the tank, and a fair supply of galleta grass within three miles of it; so we blithely went into camp. We were then within striking distance of Pinacate Peak.

By the time we reached the Tule Tank, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Milton had each bagged two mountain sheep, but the Doctor and I had not yet scored; so, before climbing Pinacate, it seemed necessary for us to make good on *Ovis*, and get that feature of the trip out of the way. Mr. Phillips and I went hunting together, killed two big rams, and until the morrow left them lying where they fell. The next day



From a photograph by D. T. MacDougal.

The Papago Tanks.

Two of the pools in the clean, brown lava rock. Fifteen miles from Pinacate Peak.

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From a photograph by D. T. MacDougal.

Camp in the Papago Tanks oasis.
All the trees are mesquites.

we all climbed Pinacate. After that, Mr. Phillips, Jeff Milton, and I bivouacked on the mountain, with a lava-ravine-bed to sleep in—or lie awake if we preferred—in order to get an extra early start on the morrow in skinning and otherwise preserving the two dead sheep that lay near us. This incident was quite unexpected, and we were none too well provided for bedding, but we fared very well. We had a grand camp-fire; and with plenty of sheep liver, artistically roasted over a bed of glowing coals and well salted, we surely "made out."

Very soon after sunrise, we took the dun mule and a pack-saddle, and foolishly *left our rifles at camp*, and laboriously picked our way over the rough lava northward around the foot of the red-lava mountain nearly a mile, to where lay Mr. Phillips' splendid ram. We intended to skin the entire animal, and preserve it for the Carnegie museum; but alas! the rascally coyotes of Pinacate had visited the remains, and left the body an unsightly wreck. The hind-quarters had been completely devoured, and the skin of the body had been ruined past redemption.

The head, however, was untouched. Although Mr. Phillips had entertained no fear of coyotes, in deference to a long-standing principle of caution, when he dressed the carcass he had collected large chunks of lava, and with them completely covered the head. That was all that saved the trophy. Fortunately, my ram had not been visited by the marauders—possibly because of our close proximity to it throughout the night.

We cut off the head and placed it upon "Polly" the mule, for the return journey. Mr. Phillips elected to leave us there, and went off northward for a solitary scramble through the lava, and a final return to camp by a new route. In five minutes the convulsed lava swallowed him up, and we saw him no more.

Mr. Milton and I started to hobble slowly back to our bivouac, and had picked our way over about half the distance when he asked me a question.

"Where did you say you were when you first sighted those two rams?"

I faced a quarter way round to the right, took my bearings, and finally said,

"We were up on the crest of that ridge, behind the tallest mesquite bush which you see, yonder."

Jeff looked, and said, with a satisfied air, "Oh, yes, I see." And a moment later he added in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable—"*But why don't you shoot that big ram, over there?*"

By all the powers, there stood in full view on the crest of a lava ridge, and not more than two hundred yards to the left of the bush at which I had pointed, a splendid mountain ram—a "bunger," for fair! He

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From a photograph by J. M. Phillips.

The Carnegie Museum ram on the red lava peak.
Shot and photographed by John M. Phillips, four miles from the Papago Tanks.

posed on a high point, statue-like, head high up, squarely facing us, outlined against the sky, and staring at us with all-devouring curiosity. At that moment he was quite beyond fair rifle range; and we were without our rifles! What fools these mortals be!

I looked at him through my glass, and he stood as still as an iron dog. Not once did his gaze leave us, not once did he wink an eye nor move an ear; and, dear me! how grand he did look! It seemed as if he owned the lava field, and had caught us trespassing.

"What *fools* we were—not to bring a gun!" said Jeff, with an air of extreme irritation. I dare say it was the very first time in all his life that Jeff had found himself gunless in the presence of an enemy!

"Well, it don't matter," I said, "some other ram will serve my purpose quite as well."

"*I* believe he'll stay where he is until we can get our guns!" said Jeff hopefully. The wish was the father of the thought.

"Oh, impossible!" I said, "he *never* will wait that long! It's a long way yet to our camp; and he'll clear out in another minute."

"Well, now, he *may* not! Let's make a try for our guns, anyhow, and see if he won't wait. I'll tie this mule here, where his Nibs can see her, and we'll just quietly slip off after our shootin' irons. I wouldn't be one bit surprised if he'd wait!"

I thought that the effort was absolutely certain to come to naught, and that before we could get our guns and return with them, the ram would be a mile away. To follow him up would be out of the question—because of pressing duties ahead. But Jeff was so cheerful about making the effort that I could do no less than cheerfully join him, and take the chance. It was precisely like the occasion in the Hell Creek bad-lands when, to oblige old Max Sieber,

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From a photograph by J. M. Phillips.

A halt on the lava plain for Prong-Horned Antelopes.
Two shot by Mr. Jefferson D. Milton.

who wished me to see where he "missed that big buck," I climbed after him to the top of a butte—and killed a fine mule deer, *in spite of myself!*

Milton's feet were almost as lame as mine were; but as fast as we were able we hobbled over the lava to our camp, caught up our rifles, and hiked back again.

"*He's there yet!*" said Milton, triumphantly, when we sailed up abreast of the yellow mule. "He'll wait for us!"

Then I began to feel an awakening of hope, and interest, and we applied ourselves seriously to the task of making a good stalk. An intervening mound of rough lava offered our only chance of an approach, and when finally we got it in line between ourselves and the ram, he was still there, gazing intently at the decoy mule.

The top of the mound was distant from the ram about one hundred and seventy-five yards. Mr. Milton was on my left, and he deployed in his direction, while I made off to the right side of the hill. We must have been about a hundred feet apart. There was no such thing as signalling each other, and it was agreed that the first man to secure a fair chance should fire. Knowing the quickness of my good friend Jeff in getting into action with a gun, I let no great amount of grass grow under my feet after we separated.

Evidently I was first to reach a coign of vantage, for suddenly I found the living-picture ram standing full in my view, within fair rifle shot, squarely facing Mr. Milton's position, and with his side in perspective to me. Aiming quickly yet with good care at the exposed front of the left shoulder, I let go; and like a quick echo of my shot, Milton's rifle rang out.

Instantly the ram wheeled to the right, and—vanished, as if the lava had swallowed him up!

Jeff and I were almost dumfounded

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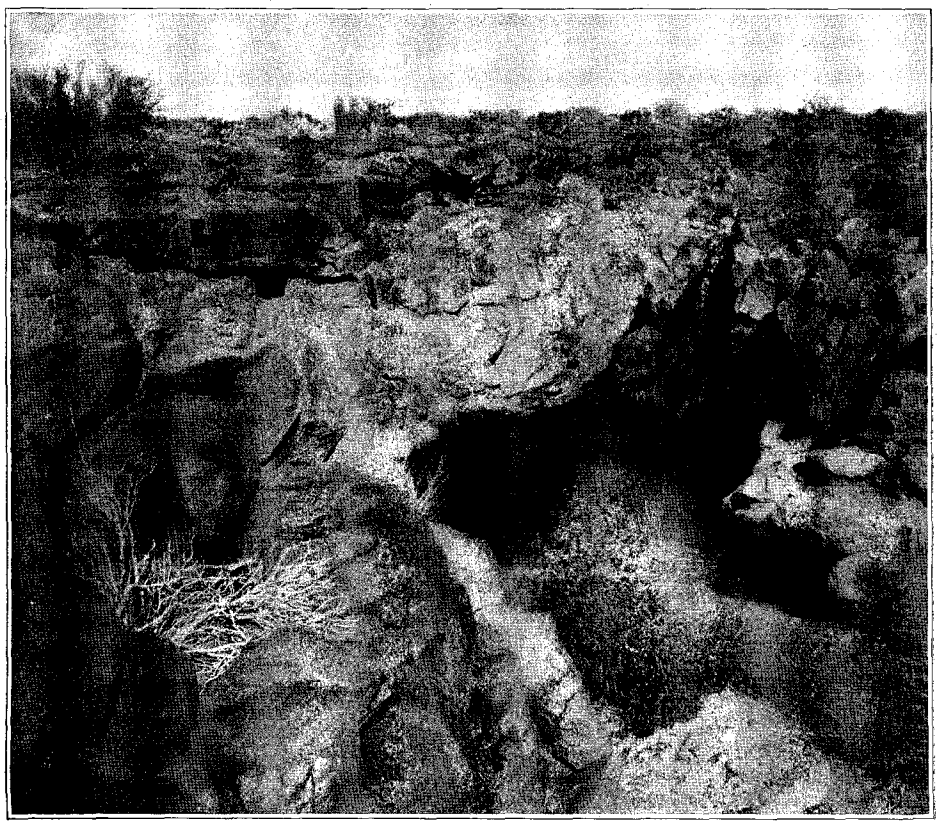

From a photograph by J. M. Phillips.

The Tule Tank, eight miles from Pinacate summit.
In an arroyo of lava rock, like basalt.

with surprise. We expected a fall, a leap or at least a stagger,—anything but swift and total disappearance.

"*Well!* What d'ye make o' that?" said Jeff, with a troubled air. "Can it be possible that *both* of us *missed him?*"

"It begins to look like it," I answered.

With the best speed that we could put forth, we hurried over to the crest of the ridge, where the ram had posed so long, and so beautifully, and with eager glances swept the view beyond it. Not a living thing was in sight. Jeff was more puzzled than before; but for once, reason came to my aid. I said,

"Jeff, it is *impossible* for that ram to have run clean out of sight by this time. He must be somewhere near, either wounded or dead. Look for him lying down. He may jump up and run, any minute."

"We must trail him if we ever want to find him," said Jeff, gloomily.

"Trail nothing! I'm going to hustle off down yonder, the way he should have run, and see if I can't scare him up."

"Well, you go ahead; but I'll follow his trail. . . . See; here it goes!"

I figured that if wounded the ram would be certain to run down hill; so I ranged down and away, over the smoothest course I could find. In less than a hundred yards I turned a low corner of lava rock, and there, on a smooth spot, lay the ram—stone dead, without a struggle. He had been killed by a bullet that had entered close behind his left humerus, ranged diagonally throughout his vitals, and lodged so far back in his anatomy that my utmost efforts in dressing the carcass failed to locate it. He had also been hit by another bullet, but that shot was quite harmless.

Naturally, we were profoundly elated over our success; but I did not recover from the surprise of it for fully a month.

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Previous to that day, I thought that I had learned some things about mountain sheep; but my best efforts failed to read aright the mind of that ram. But for the insistence of my good friend Milton I never would have taken one step to fetch my rifle, and stalk that animal; for I believed that the chances of his waiting for us were not more than one in a million.

And now, in the light of the final result, what shall we say of the mental processes of that animal? One man's opinion is as good as another's; and the Reader can judge quite as well as any one. As for myself, I have two thoughts:

First, I think that ram never before had seen men; he did not know what we were, nor that we were dangerous, predatory animals. Next, his bump of curiosity was inordinately developed, and he was fairly fascinated by that Naples-yellow mule *with a big sheep-head on her back!* I think he recognized the horns of a creature of his own kind, but the location of them—on the back of a strange mule—was to his simple mind an unmitigated staggerer. His efforts to solve the problem thus suddenly thrust upon him eventually cost him his life and gave me a trophy that will outlast its owner by half a century or more. The horns measured 15⅛ inches in circumference, by 33 inches in length, and their bigness was continued all the way from base to tip. The pelage of this sheep was thin, old and poor. It seemed to be in a shedding period—out of all season for such a change.

With two men, three big sheep-heads and two saddles of mountain mutton, our pack-mule and two saddle-horses were loaded down until Plimsoll's Mark was buried out of sight. In order to get on, I was obliged to carry my last sheep-head in my arms. At first I resolved to walk, and devote my horse to freighting the trophy; but Mr. Milton said severely,

"Oh, thunder! Get on to your horse, and make him carry you and the head, too. It won't hurt him a bit! Why, with my feet as lame as they are now, I wouldn't walk to that camp over this rough lava for all the mountain-sheep heads in Christendom!"

Even the ride to camp was tedious and tiresome. We arrived about noon, stiff and sore; and for my afternoon's rest and diversion I had to skin four sheep-heads, the whole buck antelope which Charlie had brought in (most excellently protected) from our incoming trail, and prepare about fifty pounds of meat for drying. The only thing that sustained me, and really saved my life, was Mr. Sykes' account of stalking a fine mountain-sheep ram that very morning on the north side of Pinacate. He said:

"I was on my way back from my work on the summit [his second trip], and while swinging around that north slope, quite near to the spot where I saw that bunch of sheep, I saw ahead of me a big ram. He was partly hidden by lava, but I saw his body quite plainly. He was lying down, resting himself, and I made up my mind to have him.

"When I first saw him he was about four hundred yards away, and the mountain-side there was very bare and open. Well, I tied my horse, well out of sight, got down on my stomach, and wormed my way over the lava until I got within about a hundred yards of where I had marked down my sheep. I raised my head, and saw that he was still there. Finding that he was quiet, and evidently hadn't twigged me, I decided to work up closer; and I did. Lying as flat as I possibly could, I wormed my way up fifty yards farther, to make *real sure* of getting him. I was pretty well blown by that time, and the rough lava was mighty unpleasant to my hands; but I thought the ram was worth it.

"At last, when I had finished a real good stalk and was *quite* near enough, I got good and ready, slowly raised my head and my rifle, and was *just about to pull trigger*, when —I changed my mind, and didn't fire!"

"What! You *didn't fire?* And why not?"

"I saw that I didn't need to. The ram was already dead! *It was the headless body of the sheep that the Doctor shot yesterday!* . . . Then I came home."

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Keep it safe, old Pine. . . And bless him, dear God, and guard him evermore."—Page 475.

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THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXXI

BEFORE dawn Hale and the doctor and the old miller had reached the pine, and there Hale stopped. Any farther, the old man told him, he would go only at the risk of his life from Dave or Bub, or even from any Falin who happened to be hanging around in the bushes, for Hale was hated equally by both factions now.

"I'll wait up here until noon, Uncle Billy," said Hale. "Ask her, for God's sake, to come up here and see me."

"All right. I'll axe her, but—" the old miller shook his head. Breakfastless, except for the munching of a piece of chocolate, Hale waited all the morning with his black horse in the bushes some thirty yards from the Lonesome Pine. Every now and then he would go to the tree and look down the path, and once he slipped far down the trail and aside to a spur whence he could see the cabin in the cove. Once his hungry eyes caught sight of a woman's figure walking through the little garden, and for an hour after it disappeared into the house he watched for it to come out again. But nothing more was visible, and he turned back to the trail to see Uncle Billy laboriously climbing up the slope. Hale waited and ran down to meet him, his face and eyes eager and his lips trembling, but again Uncle Billy was shaking his head.

"No use, John," he said sadly. "I got her out on the porch and axed her, but she won't come."

"She won't come at all?"

"John, when one o' them Tollivers gits white about the mouth, an' thar eyes gits to blazin' and they *keeps quiet*—they're plumb out o' reach o' the Almighty hisself. June skeered me. But you mustn't blame her jes' now. You see, you got up that guard. You ketched Rufe and hung him and she can't help thinkin' if you hadn't done that her old daddy wouldn't be in thar on his back nigh to death. You mustn't blame her, John—she's most out o' her head now."

"All right, Uncle Billy. Good-by." Hale turned, climbed sadly back to his horse and sadly dropped down the other side of the mountain and on through the rocky gap—home.

A week later he learned from the doctor that the chances were even that old Judd would get well, but the days went by with no word of June. Through those days June wrestled with her love for Hale and her loyalty to her father, who, sick as he was, seemed to have a vague sense of the trouble within her and shrewdly fought it by making her daily promise that she would never leave him. For as old Judd got better, June's fierceness against Hale melted and her love came out the stronger, because of the passing injustice that she had done him. Many times she was on the point of sending him word that she would meet him at the pine, but she was afraid of her own strength if she should see him face to face, and she feared she would be risking his life if she allowed him to come. There were times when she would have gone to him herself, had her father been well and strong, but he was old, beaten and helpless, and she had given her sacred word that she would never leave him. So once more she grew calmer, gentler still, and more determined to follow her own way with her own kin, though that way led through a breaking heart. She never mentioned Hale's name, she never spoke of going West, and in time Dave began to wonder not only if she had not gotten over her feeling for Hale, but if that feeling had not turned into permanent hate. To him, June was kinder than ever, because she understood him better and

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because she was sorry for the hunted, hounded life he led, not knowing, when on his trips to see her or to do some service for her father, he might be picked off by some Falin from the bushes. So Dave stopped his sneering remarks against Hale and began to dream his old dreams, though he never opened his lips to June, and she was unconscious of what was going on within him. By and by, as old Judd began to mend, overtures of peace came, singularly enough, from the Falins, and while the old man snorted with contemptuous disbelief at them as a pretence to throw him off his guard, Dave began actually to believe that they were sincere, and straightway forged a plan of his own, even if the Tollivers did persist in going West. So one morning as he mounted his horse at old Judd's gate, he called to June in the garden:

"I'm goin' over to the Gap." June paled, but Dave was not looking at her.

"What for?" she asked, steadying her voice.

"Business," he answered, and he laughed curiously and, still without looking at her, rode away.

. . . . . .

Hale sat in the porch of his little office that morning, and the Hon. Sam Budd, who had risen to leave, stood with his hands deep in his pockets, his hat tilted far over his big goggles, looking down at the dead leaves that floated like lost hopes on the placid mill-pond. Hale had agreed to go to England once more on the sole chance left him before he went back to chain and compass—the old land deal that had come to life—and between them they had about enough money for the trip.

"You'll keep an eye on things over there?" said Hale with a backward motion of his head toward Lonesome Cove, and the Hon. Sam nodded his head:

"All I can."

"Those big trunks of hers are still here." The Hon. Sam smiled. "She won't need 'em. I'll keep an eye on 'em and she can come over and get what she wants—every year or two," he added grimly, and Hale groaned.

"Stop it, Sam."

"All right. You ain't goin' to try to see her before you leave?" And then at the look on Hale's face he said hurriedly: "All right—all right," and with a toss of his hands turned away, while Hale sat thinking where he was.

Rufe Tolliver had been quite right as to the Red Fox. Nobody would risk his life for him—there was no one to attempt a rescue, and but a few of the guards were on hand this time to carry out the law. On the last day he had appeared in his white suit of tablecloth. The little old woman in black had made even the cap that was to be drawn over his face, and that, too, she had made of white. Moreover, she would have his body kept unburied for three days, because the Red Fox said that on the third day he would arise and go about preaching. So that even in death the Red Fox was consistently inconsistent, and how he reconciled such a dual life at one and the same time over and under the stars was, except to his twisted brain, never known. He walked firmly up the scaffold steps and stood there blinking in the sunlight. With one hand he tested the rope. For a moment he looked at the sky and the trees with a face that was white and absolutely expressionless. Then he sang one hymn of two verses and quietly dropped into that world in which he believed so firmly and toward which he had trod so strange a way on earth. As he wished, the little old woman in black had the body kept up for the three days—but the Red Fox never rose. With his passing, law and order had become supreme. Neither Tolliver nor Falin came on the Virginia side for mischief, and the desperadoes of two sister States, whose skirts are stitched together with pine and pin-oak along the crest of the Cumberland, confined their deviltries with great care to places long distant from the Gap. John Hale had done a great work, but the limit of his activities was that State line and the Falins, ever threatening that they would not leave a Tolliver alive, could carry out those threats and Hale not be able to lift a hand. It was his helplessness that was making him writhe now.

Old Judd had often said he meant to leave the mountains—why didn't he go now and take June for whose safety his heart was always in his mouth? As an officer, he was now helpless where he was; and if he went away he could give

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no personal aid—he would not even know what was happening—and he had promised Budd to go. An open letter was clutched in his hand, and again he read it. His coal company had accepted his last proposition. They would take his stock—worthless as they thought it—and surrender the cabin and two hundred acres of field and woodland in Lonesome Cove. That much at least would be intact, but if he failed in his last project now, it would be subject to judgments against him that were sure to come. So there was one thing more to do for June before he left for the final effort in England—to give back her home to her—and as he rose to do it now, somebody shouted at his gate:

"Hello!" Hale stopped short at the head of the steps, his right hand shot like a shaft of light to the butt of his pistol, stayed there—and he stood astounded. It was Dave Tolliver on horseback, and Dave's right hand had kept hold of his bridle-reins.

"Hold on!" he said, lifting the other with a wide gesture of peace. "I want to talk with you a bit." Still Hale watched him closely as he swung from his horse.

"Come in—won't you?" The mountaineer hitched his horse and slouched within the gate.

"Have a seat." Dave dropped to the steps.

"I'll set here," he said, and there was an embarrassed silence for awhile between the two. Hale studied young Dave's face from narrowed eyes. He knew all the threats the Tolliver had made against him, the bitter enmity that he felt, and that it would last until one or the other was dead. This was a queer move. The mountaineer took off his slouched hat and ran one hand through his thick black hair.

"I reckon you've heard as how all our folks air sellin' out over the mountains."

"No," said Hale quickly.

"Well, they air, an' all of 'em are going West. Uncle Judd, Loretty and June, and all our kinfolks. You didn't know that."

"No," repeated Hale.

"Well, they hain't closed all the trades yit," he said, "an' they mought not go mebbe afore spring. The Falins say they air done now. Uncle Judd don't believe 'em, but I do, an' I'm thinkin' I won't go. I've got a leetle money, an' I want to know if I can't buy back Uncle Judd's house an' a leetle ground around it. Our folks is tired o' fightin' and I couldn't live on t'other side of the mountain, after they air gone, an' keep as healthy as on this side—so I thought I'd see if I couldn't buy back June's old home, mebbe, an' live thar."

Hale watched him keenly, wondering what his game was—and he went on: "I know the house an' land ain't wuth much to your company, an' as the coal-vein has petered out, I reckon they might not axe much fer it." It was all out now, and he stopped without looking at Hale. "I ain't axin' any favors, leastwise not o' you, an' I thought my share o' Mam's farm mought be enough to git me the house an' some o' the land."

"You mean to live there, yourself?"

"Yes."

"Alone?" Dave frowned.

"I reckon that's my business."

"So it is—excuse me." Hale lighted his pipe and the mountaineer waited—he was a little sullen now.

"Well, the company has parted with the land." Dave started.

"Sold it?"

"In a way—yes."

"Well, would you mind tellin' me who bought it—maybe I can git it from him."

"It's mine now," said Hale quietly.

"*Yourn!*" The mountaineer looked incredulous and then he let loose a scornful laugh.

"*You* goin' to live thar?"

"Maybe."

"Alone?"

"That's my business." The mountaineer's face darkened and his fingers began to twitch.

"Well, if you're talkin' 'bout June, hit's *my* business. Hit always has been and hit always will be."

"Well, if I was talking about June, I wouldn't consult you."

"No, but I'd consult you like hell."

"I wish you had the chance," said Hale coolly; "but I wasn't talking about June." Again Dave laughed harshly, and for a moment his angry eyes rested on the quiet mill-pond. He went backward suddenly.

"You went over thar in Lonesome with your high notions an' your slick tongue, an' you took June away from me. But she

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wusn't good enough fer you *then*—so you filled her up with your fool notions an' sent her away to git her po' little head filled with furrin' ways, so she could be fitten to marry you. You took her away from her daddy, her family, her kinfolks and her home, an' you took her away from me; an' now she's been over thar eatin' her heart out just as she et it out over here when she fust left home. An' in the end she got so highfalutin that *she* wouldn't marry *you*." He laughed again and Hale winced under the laugh and the lashing words. "An' I know you air eatin' yo' heart out, too, because you can't git June, an' I'm hopin' you'll suffer the torment o' hell as long as you live. God, she hates ye now! To think o' your knowin' the world and women and books"—he spoke with vindictive and insulting slowness—"You bein' such a —— fool!"

"That may all be true, but I think you can talk better outside that gate." The mountaineer, deceived by Hale's calm voice, sprang to his feet in a fury, but he was too late. Hale's hand was on the butt of his revolver, his blue eyes were glittering and a dangerous smile was at his lips. Silently he sat and silently he pointed his other hand at the gate. Dave laughed:

"D'ye think I'd fight you hyeh? If you killed me, you'd be elected County Jedge; if I killed you what chance would I have o' gittin' away? I'd swing fer it." He was outside the gate now and unhitching his horse. He started to turn the beast, but Hale stopped him.

"Get on from this side, please."

With one foot in the stirrup, Dave turned savagely: "Why don't you go up in the Gap with me now an' fight it out like a man?"

"I don't trust you."

"I'll git ye over in the mountains some day."

"I've no doubt you will, if you have the chance from the bush." Hale was getting roused now.

"Look here," he said suddenly, "you've been threatening me for a long time now. I've never had any feeling against you. I've never done anything to you that I hadn't to do. But you've gone a little too far now and I'm tired. If you can't get over your grudge against me, suppose we go across the river outside the town-limits, put our guns down and fight it out—fist and skull."

"I'm your man," said Dave eagerly. Looking across the street Hale saw two men on the porch.

"Come on!" he said. The two men were Budd and the new town-sergeant. "Sam," he said, "this gentleman and I are going across the river to have a little friendly bout, and I wish you'd come along—and you, too, Bill, to see that Dave here gets fair play."

The sergeant spoke to Dave. "You don't need nobody to see that you git fair play with them two—but I'll go 'long just the same." Hardly a word was said as the four walked across the bridge and toward a thicket to the right. Neither Budd nor the sergeant asked the nature of the trouble, for either could have guessed what it was. Dave tied his horse and, like Hale, stripped off his coat. The sergeant took charge of Dave's pistol and Budd of Hale's.

"All you've got to do is to keep him away from you," said Budd. "If he gets his hands on you—you're gone. You know how they fight rough-and-tumble."

Hale nodded—he knew all that himself, and when he looked at Dave's sturdy neck, and gigantic shoulders, he knew further that if the mountaineer got him in his grasp he would have to gasp "enough" in a hurry or be saved by Budd from being throttled to death.

"Are you ready?" Again Hale nodded.

"Go ahead, Dave," growled the sergeant, for the job was not to his liking. Dave did not plunge toward Hale, as the three others expected. On the contrary, he assumed the conventional attitude of the boxer and advanced warily, using his head as a diagnostician for Hale's points—and Hale remembered suddenly that Dave had been away at school for a year. Dave knew something of the game and the Hon. Sam straightway was anxious, when the mountaineer ducked and swung his left. Budd's heart thumped and he almost shrank himself from the terrific sweep of the big fist.

"God!" he muttered, for had the fist caught Hale's head it must, it seemed, have crushed it like an egg-shell. Hale coolly withdrew his head not more than an inch, it seemed to Budd's practiced eye, and jabbed his right with a lightning uppercut

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into Dave's jaw that made the mountaineer reel backward with a grunt of rage and pain, and when he followed it up with a swing of his left on Dave's right eye and another terrific jolt with his right on the left jaw, and Budd saw the crazy rage in the mountaineer's face, he felt easy. In that rage Dave forgot his science as the Hon. Sam expected, and with a bellow he started at Hale like a cave-dweller to bite, tear, and throttle, but the lithe figure before him swayed this way and that like a shadow. and with every side-step a fist crushed on the mountaineer's nose, chin or jaw, until, blinded with blood and fury, Dave staggered aside toward the sergeant with the cry of a madman:

"Gimme my gun! I'll kill him! Gimme my gun!" And when the sergeant sprang forward and caught the mountaineer, he dropped weeping with rage and shame to the ground.

"You two just go back to town," said the sergeant. "I'll take keer of him. Quick!" and he shook his head as Hale advanced. "He ain't goin' to shake hands with you."

The two turned back across the bridge and Hale went on to Budd's office to do what he was setting out to do when young Dave came. There he had the lawyer make out a deed in which the cabin in Lonesome Cove and the acres about it were conveyed in fee simple to June—her heirs and assigns forever; but the girl must not know until, Hale said, "her father dies, or I die, or she marries." When he came out the sergeant was passing the door.

"Ain't no use fightin' with one o' them fellers thataway," he said, shaking his head. "If he whoops you, he'll crow over you as long as he lives, and if you whoop him, he'll kill ye the fust chance he gets. You'll have to watch that feller as long as you live—'specially when he's drinking. He'll remember that lickin' and want revenge fer it till the grave. One of you has got to die some day—shure."

And the sergeant was right. Dave was going through the Gap at that moment, cursing, swaying like a drunken man, firing his pistol and shouting his revenge to the echoing gray walls that took up his cries and sent them shrieking on the wind up every dark ravine. All the way up the mountain he was cursing. Under the gentle voice of the big Pine he was cursing still, and when his lips stopped, his heart was beating curses as he dropped down the other side of the mountain.

When he reached the river, he got off his horse and bathed his mouth and his eyes again, and he cursed afresh when the blood started afresh at his lips again. For a while he sat there in his black mood, undecided whether he should go to his uncle's cabin or go on home. But he had seen a woman's figure in the garden as he came down the spur, and the thought of June drew him to the cabin in spite of his shame and the questions that were sure to be asked. When he passed around the clump of rhododendrons at the creek, June was in the garden still. She was pruning a rose-bush with Bub's penknife, and when she heard him coming she wheeled, quivering. She had been waiting for him all day, and, like an angry goddess, she swept fiercely toward him. Dave pretended not to see her, but when he swung from his horse and lifted his sullen eyes, he shrank as though she had lashed him across them with a whip. Her eyes blazed with murderous fire from her white face, the penknife in her hand was clenched as though for a deadly purpose, and on her trembling lips was the same question that she had asked him at the mill:

"Have you done it this time?" she whispered, and then she saw his swollen mouth and his battered eye. Her fingers relaxed about the handle of the knife, the fire in her eyes went swiftly down, and with a smile that was half pity, half contempt, she turned away. She could not have told the whole truth better in words, even to Dave, and as he looked after her his every pulse-beat was a new curse, and if at that minute he could have had Hale's heart he would have eaten it like a savage—raw. For a minute he hesitated with reins in hand as to whether he should turn now and go back to the gap to settle with Hale, and then he threw the reins over a post. He could bide his time yet a little longer, for a crafty purpose suddenly entered his brain. Bub met him at the door of the cabin and his eyes opened.

"What's the matter, Dave?"

"Oh, nothin'," he said carelessly. "My hoss stumbled comin' down the mountain

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an' I went clean over his head." He raised one hand to his mouth and still Bub was suspicious.

"Looks like you been in a fight." The boy began to laugh, but Dave ignored him and went on into the cabin. Within he sat where he could see through the open door.

"Whar you been, Dave?" asked old Judd from the corner. Just then he saw June coming and, pretending to draw on his pipe, he waited until she had sat down within ear-shot on the edge of the porch.

"Who do you reckon owns this house and two hundred acres o' land roundabouts?"

The girl's heart waited apprehensively and she heard her father's deep voice.

"The company owns it." Dave laughed harshly.

"John Hale." The heart out on the porch leaped with gladness now.

"He bought it from the company. It's just as well you're goin' away, Uncle Judd. He'd put you out."

"I reckon not. I got writin' from the company which 'lows me to stay here two year or more—if I want to."

"I don't know. He's a slick one."

"I heerd him say," put in Bub stoutly, "that he'd see that we stayed here jus' as long as we pleased."

"Well," said old Judd shortly, "ef we stay here by his favor, we won't stay long."

There was silence for a while. Then Dave spoke again for the listening ears outside—maliciously:

"I went over to the Gap to see if I couldn't git the place myself from the company. I believe the Falins ain't goin' to bother us an' I ain't hankerin' to go West. But I told him that you-all was goin' to leave the mountains and goin' out thar fer good." There was another silence.

"He never said a word." Nobody had asked the question, but he was answering the unspoken one in the heart of June, and that heart sank like a stone.

"He's goin' away hisself—goin' ter-morrow—goin' to that same place he went before—England, some feller called it."

Dave had done his work well. June rose unsteadily, and with one hand on her heart and the other clutching the railing of the porch she crept noiselessly along it, staggered like a wounded thing around the chimney, through the garden and on, still clutching her heart, to the woods—there to sob it out on the breast of the only mother she had ever known.

Dave was gone when she came back from the woods—calm, dry-eyed, pale. Her step-mother had kept her dinner for her, and when she said she wanted nothing to eat the old woman answered something querulous to which June made no answer, but went quietly to cleaning away the dishes. For a while she sat on the porch, and presently she went into her room and for a few moments she rocked quietly at her window. Hale was going away next day, and when he came back she would be gone and she would never see him again. A dry sob shook her body of a sudden, she put both hands to her head and with wild eyes she sprang to her feet and, catching up her bonnet, slipped noiselessly out the back door. With hands clenched tight she forced herself to walk slowly across the foot-bridge, but when the bushes hid her she broke into a run as though she were crazed and escaping a mad-house. At the foot of the spur she turned swiftly up the mountain and climbed madly, with one hand tight against the little cross at her throat. He was going away and she must tell him—she must tell him—what? Behind her a voice was calling, the voice that pleaded all one night for her not to leave him, that had made that plea a daily prayer, and it had come from an old man—wounded, broken in health and heart, and her father. Hale's face was before her, but that voice was behind, and as she climbed, the face that she was nearing grew fainter, the voice she was leaving sounded the louder in her ears, and when she reached the big Pine she dropped at the base of it, sobbing. With her tears the madness slowly left her, the old determination came back again and at last the old sad peace. The sunlight was slanting at a low angle when she rose to her feet and stood on the cliff overlooking the valley—her lips parted as when she stood there first, and the tiny drops drying along the roots of her dull gold hair. And being there for the last time she thought of that time when she was first there—ages ago. The great glare of light that she looked for then had come and gone. There was the smoking monster rushing into the valley and sending echoing shrieks through the hills—but there was no booted stranger and no horse issuing

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from the covert of maple where the path disappeared. A long time she stood there, with a wandering look of farewell to every familiar thing before her, but not a tear came now. Only as she turned away at last her breast heaved and fell with one long breath—that was all. Passing the Pine slowly, she stopped and turned back to it, unclasping the necklace from her throat. With trembling fingers she detached from it the little luck-piece that Hale had given her—the tear of a fairy that had turned into a tiny cross of stone when a strange messenger brought to the Virginia valley the story of the crucifixion. The penknife was still in her pocket, and, opening it, she went behind the Pine and dug a niche as high and as deep as she could toward its soft old heart. In there she thrust the tiny symbol, whispering:

"I want all the luck you could ever give me, little cross—for *him*." Then she pulled the fibres down to cover it from sight and, crossing her hands over the opening, she put her forehead against them and touched her lips to the tree.

"Keep it safe, old Pine." Then she lifted her face—looking upward along its trunk to the blue sky. "And bless him, dear God, and guard him evermore." She clutched her heart as she turned, and she was clutching it when she passed into the shadows below, leaving the old Pine to whisper, when he passed, her love.

. . . . . .

Next day the word went round to the clan that the Tollivers would start in a body one week later for the West. At daybreak that morning Uncle Billy and his wife mounted the old gray horse and rode up the river to say good-by. They found the cabin in Lonesome Cove deserted. Many things were left piled in the porch; the Tollivers had left apparently in a great hurry and the two old people were much mystified. Not until noon did they learn what the matter was. Only the night before a Tolliver had shot a Falin and the Falins had gathered to get revenge on Judd that night. The warning word had been brought to Lonesome Cove by Loretta Tolliver, and it had come straight from young Buck Falin himself. So June and old Judd and Bub had fled in the night. At that hour they were on their way to the railroad—old Judd at the head of his clan—his right arm still bound to his side, his bushy beard low on his breast, June and Bub horseback behind him, the rest strung out behind them, and in a wagon at the end, with all her household effects, the little old woman in black who would wait no longer for the Red Fox to arise from the dead. Loretta alone was missing. She was on her way with young Buck Falin to the railroad on the other side of the mountains. Between them not a living soul disturbed the dead stillness of Lonesome Cove.

XXXII

All winter the cabin in Lonesome Cove slept through rain and sleet and snow and no foot passed its threshold. Winter broke, floods came and warm sunshine. A pale green light stole through the trees, shy, ethereal and so like a mist that it seemed at any moment on the point of floating upward. Color came with the wild flowers and song with the wood-thrush. Squirrels played on the tree-trunks like mischievous children, the brooks sang like happy human voices through the tremulous underworld and woodpeckers hammered out the joy of spring, but the awakening only made the desolate cabin lonelier still. After three warm days in March Uncle Billy, the miller, rode up the creek with a hoe over his shoulder—he had promised this to Hale—for his labor of love in June's garden. Weeping April passed, May came with rosy face uplifted, and with the birth of June the laurel emptied its pink-flecked cups and the rhododendron blazed the way for the summer's coming with white stars.

Back to the hills came Hale then, and with all their rich beauty they were as desolate as when he left them bare with winter, for his mission had miserably failed.

His train creaked and twisted around the benches of the mountains, and up and down ravines into the hills. The smoke rolled in as usual through the windows and doors. There was the same crowd of children, slatternly women and tobacco-spitting men in the dirty day-coaches, and Hale sat among them—for a Pullman was no longer attached to the train that ran to the Gap. As he neared the bulk of

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Powell's mountain and ran along its mighty flank he passed the ore-mines. At each one the commissary was closed, the cheap, dingy little houses stood empty on the hillsides and every now and then he would see a tipple and an empty car, left as it was after dumping its last load of red ore. On the right, as he approached the station, the big furnace stood like a dead giant, still and smokeless, and the piles of pig iron were red with rust. The same little dummy wheezed him into the dead little town. Even the face of the Gap was a little changed by the gray scar that man had slashed across its mouth, getting limestone for the groaning monster of a furnace that was now at peace. The streets were deserted. A new face fronted him at the desk of the hotel and the eyes of the clerk showed no knowledge of him when he wrote his name. His supper was coarse, greasy and miserable, his room was cold (steam heat, it seemed, had been given up), the sheets were ill-smelling, the mouth of the pitcher was broken and the one towel had seen much previous use. But the water was the same, as was the cool, pungent night-air—both blessed of God—and they were the sole comforts that were his that night.

The next day it was as though he were arranging his own funeral, with but little hope of a resurrection. The tax-collector met him when he came down stairs—having seen his name on the register.

"You know," he said, "I'll have to add 5 per cent. next month." Hale smiled.

"That won't be much more," he said, and the collector, a new one, laughed good-naturedly and with understanding turned away. Mechanically he walked to the Club, but there was no club—then on to the office of *The Progress*—the paper that was the boast of the town. *The Progress* was defunct and the brilliant editor had left the hills. A boy with an ink-smeared face was setting type and a pallid gentleman with glasses was languidly working a hand-press. A pile of fresh-smelling papers lay on a table, and after a question or two he picked up one. Two of its four pages were covered with announcements of suits and sales to satisfy judgments—the printing of which was the *raison d'être* of the noble sheet. Down the column his eye caught John Hale *et al.* John Hale *et al.*, and he wondered why "the others" should be so persistently anonymous. There was a cloud of them—thicker than the smoke of coke-ovens. He had breathed that thickness for a long time, but he got a fresh sense of suffocation now. Toward the Post-office he moved. Around the corner he came upon one of two brothers whom he remembered as carpenters. He recalled his inability once to get that gentleman to hang a door for him. He was a carpenter again now and he carried a saw and a plane. There was grim humor in the situtation. The carpenter's brother had gone—and he himself could hardly get enough work, he said, to support his family.

"Goin' to start that house of yours?"

"I think not," said Hale.

"Well, I'd like to get a contract for a chicken-coop just to keep my hand in."

There was more. A two-horse wagon was coming with two cottage-organs aboard. In the mouth of the slouch-hatted, unshaven driver was a corn-cob pipe. He pulled in when he saw Hale.

"Hello!" he shouted grinning. Good Heavens, was that uncouth figure the voluble, buoyant, flashy magnate of the old days? It was.

"Sellin' orgins agin," he said briefly.

"And teaching singing-school?"

The dethroned king of finance grinned.

"Sure! What you doin'?"

"Nothing."

"Goin' to stay long?"

"No."

"Well, see you again. So long. Git up!"

Wheel-spokes whirred in the air and he saw a buggy, with the top down, rattling down another street in a cloud of dust. It was the same buggy in which he had first seen the black-bearded Senator seven years before. It was the same horse, too, and the Arab-like face and the bushy black whiskers, save for streaks of gray, were the same. This was the man who used to buy watches and pianos by the dozen, who one Xmas gave a present to every living man, woman and child in the town, and under whose colossal schemes the pillars of the church throughout the State stood as supports. That far away the eagle-nosed face looked haggard, haunted and all but spent, and even now he struck Hale as being driven downward like a madman by the same relentless energy that once had

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driven him upward. It was the same story everywhere. Nearly everybody who could get away was gone. Some of these were young enough to profit by the lesson and take surer root elsewhere—others were too old for transplanting, and of them would be heard no more. Others stayed for the reason that getting away was impossible. These were living, visible tragedies—still hopeful, pathetically unaware of the leading parts they were playing, and still weakly waiting for a better day or sinking, as by gravity, back to the old trades they had practised before the boom. A few sturdy souls, the fittest, survived—undismayed. Logan was there—lawyer for the railroad and the coal-company. MacFarlan was a judge, and two or three others, too, had come through unscathed in spirit and undaunted in resolution—but gone were the young Bluegrass Kentuckians, the young Tide-water Virginians, the New England school-teachers, the bankers, real-estate agents, engineers; gone the gamblers, the wily Jews and the vagrant women that fringe the incoming tide of a new prosperity—gone—all gone!

Beyond the post-office he turned toward the red-brick house that sat above the mill-pond. Eagerly he looked for the old mill, and he stopped in physical pain. The dam had been torn away, the old wheel was gone and a caved-in roof and supporting walls, drunkenly aslant, were the only remnants left. A red-haired child stood at the gate before the red-brick house and Hale asked her a question. The little girl had never heard of Mrs. Crane. Then he walked toward his old office and bedroom. There was a voice inside his old office when he approached, a tall figure filled the doorway, a pair of great goggles beamed on him like beacon lights in a storm, and the Hon. Sam Budd's hand and his were clasped over the gate.

"It's all over, Sam."

"Don't you worry—come on in."

The two sat on the porch. Below it the dimpled river shone through the rhododendrons and with his eyes fixed on it the Hon. Sam slowly approached the thought of each.

"The old cabin in Lonesome Cove is just as the Tollivers left it."

"None of them ever come back?" Budd shook his head.

"No, but one's comin'—Dave."

"Dave!"

"Yes, an' you know what for."

"I suppose so," said Hale carelessly. "Did you send old Judd the deed?"

"Sure—along with that fool condition of yours that June shouldn't know until he was dead or she married. I've never heard a word."

"Do you suppose he'll stick to the condition?"

"He has stuck," said the Hon. Sam shortly; "otherwise you would have heard from June."

"I'm not going to be here long," said Hale.

"Where you goin'?"

"I don't know." Budd puffed his pipe.

"Well, while you are here, you want to keep your eye peeled for Dave Tolliver. I told you that the mountaineer hates as long as he remembers, and that he never forgets. Do you know that Dave sent his horse back to the stable here to be hired out for his keep, and told it right and left that when you came back he was comin', too, and he was goin' to straddle that horse until he found you, and then one of you had to die? How he found out you were comin' about this time I don't know, but he has sent word that he'll be here. Looks like he hasn't made much headway with June."

"I'm not worried."

"Well, you better be," said Budd sharply.

"Did Uncle Billy plant the garden?"

"Flowers and all, just as June always had 'em. He's always had the idea that June would come back."

"Maybe she will."

"Not on your life. She might if you went out there for her."

Hale looked up quickly and slowly shook his head.

"Look here, Jack, you're seein' things wrong. You can't blame that girl for losing her head after you spoiled and pampered her the way you did. And with all her sense it was mighty hard for her to understand your being arrayed against her flesh and blood—law or no law. That's mountain nature pure and simple, and it comes mighty near bein' human nature the world over. You never gave her a square chance."

"You know what Uncle Billy said?"

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"Yes, an' I know Uncle Billy changed his mind. Go after her."

"No," said Hale firmly. "It'll take me ten years to get out of debt. I wouldn't now if I could—on her account."

"Nonsense." Hale rose.

"I'm going over to take a look around and get some things I left at Uncle Billy's and then—me for the wide, wide world again."

The Hon. Sam took off his spectacles to wipe them, but when Hale's back was turned his handkerchief went to his eyes:

"Don't you worry, Jack."

"All right, Sam."

An hour later Hale was at the livery stable for a horse to ride to Lonesome Cove, for he had sold his big black to help out expenses for the trip to England. Old Dan Harris the stableman stood in the door and silently he pointed to a gray horse in the barn-yard.

"You know that hoss?"

"Yes."

"You know whut's he here fer?"

"I've heard."

"Well, I'm lookin' fer Dave every day now."

"Well, maybe I'd better ride Dave's horse now," said Hale jestingly.

"I wish you would," said old Dan.

"No," said Hale, "if he's coming I'll leave the horse so that he can get to me as quickly as possible. You might send me word, Uncle Dan, ahead, so that he can't waylay me."

"I'll do that very thing," said the old man seriously.

"I was joking, Uncle Dan."

"But I ain't."

The matter was out of Hale's head before he got through the great Gap. How the memories thronged of June—June—June!

"*You didn't give her a chance.*"

That was what Budd said. Well, had he given her a chance? Why shouldn't he go to her and give her the chance now? He shook his shoulders at the thought and laughed with some bitterness. He hadn't the car-fare for half-way across the continent—and even if he had, he was a promising candidate for matrimony!—and again he shook his shoulders and settled his soul for his purpose. He would get his things together and leave those hills forever.

How lonely had been his trip—how lonely was the God-forsaken little town behind him! How lonely the road and hills and the little white clouds in the zenith straight above him—and how unspeakably lonely the green dome of the great Pine that shot into view from the north as he turned a clump of rhododendron with uplifted eyes. Not a breath of air moved. The green expanse about him swept upward like a wave—but unflecked, motionless, except for the big Pine which, that far away, looked like a bit of green spray, spouting on its very crest.

"Old man," he muttered, "you know—you know." And as to a brother he climbed toward it.

"No wonder they call you Lonesome," he said as he went upward into the bright stillness, and when he dropped into the dark stillness of shadow and forest gloom on the other side he said again:

"My God, no wonder they call you Lonesome!"

And still the memories of June thronged—at the brook—at the river, and when he saw the smokeless chimney of the old cabin, he all but groaned aloud. But he turned away from it, unable to look again, and went down the river toward Uncle Billy's mill.

. . . . . .

Old Hon threw her arms around him and kissed him.

"John," said Uncle Billy, "I've got three hundred dollars in a old yarn sock under one of them hearthstones and its yourn. Ole Hon says so too."

Hale choked.

"I want ye to go to June. Dave'll worry her down and git her if you don't go, and if he don't worry her down he'll come back an' try to kill ye. I've always thought one of ye would have to die fer that gal, an' I want it to be Dave. You two have got to fight it out some day, and you mought as well meet him out thar as here. You didn't give that little gal a fair chance, John, an' I want you to go to June."

"No, I can't take your money, Uncle Billy—God bless you and Old Hon—I'm going—I don't know where—and I'm going now."

(To be concluded.)

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AN ERA OF RED AND GREEN

By Caspar Day

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

WHEN Fritz Rathmuller attempted Prussian discipline in his household, Emma (born a Mulvaney), was apt to discern her husband as a Hated Saxon and herself as a martyr to Home Rule. The obsession was unlucky and did not tend toward peace. Fritz was a patient, stubborn man, a better gardener than he was florist, a better citizen that he was salesman. His capital was small, his profits were small, and business did not grow rapidly out in the Liscomb Addition. Emma for her part admired a dashing, plunging business style; it was the only thing, she stated, fit to occupy a man of spirit.

February, 1906, was a dull month in the coal regions, because the miners' union talked strike and people were hoarding their wages against a lean year. Emma quarrelled steadily with Fritz for two weeks. Then came the letter from old Mrs. Mulvaney in St. Louis which brought their troubles to a climax.

"You'll not understand, though I should be all night tellin' you," Emma insisted. Her gray eyes shone with tears, her color deepened. "The Dutch hasn't a feelin' like it. It's only the Irish can love a green hill, an' the road through the bog that leads to it, an' a house an' a bit of a pasture, the way we do. So, when me mother's time's come, back she must go in her old age to the four walls she was born to. Makes no difference, where Ed lives, or Michael, or Jim. Your sons can be good boys an' give ye the fine home; but that ain't the stars an' the hills an' the father's roof you had at the first. So back she must go to die. She'd not make a good end nowhere else, indeed, with the longin' so hard on her."

"Her good healt'—" Fritz began.

"She's fixin' for death. An' acrosst the seas she'll not be goin' alone—me, her own daughter, an' her at *her* age! I'll go, I tell you, for all the Dutch that ever raised hand or foot to hinder their betters! You got the money. I seen it. Give me the ticket, an' a bit over."

"Three hundret dollars haf I set away——"

"Well, then!"

"—reserft."

"The dirty miser I'm married to! Och, to hear to him!"

Fritz turned his back deliberately. They were in the little dark office in front of his two glass houses; there were wire skeletons of wreaths and crowns and pillows and crosses hanging on nails about, and a fold of brown paper with its hank of twine, and a table with accounts and a tin cash-box. The steam of moist warm earth on the benches came through from the carnation house. It was mid-morning, and dull weather. They two were utterly alone, away from sight or sound of passers-by.

Emma's temper was Kerry-born, and twenty years of practice had perfected it as a high explosive. To-day those stupid, stolid Prussian shoulders turned upon her, dared her to do her worst. She caught a wire cross from a nail behind her. Down she brought it upon Fritz's head.

Fritz faced about, white, speechless—but even at this supremest moment, slow. Quite methodically he boxed Emma's ears. She could have dodged his open palm had she tried; but the reaction of astonishment held her still.

Fritz said nothing. He turned those stupid shoulders again: he opened the door and tramped away. Presently, his wife saw him crossing the unfenced land toward the river, sinking a little with every step in the soggy turf. He carried a fork; he was going, as he always did in thawing weather, to turn over his sod piles in the pasture. Emma (born a Mulvaney), cursed that rigidity of mind and muscle which could box a wife's ears and then proceed tranquilly to sod heaps.

Rathmuller came back at two o'clock—not, be it said, because he wanted to come back, but because two o'clock was the latest

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possible hour for mending the greenhouse fires. What he would say to Emma or Emma to him had nothing to do with the unvarying needs of boilers.

Emma was not at the house. There was no dinner waiting. Emma's hat was gone, and much of her clothing, and a canvas portmanteau from a closet upstairs. In the kitchen lay the cash-box, broken open. The manila envelope which had contained two fifty-dollar notes, a hundred in small bills, and a single hundred dollar note, was torn and rumpled.

"Careless—veree careless," said Fritz, stopping in the middle of the room. "Gone. Of course, gone."

He stood a long time, thinking. Then, as if absently, he bent and picked up from the boards the hundred-dollar bill. He folded it to a small square and slipped it into his vest pocket.

"Vat goot is telegraphing?" he said finally. He shook his head. "None. None."

That was the last of Emma, so far as anybody knew. Fritz asked no questions, did nothing, answered the occasional query evasively. He worked if possible harder than of old; he lived alone, doing his own housework at night.

II

Along in March of the year 1907, one Walter Clancy, a towerman, newly come to the railroad yards, took board and lodging with Mrs. McDowell in Liscomb Street. He was a youngish fellow, pleasant in his ways, but fitful and restless. With the advance of spring, a kind of weariness seemed to grow upon him. By mid-April, Mrs. McDowell and her other boarders were recommending bitters to him, and nerve-cures, and porter with his meals, and a week out in the country, and a visit to a clairvoyant.

Mrs. McDowell's house was well north on Liscomb Street, in a district of many vacant lots. A German had glass houses and forcing frames across the street a block farther along, and waste fields lay beyond. Over on Waverly Place, though—a street paralleling Liscomb, and easily accessible through crosspaths and back gates—were houses thickly built, and stores, and even three-story blocks. In the tallest building of all was domiciled Madame Iris Aquilla, Medium and Diviner. This person, Mrs. McDowell said, had plenty of custom from the day she came to the neighborhood. She had told some wonderful fortunes, too. Mrs. McDowell was strongly of opinion that Mr. Clancy should go to her and learn what ailed him.

Clancy resisted, as long as resistance seemed worth while. Then, on a Saturday night he went to the Seeress, hope urging his unquiet spirit although reason scoffed. One Dell O'Meara was his quest; and Dell had been lost a year. Thus the towerman crossed into Waverly Place and climbed the stairs.

Madame Iris Aquilla sat in her studio with the dimmest of lowered lights. Possibly she was an albino; at least her straight white hair did not seem bleached by age. There was an open window beside her, and she sat there heedless of drafts; across the yards Clancy saw the McDowell windows all aglow, and beyond them the German florist's twinkling lamp. The customer grinned derisively out at the spring night while Madame Iris Aquilla pocketed his dollar and a half.

But the succeeding prophecy was remarkable; it was detailed and definite and clear. One sign ran through it. "Something red and something green, round and flat like a wheel, neither painted nor dyed—watch for the red and the green. Wear it every Monday, and go look for your heart's desire; look, as I tell you, just once every Monday an' no oftener. You'll find her by the red an' the green. There'll be clothes on the line, an' the red an' the green'll fall away from you. Go buy you something that's red an' green, round an' flat like a wheel, neither painted nor dyed—that's your first step. The rest follows."

There was more, much more, some of it mystical, some of it practical and well sprinkled with directions as to car lines and transfers. All of it came around to red and green. The medium closed with a mandate not to repeat the prophecy in seven months and seven hours.

Clancy went out and away; his predominant feeling at first was regret for his three fifty-cent pieces.

But Saturday night began his double shift at the switches; from midnight onward he had eighteen hours' noisy loneli-

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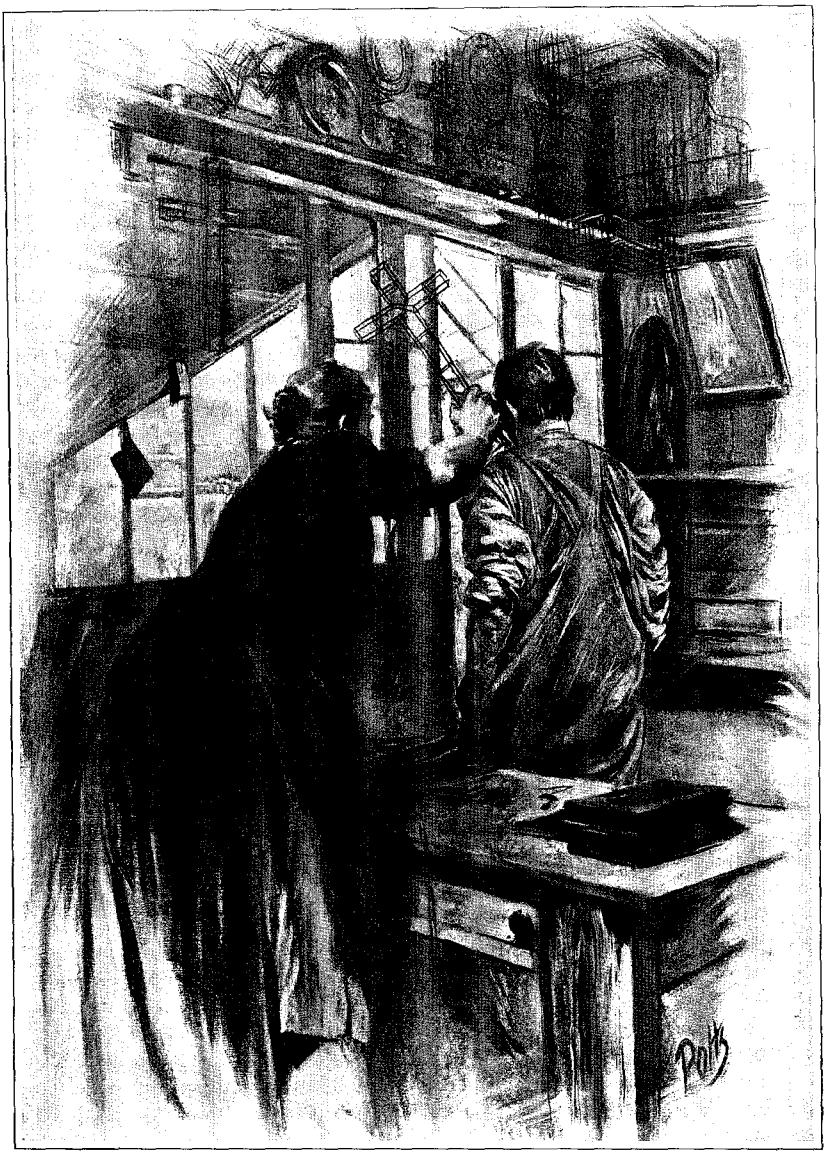

Emma's temper was Kerry born.—Page 479.

ness in the tower. He thought about Iris Aquilla's prophecy because it served to keep him awake. Hour by hour, what with lanterns and semaphores and flags and switchboards, the conjunction of red and green ground itself into his brain. Finally, he knew that he should take Iris Aquilla at her word. This decided, he smiled at his own folly and walked home in the warmth of Sunday evening to supper and a pipe and bed.

Had he chanced to look toward Waverly Place as he opened Mrs. McDowell's kitchen door, he might have seen the Medium and Diviner standing at her third-story window. Iris Aquilla saw him and drew back hastily. But the precaution was superfluous. Clancy was so absorbed in his thoughts that he would not have noticed a solid hedge of mediums ranked along the skyline.

"The poor young fella'," meditated the

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Seeress. "I guess he must 'a' had a girl. Well, I give him a cheerin' up, good's I could without knowin' a word about the case, leastways. They want cheerful fortunes, always, when they're in love. An' I had to string it out, too, at that price. Well, I hope he'll buy a red geranium off o' Fritz, that's all!"

She referred to a pocket account-book, and reckoned rapidly on her fingers.

"Forty-seven this month, so far. He's forty-eight. I've give 'em the red an' green lingo till I'm sick of it. But three thousand rooted cuttin's of the red geranium! Good Lord, Fritz 'ud never 'a' got them off his hands unless somebody made 'em the fashion. I was like to drop, the night I saw them. Fritz'd go broke, sure. He never did have a business eye beforehand on what would sell to customers in the season."

Here Madame Iris Aquilla sighed tempestuously, and buried her face in her hands. Clancy the towerman had slipped out of her calculations altogether.

III

April was blowing soft and keen through Liscomb Street; the miles of fields outside the town sent in a waft of earthy fragrance. Maple trees up and down were jewel-clad, some bronzed with topaz, some aglow with rubies. Gray pigeons flashed from roof to roof, silvered in the light; and over all the tenderest April sky hung dreamily. Brown little puddles on the road marked last night's shower; dandelions threw their gold-pieces upon the grass between fence and footpath; robins and yellow finches hurried in and out among the dooryard cherry-trees. The feel of spring was in the air, and the dreams of spring.

Now, things that are stark incredible in November or July or January are possible enough in April. In the current of human matters, Fate drifts nearer to the surface and works more openly than in the stolid seasons. Thus Clancy the towerman waking at six that Monday morning with April outside his windows and April strangely blurring fact and dreams and reasons in his head, chose the incredible course.

His shift began at three that afternoon, and there was not a thing demanding his attention after he had shaved and breakfasted. So Clancy betook him to the nearest florist's, and bought a potted green thing with wheel-round leaves and a cluster of red flowers. He understood the German who waited upon him to call it a "cheeranium."

Mrs. McDowell stood in the yard keeping the game rooster away while the new yellow chicks sampled meal from a pan. Clancy turned in at the gate.

"Here, Mrs. Mac, is a plant for you," he said affably, "only for the single bloom off it, an' the single leaf, which I'm taking myself." He pinched a floret from the whorl and a smallish leaf from the lower side; then handed the pot over to his landlady.

"Is yourself buying flowers, Walter?" She took it without turning, as the game rooster needed much attention. "A fine red it is, too. Sharp as a new brick agin the green; d'ye see?"

"Kind a pretty," Clancy mumbled, fussing to set the short-stemmed blossom in his buttonhole. "I seen it up the street, there. Ten cents a plant. I guessed I c'ud afford me a bookay. But once I had it, seemed too bad to chuck it down the dump. Seems as if it had a right to grow, this weather." He drove his hands deep in his pockets and stood looking at her, head slightly bent. This softness of mind in himself needed explanation.

"'Twill grow fine on the window," Mrs. McDowell affirmed. "It's a nice flower, indeed. Only, for a man to go buyin' it——"

"I'm goin' down town for a bit," the lodger said.

Mrs. McDowell nodded.

"'Tis King's weather. An' ye're young but once. Go ahead."

The west wind sang queer meaningless little tunes in the wires overhead as Clancy strolled away. It was half-past eight. The clean, thin shadows of April tree tops lay upon the flagstones. That gauzy blue of morning was shading into a purer azure. The sun upon his shoulders glowed from warm to warmer. Children ran and laughed and shouted, romping hatless and coatless. Clancy saw and did not see; then he threaded his way among the groups with the mechanical heedfulness which tended his levers in the tower all night.

A wistfulness grew behind his forehead,

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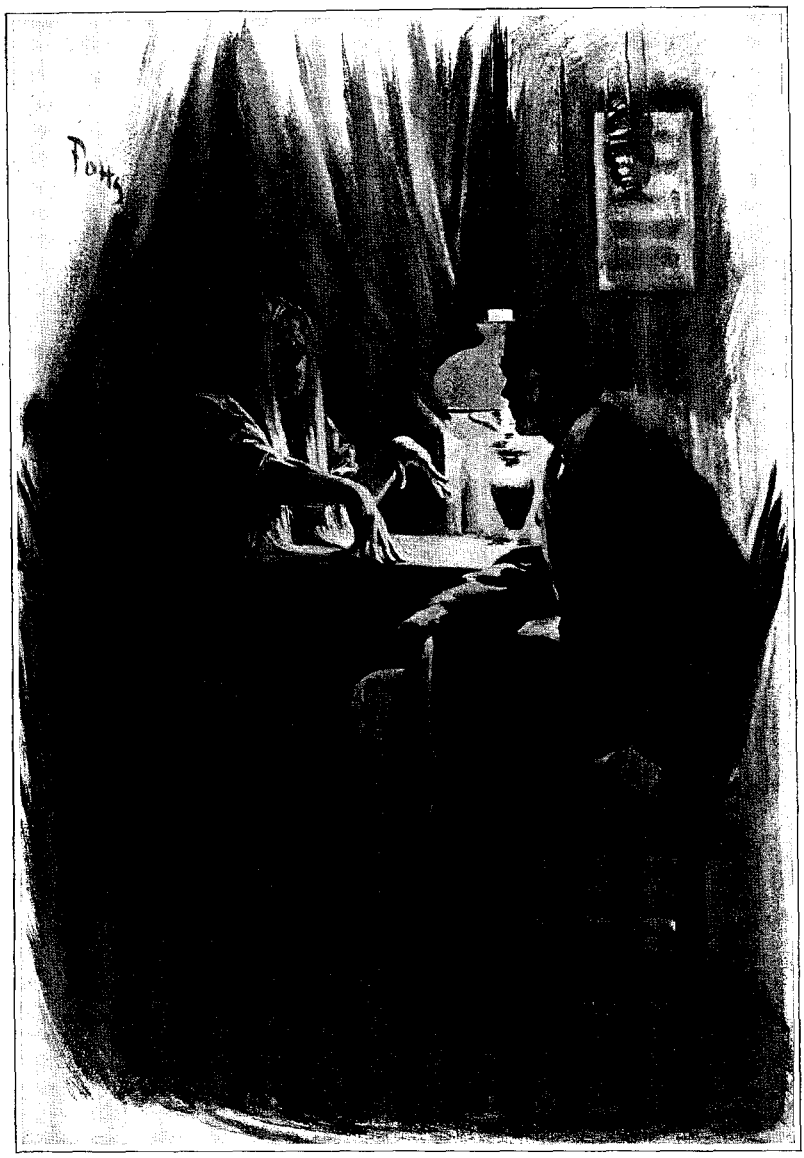

But the succeeding prophecy was remarkable.—Page 480.

a wistfulness in place of thought. Spring, was it? Ah, but nothing like the magic of last year. Last year was weather, now! With Dell's face under your umbrella; and the rain sweet on the roof at night when you lay awake to think about her: and when you went to work in the new day, the wet sidewalks showing all inky with the trodden wine of the maple-blooms!——

Clancy set the geranium straighter in his buttonhole, and took a car for City Hall Square. The conductor tore out his transfer from a package of four colors; and the transfer was red. Clancy tore it into seven bits and ate five, as the fortune-teller had ordered. He told himself that the process was all nonsense as well as evil to the taste; but he fussed cunningly at his shoestring nevertheless, and slipped the remaining scraps into his left shoe.

In City Hall Square the car stood upon a single-tracked siding; all four of its gates

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were open. (Clancy reflected five days later that the prophetess had not specified which exit he should use. "Get off and walk to your left till you see another car," were the orders.) At the time, he departed by a door because it was a door, and walked due south because he had alighted facing due west.

No less than seventeen kinds of street cars came through the Square. The towerman knew this, and the quest for Dell somehow became more hopeful because the chances were thus multiplied; it would not be so bad to go back to the tower to-day if one had sixteen other chances left. The whole plan was absurd, of course, the blindest, wildest piece of superstition. But then, why not? The sensible ways of finding Dell had failed.

The Sybilla Street car was starting. Clancy caught it by a determined run.

"Transfer," he remarked to the conductor. They two stood on the back platform.

"Which?" said the conductor. He, too, had a four-colored book.

"First you cross."

The conductor tore out a transfer. It was green.

"Red and green, red and green, red and green," thumped the passenger's heart. It was beginning to be very queer, this thing. Now if the prophecy held, the cross-town line ought to be seven blocks down——

It was seven blocks. Clancy dismounted and stood in the street. From this onward, Fate took a handier clutch upon his shoulder and led him featly.

There, on the open street corner, he tore the green transfer into bits, ate five, and put two in his right shoe. The Willowmere car was approaching at right angles. The traveller boarded it without answering Sybilla Street's impertinent inquiry. The Willowmere car might be in-bound or outbound, going toward Dell or away from her; but it seemed at the moment the right car to take.

"D'you loop round?" he asked the conductor.

"Nope. Straight."

The passenger handed out a nickel.

"Aw' right. Second fare after the city line."

"Sure," said the towerman. He went in and sat on a wicker seat alone, with an open window beside him. There were a few unimportant people in the car, and a flat wheel under one of the trucks threshed wickedly. But outside, there streamed the fragrant, tinted world—the April world with Dell in it.

The city streets became farm lands and painted pastures; and later the track bore through ugly wooden towns. There was coal grime, there were factories and a railroad yard, and street after street of narrow tenements. The Willowmere car came to the end of its run and stood still. Clancy was the one passenger left. The conductor bustled through and banged over the seats in preparation for the return journey.

"Guess this is about the end," he remarked. "Where d'you want to go to?"

"I ain't gettin' off," said the towerman. "I ain't asleep. Here, have a nickel an' gimme five cents' worth o' quiet to think in."

"No objections," said the official, departing.

"Ride back seven blocks, get off, go up the street to the left," the passenger was reciting to himself.

It was a simple matter of minutes. Then Clancy stood in the road in the sunshine; the yellow Willowmere car jolted over the frost-roughened track and growled away.

A gray-and-white kitten curveted through the fence and came to rub against the stranger's boot. The trees were alive with chattering sparrows; somewhere near a cow was lowing. It was a mean street, deep in mud, with ramshackle wooden walks and edged with nondescript stores and houses. Many of the places had no dooryards—some were barn-like tenement blocks with outside stairs.

"There'll be red an' green in the window, an' clothes on the line," said Clancy to the noisy sparrows. He stooped and dropped the kitten gently over its own fence, then went slowly up the right-hand walk.

Twenty houses he passed with clothes out bleaching. Then there was the gauntest, poorest tenement of any, black, mean, unpainted, with a Chinese laundry and a barber shop in the street front. He stopped to scrutinize this building; and a little flirt of wind blew the red flower from his buttonhole. He stooped, reaching for that, and the green leaf fell too. He gathered both in his palm and looked again at the building.

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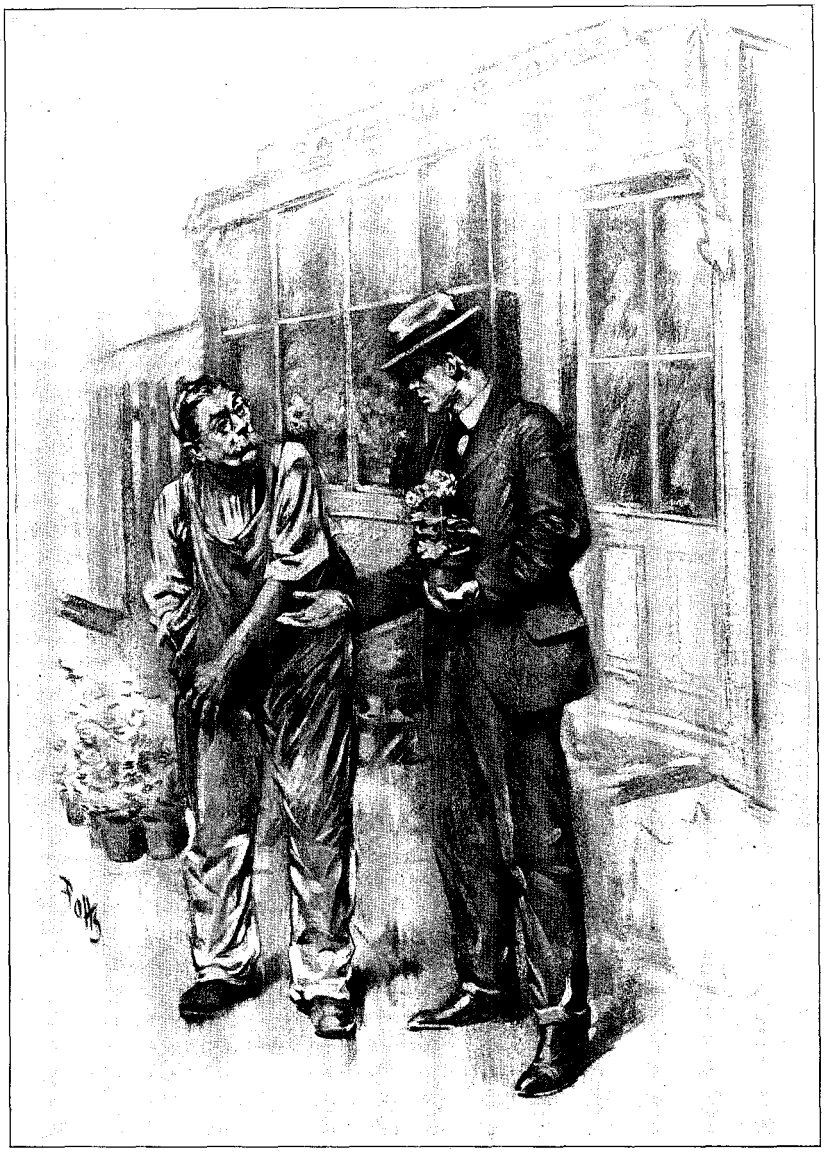

Bought a potted green thing.—Page 482.

In a window above the laundry were white lace curtains tied back with a knot of red. On the sill stood a geranium so like his own purchase of the morning that the searcher's heart stood still. And behind the house was a clothesline with sheets flapping, and a petticoat or two, and a stout woman hanging out aprons. The stout woman wore green!

"'Tis the place," spoke this sane and capable employee of a great railroad. He went around to the far side of the block and entered a hall.

There were seven families domiciled in the structure. Clancy interviewed all of them, but their remarks were unworthy of attention because they knew not Dell. Finally, by a crazy stair behind the barber-shop, he came to that room with the lace curtains and the sign of red and green.

A woman with pins in her mouth was down on her knees beside a mirror, and an-

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other woman was revolving slowly in a zone of basting threads. A door beside the mirror led somewhere.

Crazy with hope and fear, Clancy strode in and over to the door and on into the workroom. It was a place of girls and dry goods and sewing machines—yes, and of tears, too. One girl in hat and jacket was crying. Her head was on her arms; she leaned at the far end of the work-table, and its joints creaked when she sobbed.

"*Dell*" said Clancy. He was on one knee beside her. "Dell O'Meara! I've found you, have I?"

The four sewing machines stopped dead; the four shopmates listened as one soul.

But Dell said nothing. She half lifted her head to glance once at her lost lover; then hid her face and cried on heartily.

"What is it?" Clancy asked her again and again. "What ails you, girl? What is it?"

"It ain't nothin', Mister," said one of the shopmates, finally, "seein' how you would seem to be Him. Leave her cry if she feels like it. Maybe she ain't ate no breakfast. Her purse was stole Friday off her, comin' from church, so she told me."

"She got the sack this morning," another explained. She motioned toward the fitting room. "Miss Prout—out there. She's the boss."

"Walter," said Dell with difficulty, "I didn't cry—till I—seen you. I—didn't know what I'd do.—I didn't know— But I let on I didn't care. I was—just goin' down the—front hall there—an' I—seen you standing in the street. That's all.—That—kinda—set me off. An I—can't—sto-o-o-o-p!"

"She tore back in here like a ghost was chasin' her," corroborated the first girl. "An' I says, 'What's the matter?' an' she says, 'Him. He's downstairs now. It's a year, sincet.' Then she flops down the way you seen her, an' begins."

"She'd said good-by to us, too, Dell had," chimed in a fourth. "You'd a' missed her in a minute more."

"Walter I tried to find you—honest."—Page 487.

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"My God!" said the towerman. He was profoundly moved. "It's such a risky business, this here. Oh, Dell, Dell, you mighty near gave us a main-line smash-up, if you only knowed it!"

Dell O'Meara raised a thin and tear-stained little face; she smiled at him shyly.

"I—won't again," she promised. "Walter I tried to find you—honest! You wasn't there."

"All right," said Clancy. He drew her to her feet and kissed her thrice. "Come away from here. Come out in the air; you'll feel better, an' then we'll talk. It's King's weather. Come."

Hand in hand they went through the fitting-room and through the hall and out upon the landing and down into the street. The four girls in the workroom craned their necks to watch Dell turn the corner out of sight. In crowding so they trampled a geranium leaf and a single red floret which somebody had dropped; it lay unnoticed among the threads and clippings all that week.

She slipped in at the back door.—Page 490.

Outside, meantime, Clancy walked beside Dell up the uneven sidewalk, and the sun shone, the sparrows chattered, the sweet winds blew. After a quarter of an hour they came to the edge of town. He looked at his watch.

"Ten-twenty-one, exactly. Come along, girl; I'm only off till three. The City Hall and a license an' a priest; an' then dinner; an' then take you down to be interduced to Mrs. McDowell—it's just a neat time-card."

"Will she leave me stay there, Walter? She never heard of me, I don't suppose. But I've got no place else, just now."

"She will. I'll fix it all up with her. Let's not miss the car."

They quickened their steps.

"But what I don't see," broke out Walter, after protracted thought, "is, how you knew the signal. O' course *I* knew. She'd told me, an' I was on the watch. But how did you?"

"The signal? What?"

"The Red an' Green. That there plant, you know. The ribbons— In the window, the upstairs window. She said to look for it. But how was you on to my doin' it?"

"Walter," Dell answered, "there wasn't no signal. That's just your railroad ideas. Miss Prout, it was, put that geranium there, around nine o'clock this morning. She got it for nothing off her grocer when she paid a two months' bill. Everybody has 'em, stores an' houses an' everybody. It struck 'em all at once, kinda; just got to be the fashion."

"But——"

"If anybody was a-signalling you, Walter, it's Miss Prout," the girl insisted.

"But the washing—it was on the line.—You can't get around that. She—the fortune-teller woman, told me the cars an' the transfers, an' to come to this corner an' up this street; and in a house that had red an' green in the window an' a wash on the line, I'd find you. Now, how'd you——"

Dell laughed, a tremulous little sound. "I'm all mixed up; don't you talk nonsense to me yet awhile. But you watch out, an' see. I counted fourteen red geraniums in different folks's windows on this side the street, as I was comin' down

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to work this morning. An', as for the wash—well, everybody washes on a nice Monday."

"All right, we'll look an' see."

"There's two now.—Looka? These houses next us. Red ribbons an' geraniums in the windows, an' the washing out behind to bleach."

"I'm damned if I see the way of it," you so little: how did I? Was it just the blind luck drifted me along to the right house? An' the nick of time, too. Tomorra or next week I'd not 'a' found you."

"But you have, Walter darlin'."

"The fortune-teller woman said——"

Dell drew herself up. "I don't hold with no such foolishness. They're just fakirs an'

"Let's go get our suppers.—Page 491.

Clancy admitted. "We'll count 'em as far as the car."

They counted. Red geraniums were indeed prevalent in Willowmere; there were fourteen in three blocks. Only five of these ornaments lacked a family wash as a foil.

Clancy groaned aloud, as the fear that was happily past gripped hold upon him.

"But, God save us, how did I ever come to find you out at all, Dell? How did I? Dozens of towns and dozens of streets—an' a waste o' money. Don't you go near 'em.—Here's the car."

Clancy still shook his head. He stooped and pulled four bits of paper, two red, two green, from inside his shoetops. He spread them upon his palm, and gazed and gazed.

"*Was* it blind luck?— But if it wasn't, what do you call it? There ain't no witches any more—maybe never was, anyhow. An' yet, look how she told me—'Your heart's desire,' says she, just like

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that—'do as I've told you an' you'll find her waiting.' An' I done it."

"What's those?" Dell asked, edging back again from her prim aloofness. She was weak and white and thin; the languor of semi-starvation made her glad of a strong hand under her elbow.

The man tossed the colored bits into the air, to fall or fly.

"Nothin'," he said. "Love-charms. I'll tell you about 'em some day. Some o' my foolishness; I'd ought to know better, at my age. But I run on an awful close schedule to-day, and maybe I'm kinda rattled. There ain't no railroad could give a man such a risky job. And I'm supposed to be off shift, too, Dell. These is called my easy hours."

IV

MADAME IRIS AQUILLA heard nothing of Clancy's successful affair during the week which followed, but the business of divining and prophecying looked up wonderfully. A certain fourteen dollars (by which her savings fell short of a round sum), was added easily. More money followed it, too; indeed, Madame Aquilla was so occupied in going into trances that she had scarcely any time for finishing the exquisite piece of embroidery which she was doing for a dressmaker in Scranton.

On Friday evening the Seeress was reclining in a Morris chair behind a bead curtain; a grocery candle flickered under a blue shade. Her sudden popularity had appealed to the lady's histrionic sense; she added stage properties, took on mystery, and swathed her head and face in an automobile veil of scarlet tissue (bought at a bargain, much reduced); and even arbitrarily refused to prophecy for certain persons who applied at the "studio." She had just finished the case of a youth parted untimely from his gold watch, when another customer plodded into the room.

He was a big man, blond, square built, Teutonic in every line. The Seeress gripped her chair arms and waited. What had he come for? What had he discovered?

"Good efening, Missis."

"Your name—your age—your business—" recited Iris Aquilla mechanically.

"Fri—Fred Macey. I mend enchines. My age is t'irty years."

"He's got it studied out," the medium reflected. "Somebody's told him the questions I always ask. I wonder is he certain sure about *me?* Because if he ain't, I might fool him. If he *is* sure, though, he'll do murder. I know Fritz Rathmuller."

Aloud, she asked him: "The future, is it, you want? Or the past?"

"The past."

"All right. What is it you'd be wantin' to know? A sickness, somethin' stolen, somethin' lost, a fire that burned, a letter that never came?" Madame Iris Aquilla had pluck of a sort; though she was trembling, she kept her voice to the professional singsong and went ahead.

The German twisted his shabby felt hat in his hands. His speech was hoarse. His eyes never left the floor.

"Missis, I tell you. I ain't no man for fortune-tellers, not by usual. But I—I lost my vife. It was mooch my own blame, too; but I lose her. So nefer mind t'at. T'at same mont', I lose a lot of money. It was two hundret dollars; I had been verree careless."

"*Two* hundred!" cried the medium to herself. "Is it a trick he's framed up on me to catch me? Or don't he really suspicion me at all?"

Aloud she said: "I reveal what I'm let to reveal. It's not me has the say what I shall learn for you, but the spirits themselves. One dollar, please."

Fritz laid down a silver dollar without comment.

"Anythin' else?" prompted the woman.

"Yes. Las' night, I leaf my place a little vhile; I coom back, an' I see a enfelope against the floor. It has that money I lost before. Two fifty dollars—fifes an' tens an' twos oop to one hundret—an' a hundret-dollar bill also that I did not lose, because I find it on the floor afterwarts. But this moneys that coom back to me was all jus' the same kinds as went out at the firs' place."

There was a long silence.

Fritz continued hoarsely. "So I t'ink, where vas my vife? Maybe she was to coom back, too, sometime. I haf never lock my door at all, for hopes if she should coom along sudden. Now I am here to ask you. I hear you haf tell some people verree smart t'ings that turn out *ganz wahr.*"

Madame Iris Aquilla said nothing in her

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own person. She had, however, presence of mind to fall back in her chair, wave her hands gracefully about, and ascend into the trance state. She moaned and mumbled realistically as usual, and finally spoke.

"It's a green hill, an' a black cottage that the fire has ruint. There's a light-haired woman an' a trunk—no, she's gray-headed an' old. She's cryin'. Another's beside her, one that's blood kindred of hers. Stolen money's in their pockets, an' stolen money buys the potatoes an' meal they eat an' the roof they'll hire over their heads.

"I see the grave open. There's the mourners cryin', an' the hay not cut yet in the summer fields they pass. One's buried. An' one's left. She comes back over seas. In a black ship with three stacks."

"The young one?" shouted Fritz Rathmuller in a frenzy, as the medium paused. He threw out an arm, defying the powers of the universe. He knocked over a chair. The medium started to her feet, with hands locked upon her heart.

"Go on," the client begged. "Tell me! Wass it—Dies the old one?"

"I can't tell you nothing, Mr. Macey," Madame Iris Aquilla said sharply. "It's spoilt. No, I can't. Here's—fifty cents is fair, as it was no fault of mine—here's half your money back. Maybe some other time I would be able to go on. I couldn't say."

Like any common-sense sceptic who has once receded from his position, Fritz was more matter-of-fact in his treatment of the occult than a true believer. If the medium said that she couldn't go on, why, she couldn't, and that ended the matter. He groaned once and rubbed his forehead. Then he tramped down the stairs and away. In the front passage a man halted him.

"She's there yet? She ain't gone to bed? —D'she tell you anythin' good? I see you got on a red tie: the colors. Well, I'm goin' up. Do you——"

But the German broke away, not answering.

V

VERY strangely indeed, Madame Iris Aquilla paid up her rent, and sent a moving van for her furniture, and departed from Waverly Place early on Saturday morning. She carried a large portmanteau, upon which were labels reading "Queenstown" and "Cunard." She was moving her business to Scranton, so she told her neighbors. Intending clients might call upon her there; for if they were really anxious to know their Past, Present and Future, couldn't they stand a little ride on the street-cars? Next year, now, they would find it different; next year she would go back to Egypt, where she was born, and then Liscomb Street would have to do without her as it might.

On Saturday, at nine in the morning, then, Madame Iris Aquilla went to Scranton. At nine-thirty Miss Ethel Mulvaney took an exquisitely embroidered fabric to a fashionable dressmaker's shop and was paid a gold piece and odd silver. At one-thirty, Rose Emmons carried a canvas portmanteau (marked "Queenstown" and "Cunard") to the chambermaid's room of a prosperous hotel. Rose Emmons was a clever, willing, level-headed girl; she liked her work and made friends. She kept her place two weeks. She left because her sister in Newark had come down with rheumatism and needed her; and upon departing, Rose gave the baggage-elevator boy a scarlet automobile veil as a present for his sweetheart.

It was May Day, and long after dark, when Mrs. Fritz Rathmuller came home. She slipped in at the back door of a greenhouse, using a key from a ribbon about her neck. Fritz was not in the office, nor in the second glass house, nor in the kitchen. That left only the fire-room. She raised her skirts, and stepped between coal-bin and ash-heap to the shed.

Fritz was there. He sat on a box in the pinky darkness, watching the glowing star of a damper. His shovel lay beside him. The fires were banked night and day at this mild season.

He got to his feet, seeing a dim shape in the doorway.

"It's me," said Emma. "Fritz, it's me."

Fritz did nothing, said nothing. It was too dark to see whether he so much as blinked.

"I was back before—twicet. I sneaked in. No, you didn't see—I didn't stay. But —Fritz—I paid you back the money. More, I guess. I paid you the money. Now I'll pay you meself. I ain't so mean as I was. Will you leave me stay?"

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"All right. Stay."

"You—you don't care if I do or not?" murmured Emma. The unfair advantage of knowing her husband as he had revealed himself to Madame Iris Aquilla inspired her to go on. "You don't care a bit, no more? I been sorry I went, many's the time. I'm sorry now. It was all my own fault."

Big Fritz sprang forward. He crushed her in his arms.

"Shut oop!" he ordered. "It ain't. It's mine, still. It is verree mooch, mooch mine. Kiss me an' shut oop t'at talk. You *stay.*"

"I'm sorry I hit you," crooned Emma, comfortably tearful.

Fritz groaned.

"Me mother died, as she thought to. We was landed two weeks the day. An' I come back."

"Yes," he said. "Yes."

"I'd some money left. But I had to earn the rest before ever I'd come home again, so's I'd pay you. I did fancy sewin'. An' I—" here Mrs. Rathmuller giggled irrepressibly—"told fortunes."

"Nefer mind," said Fritz. "You got here now."

"Yes. I'm here now. How you been getting along?"

"Beezness," he stated, "is pretty goot. I sell a vonder-lot of red cheeraniums. Nex' year I root fife t'ousand cuttings."

"My Lord, man!" cried Mrs. Emma in exasperation. Then, calming suddenly to the reflection that, though born a Mulvaney, she desired to remain a peaceful Rathmuller, she abandoned the geraniums to future diplomatic pourparlers and changed the subject. "I—faked you up a nice fortune, Fritz, one evening. Only you scairt me in the middle so I couldn't finish it. Do I—owe you fifty cents? Here 'tis."

"Naw," said Fritz. "I am so rich; you can haf it. Le's go get our suppers."

THE RAMPART RANGE: TEN YEARS AFTER

By Walter A. Wyckoff

A DEFINITE plan of revisiting the Rockies I formed in answer to an invitation to deliver a course of lectures in the "Summer School of the Garden of the Gods." As all men know, the Garden of the Gods lies at the base of Pike's Peak, as one approaches the mountain from the plains. I had not been in the region since ten years before, when, in search of work, I climbed the mountain and found my way by a blazed trail into the then new mining camp of Cripple Creek.* There I remained through early autumn, then walked on to Creede, where I joined a gang of road-builders on Bachelor Mountain and watched the radiant coming of winter until just time was left, before the blocking of the trail with snow, to cross the remaining range into the Indian summer of the Southwest.

The Rockies have a haunting quality for one who has lived and tramped among them and camped beside their running streams and slept in the open under their clear stars. Whenever during the routine of the winter's work there intruded a vision of summer outing, I could feel the drawing of the Rockies, and I accepted with delight an engagement that would take me there and yet leave time, when the summer school had closed, to revisit points that I wished to see again, and to penetrate into regions new to me.

The first glimpse of the mountains fitted the cherished mental picture as perfectly as though I had closed my eyes upon them only the night before. There was a satisfaction in the sight that grew with the recognition of every detail.

The journey of the previous day had carried me through Kansas. It was mid-July, and from east to west the State unfolded itself that day as a boundless field of corn. In my hand was a book that fairly throbbed with the life of the great

*See "The Workers–West" by Walter A. Wyckoff, page 338.

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wheat ranches of California; but for all the interest of it, I could not long keep my eyes from the fields about me. On every side they rose, one upon another, to the pale horizon. Over them was a glow of infinite sunshine. A breeze stirred the standing corn into motion, and the play of light and color across the waving surface was as capricious as on the sea. Two hundred million bushels stood ripening there. There was a merciless quality in the scene that set one wondering how men could live in its midst and keep quite sane. For all the brilliant sunshine and the crisp, clear bracing air there was a pitilessness in the long reach of level country ending in unbroken horizon which might win ardent love or inspire abiding hate; of gentler feeling there was nothing to suggest a cause. Often enough, the isolated farm houses had about them the air of dilapidation which marks a life much down at the heels. The villages stood stark and squalid on the plain, but one could not fail to notice that in each, the single substantial building with any attempt at distinction was the school-house. As seen from the railway, there was nothing to redeem the hideous ugliness of the towns, their long, unlovely streets issuing in mean disorder on the plain and continuing as country roads. But towns and villages were relatively few and far between. It was the corn that, like water at sea, was everywhere, and one never tired of the glint of the blades and the play of their ceaseless movement and the sudden bowing of the nearest stalks to the current of the passing train. The sun sank that night into the sea of corn, leaving behind a light which, before fading out, turned to delicate pink that filled the sky. The breeze went down with the sun, and the corn stood solemnly still, expectant of the coming night.

The mountains greeted me in the morning. We were nearing Pueblo when I raised my curtain and looked out. For twenty-four hours we had been climbing steadily across a plain that sloped so gradually that one could not mark the ascent, and we were now six thousand feet above sea level at the base of a range that rose abruptly another six or eight thousand more. But it was not the height that impressed one nor any measurable physical detail; it was the personality of the mountains and of the country that had left their lasting imprint, as of the features of a friend's face. I gazed upon them with delight. Every trace of the verdure of the day before was gone. The rising sun was shining clear upon rugged masses of the Rampart Range, now near at hand, that stretched far to the north and south. My eyes feasted on the gaunt outlines that had left so deep a mark upon my memory. The nearer view was hardly less enthralling: sage brush growing in the flaking soil, with white bones of dead cattle bleaching in the sun, and deep rutted roads wandering aimlessly to indeterminate ends; washouts like great gashes in the soil, the work of cloud-bursts; and here and there a settler's hut planted for no conceivable reason in the midst of parched aridity, garish with a coat of paint and a crackling, metallic roof, or dark and mellow with the natural seasoning of unpainted wood. There it was again, the boundless, buoyant West, answering to the quickening of one's blood, but giving back with the answer the inscrutable mystery of the hills!

In the ten years since completing an expedition across the continent as a workman, I had touched my route again at only a few points. Garrisons-on-the-Hudson I have revisited often and West Point, where I once worked with a gang of laborers at demolishing the old Academic Building. I have passed repeatedly through Chicago and once while there I went out to the factory on the West Side, where I had worked as a hand truckman. There I found my old boss, who remembered me, and I tried to find my landlady in a tenement across the way, but she had moved, and her dark-eyed, haggard successor knew her not. Once in going from San Francisco to New York I passed through Kearney, Neb., and I stepped out on the station platform on the bare chance of seeing some fellow member of the gang of navvies with whom I had worked at Buda, only four miles away. The boss of the Kearney gang was there, and I knew him at a glance, but I did not see my own boss, Osborn, and "Cuckoo" Sullivan and Tyler. I stood on the rear platform and strained my eyes for sight of them as the train rushed through the familiar section, but of the group of men that stepped back to their work in the

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whirling cloud of dust I could make out nothing clearly.

In revisiting Colorado Springs I was coming to another point of contact. It had been but a passing touch before, for I spent there only a day, a Sunday of resplendent sunshine, before going on to Cripple Creek. But all was as clear in my memory as that day itself; the strict rectangularity of the city's plan, with long avenues shaded by cotton-wood, and the curious mingling of brick and wood and stone in the construction of the business quarter. I recognized at once the church, where, at a morning service, a young woman with the gift of perfect naturalness had shared her prayer-book with a workman. I passed the open square where had stood a prairie schooner, under whose protecting canvas I had crept for shelter for the night. But I was revisiting a city that, in the past ten years had grown to more than twice its former size. Early as it was the business streets were thronged with loitering crowds that wore the aspect of excursionists. Beyond this region the signs of growth were everywhere in a great increase of the number of dwellings. Frame buildings they were for the most part, painted in a profusion of color that was dazzling as one looked up the vista of an avenue. There were avenues where color was not conspicuous, but where was much dignity and grace of structure, and everywhere one marked the beauty of the turf that surrounded even the smallest cottages and spread about great houses like English lawns for faultlessness of quality and of keeping. One soon saw that such a turf is no free gift of nature, but that the rich, porous soil yields it back in return for constant care, and especially for constant supplies of water. The city, with a view to economy, regulates the hours of sprinkling, and, within their limits, a large part of the population may be seen, hose in hand, saturating the turf, supplementing the work of countless mechanical contrivances that, standing on the lawns, encircle themselves with graceful, curving streams which fall in gleaming showers on the grass. I was regarding all this on the early morning of my arrival with a sense of something strange, as of a foreign custom, when my eyes were drawn to another quarter.

A large closed tram-car was moving up the electric line, while from its side was jetting a stream that reached exactly to the curb, laying thoroughly the dust of half the street. A hidden hand controlled it perfectly, for it withdrew from passing vehicles and shot back into full play again without the apparent loss of a fraction of an inch. Not even was I left to wonder how the many trees preserve their air of thrift and hardihood in a soil so dry and in an atmosphere so free from moisture, for I noticed presently that the gutters are irrigating ditches which are made to run with streams that sink to the roots of the trees. A dry, parched, nearly lifeless plain surrounds you, on approaching the city limits, then almost at a step you pass into the midst of trees and turf and flowers. It is the miraculous touch of water upon the best of soils.

When at length I was free to retrace my steps to Cripple Creek, it was September and almost the anniversary of my earlier visit. The camp had changed in these ten years. I had entered it in its early days when the first fever of excitement had died away, leaving a terribly depleted body of adherents. Few mines were working and the prospects, new and old, were yielding only low-grade ores. All ores had then to be transported by mule train thirty miles or more over a mountain road to Cañon City; and when the gold was got out, it took nearly all of it to pay the expenses of mining and transporting and smelting the ores. The camp was nearly desperate in its poverty. It held then a population of a thousand or twelve hundred; many of them persons inexperienced in mining, who had staked their all in this venture after gold. They were fast ceasing to be rich even in hope; their highest expectations centred now about the advent of the railway. This was to lower the expenses of production and raise to the position of paying properties some mines at least which, at that time, could not be worked at a profit. Nothing was dreamt then of the new processes, the cyanide and chlorination, which were to revolutionize gold mining and transform the camp into one of the great gold-producing centres of the world. To me it had been keenly interesting during the passing years to catch drifting rumors of the strange fortunes of the place, its few

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scattered communities growing to a population of sixty thousand, the discoveries of unimagined stores of gold, the almost inconceivable fortunes suddenly acquired by poor men, and, with the passing of the speculative period, the gradual settling of the camp to the steady production of nearly three millions a month.

It is not strange that I set out on this September morning with keen expectations at the prospect of seeing for myself the outward signs of these great changes. It was precisely such another autumn morning as the earlier one, with the leaves of the quaking aspens quivering and sparkling in the clear air, and the streams filling the mountain gorges with the echoes of their rush and fall. I was not so early as I had been ten years before. Then I left Manitou at eight o'clock; now it was past eleven when I began the climb up the line of the "cog" railway. But I had no longer the ambition to reach the top; I aimed now simply at Windy Point on the shoulder of the Peak. From there I meant to descend by the old trail, if I could find it, into Cripple Creek.

I was struck at once by the great difference in the numbers frequenting the line. With the exception of a small gang of navvies, I can remember seeing scarcely a person in making the first ascent. There is clear in my memory the figure of a miner who joined me far up the mountain and left me at Windy Point to make the rest of the way alone, for he was returning to work in Cripple Creek. It was he who had pointed out for me the direction of the trail which I took on returning to this point in the afternoon.

Now, by way of contrast, there was almost a double stream of excursionists ascending and descending by the railway route. These streams slackened as one mounted higher and became only a few scattered individuals long before I reached even the height of my day's march; but to its earlier stages the climbers gave something of the aspect of a promenade, and not without a touch of gayety: those who were setting out had not felt fatigue and were in high spirits over the adventure, while those descending had quite forgotten the difficulties in the delight of having achieved the feat. From their manner one would have thought them not fellow countrymen merely, but near neighbors, if not near of kin. They were all on terms of frankest cordiality, women and men alike. They hailed one another with facetious remark and thought it strange of you that you could not find your tongue in answer. A middle-aged Kansan rose from a seat on a rock and joined me as I passed. For all his being a plains' man he walked like a mountaineer, and I was put to it to keep pace with him. His manner was as free from restraint as though we had known each other always. I half expected him to call me by name, but of offensive familiarity there was not a trace. One knew him for a true son of the soil by every mark, from the tint of his sunburnt hair to the cowhide boots he wore and the native turn of his tongue; and in being with him one felt a glow over nature's work in making men of breeding without artificial aids. He spoke to everyone we met with a manner so natural as to seem to imply long-established acquaintance. I was sure of it when he even stopped for a moment in exchanging words with a group of women we overtook just before reaching the Halfway House, for he had the air of finishing an interrupted conversation.

"You know those women?" I remarked, as we passed out of earshot.

"No, I don't," he answered, "never seen them before," and had he known my feeling, he would have wondered at my wonder far more than I at the ease with which he and all the world were friends. To my real regret, he left me at the Halfway House, and hurried on, for his ambition was taking him to the top and he had but scant time to reach it and walk back comfortably in the afternoon.

I was left to a lonely luncheon in the rustic mountain inn and then to the spectacle of the inn yard rapidly filling with excursionists. I sat in the grateful warmth of the sun and watched them while I smoked my pipe. Long since I had given up trying to classify them in groups of friends; they were all of one company apparently in a fraternity that knew no barriers. By ones and twos and threes they came toiling up the line, calling to one another, then throwing themselves down under the trees, as they gained the embankment before the inn. There may have been eighteen or twenty in all. Most of them were women, some of them old women with white

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hair, who came leaning on Alpine stocks, struggling, bright-eyed, struggling on unyieldingly with I know not what physical exhaustion. A group that presently gathered for luncheon around a table in a summer-house was made up of women of an altogether uncertain age and of a manner indescribable. Their respectability was as patent as their freedom, and quite as natural. In general effect their dress was queer and set one smiling, one knew not why. They were not a pretty sight, these gaunt, flat-chested women, queer of dress, who moved with a certain mannishness and whose high-pitched nasal voices cleft the thin air like the tang of steel scratching steel. As free from artifice as my Kansan friend, they sadly lacked his native dignity.

Of the remaining group under the shade of the trees, I was attracted by a young couple—not so young as to suggest recent marriage, but obviously a married pair. I had watched them as they made the last hundred yards of the approach to the inn. The man was tall and of a rather muscular frame, but he had really never learned to walk, and the shamble of his stooping, disjointed figure spoke of a lack of intellectual alertness quite as much as it did of bodily fatigue. There was a complete contrast in the little woman at his side. Compact, clean-cut, erect, neatly dressed in black, her fair hair shining in the sun, she walked with a certain sprightliness which suggested the movement of a bird. Meanwhile she looked her beseeching solicitude to her flagging lord. He heeded not, but spoke instead, in slouching, ill-articulated phrase, to the resting climbers, and sank weakly to the ground. Then, telling his wife to sit beside him, he stretched himself at full length; and having pillowed his head in her lap and directed her to stroke it, he plucked sprigs of grass and chewed lazily upon them as he lay gazing idly through the rifts in the boughs above him into the unfathomable blue.

I was nearing the timber-line in the afternoon when I saw, not far ahead, two young women whom I had noticed as the Kansan and I passed them in the morning. They were noticeable in being dressed alike and with a certain modishness, I thought, for, besides the neat fit of their frocks, there was a mingling of greens and blues in the colors they wore that suggested a prevailing style. The Kansan had exchanged a remark with them quite as a matter of course but that was in a frequented part of the route. It now occurred to me that they might be uncomfortable at the approach of a man in so lonely a stretch of the line. I was overtaking them rapidly, and so, crossing to the other side from that which they had taken, I walked quickly, head down, intent for the moment upon relieving them of any possible embarrassment of my presence. The embarrassment, however, was all my own. I was barely abreast of them when I was brought up by the question, "Are you going to the top?" There was not the suspicion of a challenge. It was simply the neighborliness that had so impressed me through the day. I paused to explain that I was walking to Cripple Creek and so should leave the railway at Windy Point. Then I fell in step and we walked on talking together until they stopped to rest, when I went on my way alone.

I was feeling now the well-remembered tug of the last stages of the climb. The air was thin as well as keen, and one's breath came fast and faster until frequent momentary halts were necessary to keep breathing normally. Drawn by irresistible fascination one turned always to the scene below. Colorado Springs had become a chessboard faintly outlined on the plain, and wearing a thin dark veil of smoke from the chlorination works at Colorado City. The bluffs of Palmer Park had sunk to the general level, and one barely saw the two or three cottages at their base and the sanitarium with its group of gleaming tents, while beyond the plain spread to immeasurable breadths with forests marked upon it like the shadows of quiet clouds upon summer fields. From the boulders of the mountain side that lay heaped in the rude disorder, which marked the violence of some early convulsion, to the furthermost fading limits of the plains, there breathed a sense of boundlessness. The height, the buoyant air, the quickened blood gave wings and a keener sight, and one was seeing, not a vague horizon, but the illimitable world.

The curve of the line on the shoulder of the mountain shut all this from my sight, and I was soon walking southward in the

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direction of the trail. There were obvious changes the moment that I left the railway. I came upon wheel tracks and followed them until they disappeared in washouts, then I found others and followed on until I came to a telegraph line which led me to deserted shanties about a reservoir. Here I found a trail leading down the gulch in the direction that I wished to go. Soon I began to come upon abandoned cabins of prospectors. Ten years before the only signs of mining in the region had been the fresh stakes bounding the new claims. Now every cabin and caving shaft, with its rotting windlass over it marked the grave of dead hopes. It was growing dark in the gulch, and one had the feeling of walking among the tombs. Presently I saw not far away a cabin with smoke rising from the chimney, and beyond it the long cut of a road showing white against the dark sides of the mountain. I hurried on and stood presently in the open door. The twilight lingered, and I could see faintly the dim interior. Two prospectors sat at a table which had just been cleared of their evening meal. Their chairs were tilted back and they were smoking their pipes, while a pot boiled musically on the cooking stove before them. The dark walls held utensils and garments in strange confusion, hanging from pegs and nails, while in the far recess of the cabin was a rough wooden bed covered by a mass of disordered "comforters."

I had stopped to ask the distance to Cripple Creek, and when I learned that, although I had already walked some twenty miles, there still remained eight miles to go, I entered the cabin and sat down to talk over with the prospectors some plan short of reaching the camp that night. In a moment I learned that the camp of Gillette was only four miles off and that I could get food and shelter there. This simplified matters, and after a few minutes' rest and talk I began to climb by the steep, rocky road, the spur of the mountain which separated me from the camp.

I was more favored than I had been ten years before. Then, too, the darkness overtook me in the gulch, but there had been no road to follow, only a vague trail at best which I soon lost in the twilight, and I had been left in the faint rays of a moon in its first quarter, floundering about over rocks and fallen trees, until the light in a distant camp guided me to shelter.

The last of the present fading day was a silver sheen in the west where flamed the evening star, and clearly outlined against the whiteness was a saddle-like formation which barred the valley, through which the road was leading me. From the top I saw my journey's end marked by the glitter of half a dozen electrics at equal distances, that traced the course of the single street of Gillette. Soon I had passed the scattered cabins on the outskirts and was walking over battered wooden pavements under the electric lights. The one lodging-house was not difficult to find, but I had then to look up the single restaurant of the camp. It was eight o'clock, and the landlady of the lodging-house was doubtful of my getting anything to eat at so late an hour. Her ample figure blocked the door as she stood pointing the way and telling me her doubts. Just then two young waitresses from the restaurant happened to pass, and my landlady stopped them.

"This man ain't had no supper," she remarked; then she brought matters to an issue by adding, "can you get him something to eat?"

For the moment I was the centre of some interest. My own in myself was keenest, for I had walked some twenty odd miles since eleven in the morning, and was hungry. But besides the landlady with a wide-eyed child clinging to her skirts, and the two waitresses, some small boys who had been tossing a ball under the street lights, now gathered at the edge of the sidewalk to hear my fate. The sharp electric rays fell on the hatless figures of the young women. Their light summer dresses suggested the day's work done, and I felt some compunction at asking a further service, but my need was great. They, however, did not seem for a moment to notice me. The nearer one simply turned to her companion with the question:

"Maggie, will we go back and fix him some tea?" And without hesitation Maggie answered:

"Naw!" while her eyes remained fixed upon distant stars.

I could have shouted with amusement, but the group was dispersing with a certain solemnity which made me feel that my

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laughter would be out of place, so I walked on to the restaurant intent upon discovering whether my case was indeed so hopeless as it seemed. The yellow light of an oil lamp was shining faintly through the large front windows of the wooden building with a false front, which had been pointed out as the restaurant. The spacious interior was cut across by a thin wooden partition a little higher than a man's head. Beyond this was the kitchen. In the front room four tables with red covers stood spread for service, the chairs arranged around them. The lamp shone from a bracket made fast to the partition; under it a miner sat reading a paper-covered history of the southern prisons of the Civil War with a lurid picture on its cover. In the corner at his side a young boy was peeling apples, and an old man sat dozing in an arm-chair near the stove in the centre of the room.

In answer to a call raised by the boy, a clatter of dishes ceased in the kitchen and an old woman appeared. I laid my case before her. She was not demonstrative in her sympathy, but she was effective. Pointing me to a seat, she disappeared in the kitchen, and pressing the boy to her aid, she was soon serving me what proved an abundant and an excellent meal, for which she asked twenty-five cents. I was paying a like sum for my electric-lighted room in the lodging-house. An inexpensive expedition certainly and one that was taking me step by step over the ground that I had travelled ten years before. I have a conviction that Gillette is on the very site of the prospectors' camp where I spent the night before entering Cripple Creek for the first time. But there were changes other than those indicated by the growth, on the site of a solitary camp, of a town which had been thriving and may at any moment become so again in the swift changes of a mining region. Besides what the years had wrought of external change, there was my own changed relation to the scene. Through the darkness of that earlier night I had come a laborer in blue jeans in search of work. The men of the camp had accepted me as one of themselves, and had talked freely of the slender chances of employment at Cripple Creek, then kindling to a more congenial theme, they told me what they had already seen of the fortunes of the place, and talked far into the night of their own hopes and ventures. They gave me a blanket when we turned in, and rolling myself in that I lay down among them and slept the sleep of a child. It was another matter now; a nondescript in khaki, an eccentric of the tourist type at best, I was of no earthly interest to the men I met. The two prospectors in the cabin where I stopped at twilight to ask the way had politely offered me a chair and a cup of tea and had civilly answered my questions, but with their eyes on the bowls of their pipes. The old man at the stove in the restaurant blinked once at the sight of me and went off into heavy slumber, and the miner lifted a momentary glance from the pages of his book, then renewed the hard labor of trying to discover in it an interest commensurate with the picture on the cover. I wished to draw him into conversation, but before he would talk of matters interesting to me, he wanted to know where I had come from and whither I was bound. The fact that I had walked from Manitou that day and should walk on to Cripple Creek in the morning settled my case with him. He carefully explained to me, as one might urge an erring child, that for thirty-five cents I could ride by the Midland Railway to the camp. My preference for walking was a too abnormal eccentricity, and I saw that he preferred the society of his book to mine.

It was much the same in the morning. Two or three groups of young miners were breakfasting in the restaurant when I entered, but I was put at a table by myself. Not if I had been an intruder upon a most exclusive company could I have been more completely ignored. It was with a sense of relief, as well as the keen pleasure of an early start, that I took again to the road. If I had lost the character of a workman, I had lost nothing of the joy in the long walks from place to place in search of work. There was the same sense of freedom and of delight in the freshness of an opening day, the same quickening of the blood as with the glow of a kingly sport, and the flight of the imagination. The rising sun cast my shadow before me on the white dust of the well-kept "county road" leading to Cripple Creek. Birds were singing among the slender quaking

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aspens; prospectors had begun the day's work on the claims along the route, a work with the curious extremes of hazard, sudden fortune, or the total loss of long months of labor. From the hills to the north of it I was soon looking down upon the town of Cripple Creek, covering the bottom of a bowl-like valley and spreading upward upon the surrounding hills. All the old picturesqueness was gone. Gold-mining in its advanced stages is as ruthless an industry as the mining of coal. Not a tree had been left standing. Every hillside was clean shaven to its crest, then indented everywhere with gaping prospects, each surrounded by its heap of débris. The whole region looked as though thirteen-inch guns had been playing upon it from every quarter. At points along the gulches and crowning the neighboring hills were high wooden structures built over the shafts with power-houses belching black smoke from tall iron chimneys, and millions of tons of rejected ore spreading like heaps of culm about them. A network of roads, the tracks of three railways and of two electric lines, had cut and gashed the landscape, as if to complete its disfigurement. In the midst of this desolation stood the town, brick at its core and ugly with an ugliness to match the surrounding ruin, spreading in gaudy wooden cottages that became only more grotesque in color as they climbed the scarred and barren slopes. There were vivid blues and reds and yellows, with shades of pink and lavender interspersed, and harrowing tints of green. It was not until I looked down upon it all from a similar height at night that I realized the possible transforming touch of a veil of darkness. The cuts and scars were hid, as was also the hideousness of a city built solely on the greed for gold, and one saw only the myriad lights like a reflection of the firmament from the depths of a mountain lake. Moreover, it is a little strange how quickly the sense of outrage in the relentless cruelty of an industry disappears before one's interest as it awakens to the actual working of the processes. I was presently down a mine with a superintendent whose athletic figure I well remembered in its place in the Harvard line of a dozen years before. We were walking together through electric-lighted passages nine hundred feet under ground, which the pumps keep as dry as a bone, and the fans keep pure. He was showing me how the ore is mined and was leading me up by ladders through narrow cuts, just large enough for a man's body, where our candles were our only light, to a higher level and bidding me mark the character of the rock, which gave him promise of hundreds of thousands of tons of ore of a certain quality. As I heard the story and saw it in object-lesson about me, and listened to plans for improving the handling of ores and to hopes of the further cheapening of the processes of extracting gold, I knew it for the world-old story with its infinite fascination whose vitality is in the virtue of the man who commands men and brings things to pass. It is the virtue which redeems the seeming violence to nature. I had known Cripple Creek in the picturesqueness of its earlier days, when the miners lived in log cabins with overhanging eaves and with grasses sprouting from the earth which covered their roofs, when trees grew on the neighboring hills and a brook flowed through the camp. But among the hundreds that lived there then there was much poverty, and even destitution, and work was scarcely to be had on any terms. It was the genius of a few men that had wrought the change. The discovery of cheaper processes of treating low-grade ores had been foremost in working the miracle of bringing idle hands into fruitful contact with undeveloped resources of nature, and thousands were at work where hundreds had sought work in vain, while nearly three millions a month were being added to the world's treasure.

But keener even than my interest in revisiting Cripple Creek, where I had gained my first acquaintance with the Rockies and with a Rocky Mountain camp, had been my desire to see again the ranch where I had passed the first night on the march to Creede.

At noon of an October day ten years before I had set out by the Cañon City road. Sometime after nightfall I reached a settler's cabin, and having in my pocket enough to pay for food and shelter, I stopped and asked for entertainment. No single incident of that long expedition of ten years back was clearer in my memory now. I could see the silvery gray of the weather-

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worn logs of the cabin in the brilliant moonlight of that autumn night. I could see again the dignity and grace and charm in the face of the old ranchman's wife, who opened the door for me and hospitably asked me in. We were in the main apartment of the cabin which served as kitchen and dining-room, and general living-room. It breathed the soapy cleanliness of a New England country home, and my hostess talked to me with the delightful simplicity of a lady, while she stood ironing at a table near the large cooking stove. Presently she asked me whether I would not meet her husband, and following her across a narrow passage to the inner room of the cabin I found seated there in a rocking-chair an old frontiersman in his shirt-sleeves with an open newspaper across his knees. The singular intelligence of the man's face, together with its cast of unfathomable sadness, impressed me first, and then I noticed that there were scientific books on the shelves in the room and geological specimens arranged with evident care. My wonder as to whether they denoted more than a passing interest in the curious gave place to another feeling when to my idle question he answered gravely:

"Yes, I took up this ranch soon after the close of the Civil War, and it has proved to be remarkably rich in paleontological remains and various crustacean forms."

That was the beginning of a conversation on paleontology which consumed a great part of the night, and was followed in the morning by another one on geology; for my host was driving to Cañon City and inviting me to a seat at his side, he pointed out as we went the geological structure of the region as it lay exposed in the sheer sides of the cañon through which the road led us. Rarely had I met a man of the schools whose scientific knowledge was so perfectly at command and so vitally in touch with the common things about him. My ranchman friend however talked not like the men of the schools, but as a man talks of the crops and the cattle on the hills, and the great geologic periods lived for me in a reality I had never felt before, while I had glimpses of the age-long working of evolution as of a visible transformation before my eyes.

Since then I had heard of him, only to find that this frontiersman, a pioneer of the Rockies, living on that distant ranch, had become the friend of some of the leading men of science of his day, men who visited him at his home and kept in touch with him by letter, and that some of his paleontological discoveries were on exhibition at the Peabody Museum at New Haven.

It was a little past noon on an October day that I set out from Cripple Creek to find the ranch again and to spend another night with so rare a man. I had only to follow the Cañon City road which leads southward along the course of a mountain stream. I remembered the trip as an afternoon's walk of fifteen or eighteen miles at most, but there my memory was at fault, for the actual distance is close on twenty-five. Dairy farms and frequent dwellings had altered the earlier part of the route, but beyond this the way remained unchanged in character, except that I now met no provision trains nor the huge mule-drawn vehicles for transporting ore, ores and provisions being transported now by railway. It was a lonely road but fascinating in the companionship of a stream and the subtle autumn coloring, where the orange and brilliant lemon of quaking aspens were relieved by the brown and deep russet reds of scrub-oaks, and where fields of gleaming gold among the stunted willows reflected the blazing sun in an air of indescribable clarity.

Just before nightfall I entered the "Park" at the foot of which, five or six miles beyond, lay the ranch whither I was bound. I remembered perfectly the effect of ordered arrangement in the "Park," with open stretches carpeted with turf and clusters of cedars and peon-pines. There came over me again the sense of something tropical, for the evergreens were masses of luxuriant foliage in the twilight, and the air was balmy, and the full moon was rising through the warmth of a deep-blue sky.

It was nearing eight o'clock when I recognized the cabin a little off the road on my right. It stood exactly as I remembered it in a small grove of cotton-wood with patches of moonlight on its earth-covered roof and over the soft gray of its outer walls. My hand was on the gate when I was arrested by the distressful cry of a child shrieking an appeal to its mother not to be left alone. The cry came

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from the open door, and I waited until I saw a woman cross the yard and enter the cabin, expostulating with the frightened child. Struck then with dread of the possible changes of the past ten years I opened the gate and walked in, just in time to see approaching me from the depths of the shadow of an outbuilding a young man who was leading a horse by a halter.

"Are you Mr. F.?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, and I began to be reassured, for there flashed into my memory then the figure of a son of the old ranchman of whom however I had had only a passing glimpse in my first visit.

To my request for something to eat and a place to sleep for the night, he answered at once that a bed I should certainly have, and "my house-keeper will find you something to eat, I guess," he added. "You see, I'm only baching it, but she'll get you something, sure."

He asked me to wait until he had put his horse in the barn; then we entered the cabin. The house-keeper and her two young children, little girls of seven and nine, sat at the kitchen table, she going over with them the next day's lessons of the district school. Every detail of the interior was the same, the iron cooking stove, the table and rough-hewn cupboard against the wall, the chairs and the long wooden bench under a window with its bucket of spring water and a tin dipper, a wash-basin beside it, and a coarse towel hanging from a roller on the wall. The room was haunted for me by the gracious presence of the ranchman's wife, but she was not there.

When I finished my supper the young ranchman led the way across the passage to the well-remembered inner room. So vivid was my sense of the old couple that I expected to find them there. A wood fire was roaring on the hearth, but the rocking-chair was empty before it, and I saw at a glance that there was a significant disorder among the scientific books and pamphlets on the shelves, and that the geological specimens had disappeared.

I was given the seat before the fire, and the young ranchman sat on a chest at the chimney side. Naturally he had not recognized me, for I had spent but a night at his home exactly ten years before and was but one of many scores of transient passers who had found shelter there. I said nothing of my former visit, but the books gave me a theme that I knew would draw him out on the subject of his father. His eyes kindled instantly to my question, as he picked up a handful of dusty treatises and began to assort them.

"All of these belonged to my father," he remarked, adding simply: "He died last February."

"And your mother?" I asked.

"Oh, she's been dead, it will be ten years next winter," he replied.

He little knew how keenly the stranger before him felt the knowledge of these losses in his family. Evidently glad to talk of his people he went on, needing little prompting from me.

His father and mother had been of the same New England community and well trained in their elementary education in a neighboring town school. Early in the Civil War both had entered the service in the Hospital Department, she as a nurse and he as a hospital steward. There they had become engaged, and at the close of the war, after four years' service, they were married, and had crossed the plains in a prairie schooner with a caravan of settlers, and had taken up the ranch just at the entrance of the "Park" as one approaches it from Cañon City. There the ranchman soon began to make discoveries in a quarry on his land. Huge fragments of the skeleton of a deinosaur first interested him. Presently he had exhumed successfully a great part of the framework of a monster eighty feet long. This led to the study of scientific books for explanations and then to correspondence with men of science. In the course of time an eminent biologist appeared at the ranch to see the quarry for himself. He came in the sceptical spirit of a mining expert who examines a lauded claim, then he went nearly mad with joy at sight of what he saw. Other biologists had followed him, and there were whole summers when paleontologists were camped on the quarry for the enriching of their various museums. In the meanwhile the ranchman was reading more of science and improving his opportunities of acquaintance with its representatives, until, in the course of years, he had a not inconsiderable knowledge of geology and paleontology and biology. He was

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of good New England stock and had been reared in an atmosphere of reverence for learning. His elementary schooling had been of the best of those days, and four years of active service had given him the discipline of contact with the grimmest facts of life and death. He had faced the problem of existence in a perilous journey across the plains and in taking up with his wife the life work of a pioneer in a distant fastness of the Rockies. Civilization had followed him. Line after line of railway and telegraph had crossed the plains, and a city had grown up within a few miles of his door, then a mining camp of world-wide importance a little farther up the range. Nevertheless his outer life had remained the same; the same log cabin was his home, and the same hard year-long toil on his ranch was his struggle for existence. The change for him had come in the widening of his intellectual horizon. Beyond all that he had ever dreamt of the possible limits of the mind, science had opened up to him new worlds of thought. The scarped cliffs about him and the fossils of his quarry, the animals and the plants of his ranch were becoming an open book in which he was beginning to read a cosmic tale that took him back into immeasurable time, and sent his imagination forward to the utmost reach of thought. The interest of it filled his life. What mattered it to him that he could make but a scant living from his land? His thoughts were on science as he worked, and his leisure hours were given to scientific reading. But his was too deep a nature to feel only the exhilaration of new ideas. The meaning of it all soon burdened him with the inexplicable mystery of the world, and his expanding mind came to know a sadness beyond all former dream of its possible depths. The quality of the man appeared in his unflinching struggle. Disease had come upon him, bringing years of physical agony. Failure that seemed irredeemable played its part in the training of his spirit. Finally there came the death of his wife and a loneliness to blast his remaining days. And yet his courage and resolution never failed. Even with the decay of his faculties he fought on. A cloud would sometimes settle upon his mind bringing a certain oblivion, but he struggled hardest against that.

One day near the end of the past winter he sat alone in his room. A fire was burning on the hearth, and he was enduring as best he could the excruciating pain that tortured him. His mind was intent upon a scientific treatise which had reached him that day, and to keep his attention fixed he had constantly to resist the numbness that would come like a paralysis of the brain. Again and again it crept stealthily upon him, deadening the pain he suffered and wooing him to deadly sleep. At last it seemed to overwhelm him like a cloud, enveloping him in impalpable folds against which it was vain to struggle. Just as he felt himself falling into unfathomable slumber, he started up, seeming to return suddenly to vivid consciousness at the sound of a shot. They were blasting in the quarry, but that he did not know. He only knew that he was young again, that all pain was gone, and that his mind was clear and alert with a strange excitement. The blasts from the quarry followed one another in quick succession. Not knowing what he did he walked out into the open air. The warm sun fell upon his head with the effect of summer heat, and the air reeked with the smell of powder. In a moment he was back at Gettysburg and at work upon the field. A neighboring hill he knew as a stronghold and the scene of repeated charges. Catching the contagion from those about him his attention was presently fixed upon a fearful drama. With all his soul in his sight he was watching frenzied men rush madly through living fire up that hill, shouting like demons as they went. Exactly at the climax of the scene, when his own blood had mounted highest and he had lost himself in the cheer that rose from unconscious throats, he staggered under the sudden shock of a shot, and as he fell there was an instant of real consciousness in which he felt his heart leap to the thought that now for him the fight was over. That evening on returning from work in the quarry, his son had found him dead beside the cabin.

It was late when we said good-night. I asked the young ranchman whether he could give me a mount in the morning and ride with me to Cripple Creek in time to catch the midday train on the "Short Line" for Colorado Springs. He was very

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obliging. We were off together before eight o'clock. My pony was a young bronco, newly broken, that had just come into the ranchman's hands and was beginning to recover, under his capital care, from the ordeal of a cowboy breaking, which consists in calculating nicely how near you can come in sheer brutality to killing a horse without actually taking his life. He was haggard still and nervous, and took an altogether pathetic interest in my movements. But he was a horse of excellent build and admirable spirit, and when I was once securely on his back and we had endured successfully a quarter of an hour of anxiety to us both, he settled to an easy fox-trot which left the miles behind us with amazing rapidity. The ranchman close at my side on another pony was full of the history of the road. In the thick of yonder cluster of cedars had been found the body of a man weeks after his death, bearing not a trace of his identity. On the bank above us was the nameless grave of another man who had fallen dead in the effort to reach the gold camp. At the very roadside we passed the grave of a child carefully outlined with small light-colored stones half buried in the soil. The child died under these very trees, where its parents had camped for the night in their toilsome journey by prairie schooner to the new gold fields. We met well-mounted ranchmen with splendid English names, but with reputations not of the best. We passed fearsome points whence laden provision trains had gone plunging over the cliff to the stream bed below and had escaped serious consequences as by miracle. I was shown the very spot where some escaped convicts from the penitentiary at Cañon City had been recaptured, and the ranchman told me casually the details of the unspeakable lynching that followed.

But it was of his father that I wished most to hear, and as best I could I led the talk back to the history of the brave spirit that in loneliness and poverty had fought his fight and kept his armor to the last.

Finally the ranchman turned toward me. He was a little before me on the road, and he threw his weight on one foot as he turned in his saddle to face me.

"Were you ever in these parts before?" he asked, pointedly.

"Once before," I answered.

"You spent a night at the ranch and you wrote a book and mentioned being there," he suggested.

"Yes," I said; for it could not be denied.

"I remember you," he added. "We read your book, and my father often spoke of your visit."

We were near the end of our ride. Soon we were standing on the station platform and shaking hands at parting.

"It is ten years since I met your father and mother," I said. "I have thought of them many times since then. It was to see them that I walked down to the ranch." And then we said good-by.

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THE TOWN DOWN THE RIVER

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

I

SAID the Watcher by the Way
To the young and the unladen,
To the boy and to the maiden,
"God be with you both to-day.
First your song came ringing,
Now you come, you two—
Knowing naught of what you do,
Or of what your dreams are bringing.

"O you children who go singing
To the Town down the River,
Where the millions cringe and shiver,
Tell me what you know to-day;
Tell me how far you are going,
Tell me how you find your way.
O you children who go dreaming,
Tell me what you dream to-day."

"He is old and we have heard him,"
Said the boy then to the maiden.
"He is old and heavy laden
With a load we throw away.
Care may come to find us,
Age may lay us low;
Still, we seek the light we know,
And the dead we leave behind us.

"Did he think that he would blind us
Into such a small believing
As to live without achieving,
When the lights have led so far?
Let him watch or let him wither—
Shall he tell us where we are?
We know best who go together,
Downward, onward, and so far."

II

SAID the Watcher by the Way
To the fiery folk that hastened,
To the loud and the unchastened,
"You are strong, I see, to-day.
Strength and hope may lead you
To the journey's end—
Each to be the other's friend
If the Town should fail to need you.

"And are ravens there to feed you
In the Town down the River,
Where the gift appals the giver
And youth hardens day by day?
O you brave and you unshaken,
Are you truly on your way?
And are sirens in the River,
That you come so far to-day?"

"You are old, and we have listened,"
Said the voice of one who halted;
"You are sage and self-exalted,
But your way is not our way.
You that cannot aid us
Give us words to eat.
Be assured that they are sweet,
And that we are as God made us.

"Not in vain have you delayed us,
Though the River still be calling
Through the twilight that is falling
And the Town be still so far.
By the whirlwind of your wisdom
Leagues are lifted as leaves are;
But a king without a kingdom
Fails us, who have come so far."

III

SAID the Watcher by the Way
To the slower folk who stumbled,
To the weak and the world-humbled,
"Tell me how you fare to-day.
Some with ardor shaken,
All with honor scarred,

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Do you falter, finding hard,
The far chance that you have taken?

"Or, do you at length awaken
To an antic retribution,
Goading to a new confusion
The drugged hopes of yesterday?
O you poor mad men that hobble,
Will you not return, or stay?
Do you trust, you broken people,
To a dawn without the day?"

"You speak well of what you know not,"
Muttered one; and then a second:
"You have begged and you have beckoned,
But you see us on our way.
Who are you to scold us,
Knowing what we know?
Jeremiah, long ago,
Said as much as you have told us.

"As we are, then, you behold us:
Derelicts of all conditions,
Poets, rogues, and sick physicians,
Plodding forward from afar;
Forward now into the darkness
Where the men before us are;
Forward, onward, out of grayness,
To the light that shone so far."

IV

Said the Watcher by the Way
To some aged ones who lingered,
To the shrunken, the claw-fingered,
"So you come for me to-day."
"Yes, to give you warning;
You are old," one said;
"You have old hairs on your head,
Fit for laurel, not for scorning.

"From the first of early morning
We have toiled along to find you;
We, as others, have maligned you,
But we need your scorn to-day.
By the light that we saw shining
Let us not be lured alway;
Let us hear no River calling
When to-morrow is to-day."

"But your lanterns are unlighted—
And the Town is far before you:
Let us hasten, I implore you,"
Said the Watcher by the Way.
"Long have I waited,
Longer have I known
That the Town would have its own,
And the call be for the fated.

"In the name of all created,
Let us hear no more, my brothers;
Are we older than all others?
Are the planets in our way?"
"Hark!" said one; "I hear the River,
Calling always, night and day."
"Forward, then! The lights are shining,"
Said the Watcher by the Way.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

WHY is it that the common educated Englishman, not professionally a "literary man" so uniformly acquits himself better of a literary task than the corresponding American, can report better what he has seen and done, be it a voyage to strange lands, be it an account of "empire-building"? There is, unfortunately, no question about the fact. Take the case of a man who, having done great things, sits down to tell about them. Xenophon's "Anabasis" and Cæsar's "Commentaries," have been for fifty generations the models of such narration. Zealous West Pointers have been known to assert that the "Memoirs" of Grant and Sherman enter into this competition. But, with the best will in the world on the part of the cultivated reader to believe this, it really will not do. Nobody can really imagine either of these works being held as a classic a hundred years hence, to say nothing of a thousand. Quarries for the historian will be the extent of their usefulness.

Culture *vs.* "Cram."

"So many thousand Masters of Arts in this country"—Clarence King used to say—"where are the arts?" Lord Cromer is not a literary man. He has for a generation been engrossed in doing things, things "most useful for his country." But now that he has "sat down to tell about them," it would be unpatriotic for an American to challenge a comparison of "Modern Egypt" with any like work of an American official. Lord Cromer exhibits an old-fashioned British willingness to garnish his narrative with Latin quotations, and to make ostentation of his classical culture. But it is to be noted that it is classical culture, that the citations are "all so," and that he nowhere lapses into what Stevenson calls the "swaggering misquotations" of the American journalist.

For that matter, neither Grant nor Sherman straggled into journalese, nor pretended to know what he did not know, nor is that the literary defect of the West Pointer. But it is, doubtless, the prevailing American literary defect, this same "journalistic" sciolism. The things which Macaulay's "every school-boy" knew, being compiled by a laborious investigator, were found to comprise a formidable body of knowledge. But the British school-boy really does know these things. At least he knows them or he does not know them. He does not half know them, as the American sciolist is so painfully apt to do. Two modern instances occur. Not long ago, an American review of hereditary critical authority contained the statement that Edmund Burke's oratorical reputation was made by Samuel Johnson's parliamentary reports! Let us charitably assume that "Burke" was a slip for "Pitt," the elder Pitt, with whose early oratorical reputation Johnson really had something to do. But, even so, what a vast ignorance of the eighteenth century does the slip denote, what an unacquaintance with the things that "every school-boy" may reasonably be assumed to know, and that the English school-boy—Etonian, Rugboean, Harrovian or what not—does somehow subconsciously seem to possess. The other instance is a recent rehabilitation of Chatterton, a zealous and well-meant essay in which the author has diligently "got up" every fact that seemed to him relevant, but of which the reader has sadly to say that the author "does not know enough." His honest enthusiasm is rendered so nearly nugatory by the handfuls of false notes about his period that he keeps unconsciously striking, unconsciously by his absence of a consciousness of the lack of the background of information which is the subconscious possession of "every school-boy." What can you do with a "literary man" who has to have it explained to him that culture *ad hoc* is not culture at all, but only "cram"?

One has to own that these modern instances are typical. And the patriot has to inquire with some trepidation what we are going to do about it. It is not for want of express inculcation that the American college-graduate knows less of English literature than the English "every school-boy." He has abundant "courses" in it. Whereas the English school-boy, as certain English educational reformers are busily pointing out, has no express teaching of English literature at all. Given a regular "grind" in classics, the English sys-

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tem assumes that the needed knowledge of English literature, and even the needed capacity of writing English, will "rub off," and come of itself. And it has to be said that, upon the whole, the English system is justified of its children and the American system is not; that, in fact, "something is rotten in the state" of American literary education.

On Taking One's Dessert First

WHEN we were children we used to "happen in" to the kitchen just before luncheon to see what the dessert was to be. This was because at the luncheon table we were not allowed to ask, yet it was advantageous to know, for since even our youthful capacity had its limits, we found it necessary to "save room," and the question, of course, was, how much room?

Discovering some favorite dish being prepared, we used to gaze with watering mouth, and, though knowing its futility, could seldom repress the plea, "Mayn't we have our dessert now?" Of course we never did, of course we waited, and of course, when that same dessert came to us, properly served, at the proper time, after a properly wholesome luncheon preceding, it found us expectant, perhaps, but not eager; appreciative, but not enthusiastic. It was not to us what it would have been at the golden moment when we begged for it.

In hours of unbridled hostility to domestic conditions we used sometimes to plan for a future when we should be grown up, and then would we not change this sorry scheme of things entire! Would we not have a larder, with desserts in it, our favorite desserts—and would we not devour these same, boldly, recklessly, immediately before the meal for which they were intended! Just wouldn't we!

And afterward—just didn't we! Most youthful fancies are doomed to fade unrealized, but this one was too fundamentally practical and sane. We are grown up, we have a larder, with now and then toothsome desserts in it, and now and then we grip our conscience till it cowers and is still, we wait till the servants are out, we walk into our pantry—and then——

Yes, triumphant we still believe what once militant we maintained—that the only way to eat cake is when it is just out of the oven, that the only way to eat ice-cream is to dip it out of the freezer, down under the apple-tree, in the mid-morning or mid-afternoon. Afterward, when it appears in sober decorum, surrounded by all the appurtenances of civilization, it is a very commonplace affair; out under the apple-tree it is ambrosia.

Why not go further? Why not take all our desserts in life when they taste best, instead of at the proper time, when we don't care for them? Desserts are, I suppose, meant to be enjoyed. Why not have them when most enjoyable? I wonder if there is not a certain perverted conscientiousness that leads us to this enforcement of our pleasures. I am myself conscious that I can scarcely ever approach a pleasure with a mind singly bent on enjoyment. I regard it with something like suspicion, I hedge, I hesitate, I defer. What is the motive force here? Is it an inherited asceticism, bidding us beware of pleasure as such? Is it pride, which will not permit us to make unseemly haste toward our desires? Is it a subtle self-gratification, which seeks to add zest, tone, to our delights by postponing them? Is it fear of anticlimax, which makes us save our pleasure for the last thing, that there may be no descent afterward? Certainly the last was the motive in the case of the little boy who, dining out, was given a piece of mince and one of custard pie. He liked the mince best, therefore he saved it until the last, and had just conscientiously finished the custard when his beaming hostess said: "Oh, you like the custard best! Well, dear, you needn't eat the other. Delia, bring another plate for Henry and I'll give him another piece of the custard pie." Pathetic! Yet I confess my sympathy with Henry has always been qualified by disapproval of his methods, which, it seems to me, brought down upon him an awful, but not wholly undeserved penalty.

The incident is worth careful attention. For life, I believe, is continually treating us as that benevolent but misguided hostess treated the incomprehensible Henry. If we postpone our mince pie, it is often snatched from us and we never get it at all. I knew a youth once who habitually rode a bicycle that was too small for him. He explained that he continued to do this because then, when at some future time he did have one that fitted him, he would be so surpassingly comfortable! Soon after bicycles went out of fashion, and I fear the moment of supreme luxury never came. His mince pie had, as it were, been snatched from him. One of my

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friends wrote me once: "It seems to me I am always distractingly busy just getting ready to live, but I never really begin." Most of us are in the same plight. We are like the thrifty housewife who kept pushing the week's work earlier and earlier, until it backed up into the week before; yet with all her planning she never succeeded in clearing one little spot of leisure for herself. She never got her dessert at all. Probably she would not have enjoyed it if she had had it. For the capacity to enjoy desserts in life is something not to be trifled with. Children have it, and grown people can keep it if they try, but they don't always try. I knew of a man who worked every minute until he was sixty, getting rich. He did get rich. Then he retired; he built him a "stately pleasure palace," and set about taking his pleasure. And lo! he found that he had forgotten how! He tried this and that, indoor and outdoor pleasures, the social and the solitary, the artistic and the semi-scientific—all to no purpose. Here were all the desserts that throughout his life he had been steadfastly pushing aside; they were ranged before him to partake of, and when he would partake he could not. And so he left his pleasure palace and went back to "business."

We are not all so far gone as this, but few of us have the courage to take our desserts when they are offered, or the free spirit to enjoy them to the uttermost. I get up on a glorious summer morning and gaze out at the new day. With all the strongest and deepest instincts of my nature I long to go out into the green beauty of the world, to fling myself down in some sloping meadow and feel the sunshine envelop me and the warm winds pass over me, to see them tossing the grasses and tugging at the trees and driving the white clouds across the blue, and to feel the great earth revolving under me—for if you lie long enough you can really get the sense of sailing through space. All this I long for—from my window. Then I turn back to my unglorified little house—little, however big, compared with the limitless world of beauty outside—and betake myself to my day's routine occupations. I read my mail, I answer letters, I go over accounts, I fly to the telephone and give orders and make engagements. And at length, after hours of such stultifying employment, I elect to call myself "free," and go forth to enjoy my "well-earned" leisure. Fool that I am! As if enjoyment were a thing to be taken up and laid down at will, like a walking-stick. As if one could let the golden moment pass and hope to find it again awaiting our convenience. Why can we not be like Pippa with her one precious day? But if she had been born in New England do you suppose her day would have been what it was? Would she have sprung up at day-break with heart and mind all alight for pleasure? Certainly not. She would have spent the golden morning in cleaning the kitchen, and the golden afternoon in clearing up the attic, and would have gone out for a little walk after the supper dishes were washed, only because she thought she "ought" to take a little exercise in the open air.

Duty and work are all very well, but we have bound ourselves up in them so completely that we have almost lost the art of spontaneous enjoyment. We can feel comfortable or uncomfortable, annoyed or gratified, but we cannot feel simple, buoyant, instinctive enjoyment in anything. We take our very pleasures under the name of duties—"We ought to take a walk," "We ought not to miss that concert," "We ought to read" a certain book, "We ought" to go and see this friend, or invite that one to see us. Those things that should be our spontaneous pleasures we have clothed and masked until they no longer know themselves. A pleasure must present itself under the guise of a duty before we feel that we can wholly give ourselves over to it.

Ah, let us stop all that! Let us take our pleasures without apology. Let us give up this fashion of shoving them away into the left-over corners of our lives, covering their gleaming raiment with sad-colored robes, and visiting them with half-averted faces Let us consort with them openly, gayly!

What is News?

A LARGE part of the advance of science is due to the fact that scientists agree on their definitions and agree to use technical terms with precision, so that each of them shall always understand what the others mean. And perhaps a small part of the uncertainty of the social sciences, economics for one, and sociology for another, is due to the fact that there is no final agreement on the terms employed. Rigorous definitions may be called a necessary foundation of knowledge. Yet we all

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use many words largely and loosely, words with a penumbra of vague suggestion, words which mean all things to all men; and we are often a little impatient when we are called upon to be precise and to say exactly what we mean. No more and no less. We resent the demand for clear definition; and we are likely to accept as true Lord Morley's recent assertion that "Most definitions hang between platitude and paradox."

It is the commonest and most useful words which are most liberal and least clear. We are all eager for the news, for example, but what is *news?* During the Civil War, Dr. Holmes suggested that the citizens of the American republic were like the Romans of old, but with a difference, since our cry was for Bread and the News. Now, if there is a clamor for a thing, how is it that there is constant disagreement as to what the thing itself is? What *is* News? This is the question that every conductor of a journal must answer for himself. It is only by supplying the News that he wins Bread for himself. Yet no two conductors of journals agree as to the test of real news. It is not founded on the actual importance of the thing reported, or else we should not have scareheads on the first page hastening to predict a fresh divorce or a temporary remarriage in a petty circle peopled by the abnormal creatures whereof the male is known as a well-known Club Man, while the female is usually designated as a beautiful Society Lady.

The importance of the fact chronicled is apparently not the chief test of news, nor is the proximity of the actors—although the cynical Villemessant was wont to declare that a volcanic catastrophe destroying thousands in South America was of less interest to the readers of the *Figaro* than the running-over of a prima-donna's dog on the Boulevard des Italiens. When all is said, news must be described as that which the public wants to read about; and as every newspaper has a public of its own, every news-editor is striving always to discover the greatest common denominator of his special public. In the saffron journals any scandal or murder is news of prime interest. In papers of superior virtue—true-blue, so to speak—scandals and murders are not really news; they are mere occurrences to be recorded as a matter of course, but not to be displayed.

Perhaps there is a solid basis for the belief that the yellow fever in journalism is contagious and that even the more reputable papers find it hard nowadays not to feature the freakish, even if it is also the trivial. Perhaps the conductors of these more dignified papers are really underestimating the intelligent interest of their readers and miscalculating the relative value of the many things they describe. They seem sometimes to be trying to sickly o'er their sedate sheets with a tinge that is lemon, even if it is not orange. And in so doing, they run a risk of offending the more discriminating of their readers who would really appreciate a larger treatment of events that seem to them important.

Here is a case in point. In one of the most worthy papers of New York a few weeks ago there appeared a scarehead announcing that a negro girl in Cincinnati had distinguished herself in a spelling-match. Now that spelling-match was a wholly insignificant side-show of one of the most important gatherings of the year—the Annual Meeting of the National Education Association, which sometimes brings together thirty thousand educators, from kindergarten teachers to university presidents. A meeting of the National Education Association is the outward and visible sign of that universal interest in education which all intelligent travellers from abroad remark as the most obvious characteristic of American civilization. Yet the account of the opening of this meeting was huddled into a paragraph, tailing off after the dispatch announcing the winning of the spelling-match by the little negro girl.

This is as inexplicable on any sound theory of news-values as another practice of the more reputable papers. They often dismiss in a brief paragraph an address by President Eliot or President Butler, when it is delivered, when it is fresh before the world, when it is actually news; and yet, these same journals, when this address is published, may award it a column or two of criticism among their book reviews. After all is said, there seems to be no more certain answer to What is News? than there is to that older question, What is Truth? And assurably the answer to the latter would not necessarily be the answer to the former.

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THE FIELD OF ART

GEORGE INNESS

I FEEL it almost a duty toward those who come after to write down now, ere I, too, go to my separate star, what I remember of George Inness. However great our future may become in art, he will hold his own place, if not as a master, yet as the American painter especially called to interpret American nature according to the great principle first recognized by Constable, and spread through his influence in France. Already he is a master to some of us, and a future age may unanimously account him one. If he is not, then several other painters to-day regarded as such will disappear with him. Every personal reminiscence of a great man is interesting, grown the more valuable as memory fades, and as he comes to be known only through books.

A New York morning newspaper of wide circulation and weighty influence in affairs artistic, as well as in other directions, has recently published a leading article in which George Inness, Homer Martin, and Wyant are treated with scant respect and less admiration for their work. In that article George Inness is held up as a painter of very modest ability, who has been bolstered into an exaggerated fame as a great painter and who will straightway sink out of any lasting esteem.

I see evidence to-day of promise that, given twenty, yes, ten years more, we shall have a school of landscape painters not only of independent character in their work, but who will influence, by its strength, every other country where painters are developed. Yet do there live, and with minds capable of judging, people who believe in Inness as a very master. Time alone can show his correct standing beside *les Maîtres d'autrefois;* but these people, too, believe that he will hold an important place in the history of American art, and that his influence will only grow with years.

I shall write here, only of what I knew of him during several years near the close of his life. Our studios were adjoining, separated only by double doors. I saw him almost daily, and a friendship resulted which in some ways was intimate. I never stood in the relation of being his pupil; he never talked down to me, but always with me: he himself making my position, so that I was not afraid to disagree with him. When he did not like it, he would almost shriek at me and tell me very plainly what he thought my opinions were worth. He was not always wrong, either, for I was tempted often to say something that would draw him out, and what is the use of being young if one cannot lessen callow ignorance even at the expense of making an old gentleman angry?

His studio was bare of any comforts, or ornamentation, and he himself generally looked like many old painters I have seen, who labored away with well-meant, but sad endeavor—until you saw him at his work—his head, his eyes; for then he had the vigor and enthusiasm of a League student—or, rather, of the whole body of them compressed into his one frail self. Then I felt the influence of his strength; and still to-day, he and Constable and Millet live with me, walk with me and criticise me when I dare to paint. In my mind they are his only equals in a broad understanding of all nature.

It was in the winter of 1885, I think, that Inness first showed his finished "Niagara" in his studio, and later, at the American Art Association's galleries, together with a large collection of his work. I did not then have a personal acquaintance with him, but I accompanied more favored friends, saw his paintings and heard him talk in that high-pitched and rather raucous tone that was natural to him. If his heart spoke through his mouth, it seemed a very queer organ. His personality did not invite a closer acquaintance; I was not particularly impressed with the "Niagara"; it was too wide-spread and panoramic, but its beautiful color and atmosphere were admirable. His enthusiasm, as he talked to those around him, was amusing; he was so naïvely egotistic; and it was evident that for him there was but one landscape painter in the world. I had just returned from having spent several years as

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an art student in Paris, and to me the Fontainebleau School of nature painters represented everything that was great. Only they who had learnt their trade in France, knew anything. The old Hudson River School was to us simply a collection of ignorant artistic fossils, and so on. Inness might be a strong painter if he only had known how to paint—understood the cool grays of Corot, and how to draw a tree as could Rousseau. Yes, it would be our own fresh, imported ability that would make our country famous, our art great. We were the chosen ones, the coming men of future years. Those of the past were—oh, pooh!—and would be but a hideous memory before long.

It was with such feelings that I mounted the stairs of the American Art Association's galleries to look condescendingly at Mr. Inness's paintings. I knew the color would be harsh and raw, the drawings execrable, and the atmosphere not such as we had known in France. I felt that I was showing a broad and generous feeling in gracing Mr. Inness' exhibition; I knew that others felt that way, too, and I really would try hard to find something of which I could conscientiously utter words of well-guarded praise.

It was a very humble man that, after several hours, walked down that same stairway. It was no longer "Mr." Inness, but "Inness the Master," and I was thankful that I had not to await his death and future years to learn the fact of his mastership. That year showed me a new Spring season which I had never known before; a golden Autumn I had never understood, and that most heavenly of all seasons in any land, our Indian Summer; and Inness, the American painter, had interpreted all these for me and had revealed to me the glory of our own American possibilities.

Once I was walking in New England with a fair maiden and a superfluous young man. The time was sunset, and the brilliancy of the sky was subdued by a pleasant haze. It was very beautiful, and we gazed at it enrapt and silent. Finally, the other young man said: "What a splendid sunset!" "Yes," said the maiden, after a pause, "it is really quite artistic." Our companion looked at her in amused amazement, but I understood her. She, likewise, was an art student and only meant that it was not like our usual strong and violent American sunsets, but was cool and delicate, such as it would be possible to paint, and such as Daubigny understood, but, to the average American painter of that day, a sealed book. Inness would not be "artistic." I went one day in later years, to see a collection of Corots in a Fifth Avenue gallery. It was a bright Spring morning; the trees were fresh with the young green, the sky bright and the whole world laughed, and I in tune with it. The gallery had a subdued light, in harmony with the delicate tones of Corot's color; all a delicate gray, with here and there a suspicion of blue sky, with trees that seemed ashen rather than green. But somehow I felt that one picture talked to another, they seemed highly respectable and decidedly well-bred. So I got out again where I wanted to be, and saw our own Spring and the character of our own nature. I knew that Corot had interpreted the cultivated beauty of France, but that a greater master had shown a greater country, to inspire me. I know in this thought I am a foolish heretic to many—very many,—but history shows that many a heretic of former days is now venerated as an accepted apostle of truth.

Inness, when I knew him, cared not at all for any other man's painting. Nature was seen solely through his own eyes; but that is the rule with all great painters—as they grow old they become self-centred, and their own work sufficient unto them. I never heard him express enthusiastic admiration for the work of other men, except, perhaps, for the great Englishman, Constable. The men of the Fontainebleau School were too nearly his contemporaries for him to admire them unreservedly, although, naturally, they influenced him. He paid them the greater compliment of showing what he would praise by engrafting it into his own painting. And he felt the entirely worthy jealousy of their fame and influence amongst his own people as compared with his own modest recognition. When he spoke of the high prices their works brought at public sales, I reminded him that they were dead, did not themselves benefit by the money they brought, and that in times to come his own work might be as sought after and as highly treasured as theirs. It is, indeed, very doubtful whether any of them received nearly so great sums for their work as Inness did in the last half of his painter's life.

Inness painted on impulse, and the weather often directed his painting moods. One

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foggy, wet and altogether disagreeable Spring day, when the whistles were playing calliope fantasias on the rivers, he arrived from Montclair, full of something he had seen from the car windows. He selected an old canvas on which there were some prominent trees that furnished him a ground and composition. He told me, with a young student's enthusiasm, of his *motif;* that he would paint it straight through and finish it really *au premier coup*, that day. He began gloriously; I watched, with his own enthusiasm, the growing wet landscape. One felt the fog dropping from the branches on to the soggy ground, and it was beautiful, a true "symphony in green and gray." But by noon the day began to clear; so did his picture, with a patch of sky showing through the fog. At three o'clock a strong west wind came up, with an entirely blue sky and brilliant white clouds, which bothered him when they drove across and hid the sun; the same conditions struck his picture. It was a grand sunset that ended that day—and finished the canvas. I believe he hardly remembered the fog at all.

I never saw him begin on a clean canvas and work on it more than a couple of days, after which he would lay it aside to be taken up at some future time when the right mood came along. In front of the double doors connecting our studios, racks for holding canvases were built, extending from floor to ceiling. These were filled with early paintings, sketches, half-finished canvases and pictures which did not satisfy him. He would pick out one of a morning, using the ready-made *motif* and transform it into a finished work by night. Or he would potter over it for a week, sometimes perhaps ten days, during which it sang all kinds of beautiful songs, only in the end to be returned in disgust to its former resting place. Often I appealed to him to stop, or if he were in good humor with me, threatened to "take it away," but his picture was always "going to be far better." Sometimes it was and sometimes it wasn't.

In his later years, at least, he worked without much regard to the subject of his pictures. Once, after completing a sale in his studio, his purchaser asked: "Now, Mr. Inness, where is that taken from; what part of the country?"

"Nowhere in particular; do you suppose I illustrate guide-books? That's a picture."

I think I had heard this story once, but Mr. Inness himself told it to me, adding: "Whoever cares what scene a Corot represents?" I do not believe what he said was true; his memory was such a store-house of places and things which he had studied in early days that he drew on it and painted a truth laid away in his memory—and an actual scene. I saw him once paint a bridge in a picture, not an ideal bridge or one painted from "chic," but so constructed as to bear a loaded cart and carry it safely over, and which he had at some time or other studied, though, probably, he might not be able to say exactly where. He was a thorough impressionist; I do not mean in the sense the word is used to-day, which has nothing to do with its real meaning, but in its truest definition. A gentleman once asked him of a certain picture in which there was a barn: "Mr. Inness, what is that spot there alongside the barn?"

"What do you think it looks like?"

"Well, I should say it was a wheelbarrow."

"Good," said Inness; "that's just what I thought it was, too."

That sounds very like him. I regret that I cannot put down his exact words and expressions, for they were characteristic of the man, but a memory only of the substance of what he said remains; his nervous manner, the fire of his excited eye when interested, and the skeletons of what he said remain as perfectly in my mind as though he were present with me to-day. I never saw him use a sketch to paint from, nor memoranda in any form, nor did I ever see him use a pencil. His early work, like that of Corot, had much of the detail of the Hudson River School, where every leaf and fern was carefully painted. But the results of those early days were but a means to an end, not the aim of his effort. Such a painter—every original one—goes through three stages in his life: First, the minute study of forms and local color, when the storing up of material for future use goes on; next comes the full-grown and mature use of his brush and paint, the accomplished workman; last, the mellow poetic art that approaches more nearly the divine idea, from which all material influence seems withdrawn. So it was with Inness.

His peculiar disposition and rather eccentric character kept him separated from his

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fellows, because he thought they underrated his power. It was shyness rather than pride that put a false mask before his face. He was fond of Wyant and often spoke of him and his work with, what was for him, enthusiasm. Wyant, when a youth, had made a pilgrimage to know him and his work better; and that he had done so, in preference to seeking Church and Bierstadt, the then famous men, was a bit of homage he enjoyed looking back upon. It was evidence of real appreciation on the part of a painter of promise that gave great comfort to a very sensitive heart.

My own admiration for his genius opened the way for me to know him. The group of young painters to which I belonged, influenced and taught altogether by France, did not appreciate the genius of the old painter of Montclair, and his sensitive nature felt this deeply. We did not know—we seldom even thought—that his eclectic mind had absorbed the lessons worth absorbing, from our dear Fontainebleau masters, long before we ever began to draw in the schools; nor did we understand that he had already then learnt good from the moods of Constable, the grays of Corot, the peace and color of Daubigny and the drawings of Rousseau. Inness was one of them, only he had a country, an atmosphere and a sky to interpret, unknown to them and very different from theirs.

It was almost a revelation to him that a lover of Corot, Rousseau and the modern French methods could see anything great in him. When he found that I rated Constable as greater than the other Frenchmen, indeed, but Millet as greater than all, and that I abominated the work—but never the gentle character—of Diaz, he thought me a rather sensible fellow and found that we had something in common.

His crabbedness was often, but wrongly, laid to jealousy, and once he unwisely gave color to that idea in print, on the occasion of a reception given by the painters to one of their number who had won distinction in France. It was no mean paltry breaking of the Tenth Commandment, but it was a painful sense that the gewgaws won in another country carried greater weight with his fellows than the patient original search after what was greater than mere technical excellence. "I like Puvis de Chavannes," he once said: "he dares to draw badly at times; he isn't all Bouguereau." He feared a striving after technical excellence and correctness was overshadowing the "better thing" in art.

REGINALD CLEVELAND COXE.

The author of the preceding critical memoir has given us also the account of an incident which has its significance. It goes to show how thoroughly Inness (like other landscape painters who are artists, in deed as well as in name) worked toward the making of a picture—a new thing in the world—a creation: ignoring the representation of any natural scene. Mr. Coxe says that when he was painting on a picture of the "Whirlpool Rapids" from sketches he had made on the spot—and after a life-long familiarity with the scene, impressed on his mind in days of boarding-school life—Mr. Inness came in often to see and criticise it. "You see it a few times," he said, "and then think you know it well enough to paint it. I sketched at Niagara several weeks before I felt I dared." "One morning he rushed in on his arrival from Montclair and said: 'Coxe, I hate to see you painting that; let me do it.' So the owner of the studio and of the picture yielded him his palette 'with hardly good grace'; and Inness selected fresh brushes and went to work with evident delight. It was one thing to admire his work, but it was quite another thing to see my own cherished painting disappear under his hands." The result reminded one of Hunt's "Niagara" which he called "a waterfall." Mr. Coxe had been painting the Whirlpool Rapids; Inness produced *a* Rapids. Rapids were there, surely, and so were river banks; and the older painter insisted on putting in a great bowlder of a kind never known in that region and where such a rock never was. "In the end his picture bore as much resemblance in character to the Whirlpool Rapids I had been trying to depict as a well-curb to a corn-crib. Inness had seen a *motif* he envied; and he could not rest until he himself got at it. Finally, and not until it was time to end the day's work, he laid down his tools and turned toward me a beaming, triumphant face, saying: 'There, Coxe, there; that's how it should be done, don't you see?'"

R. S.

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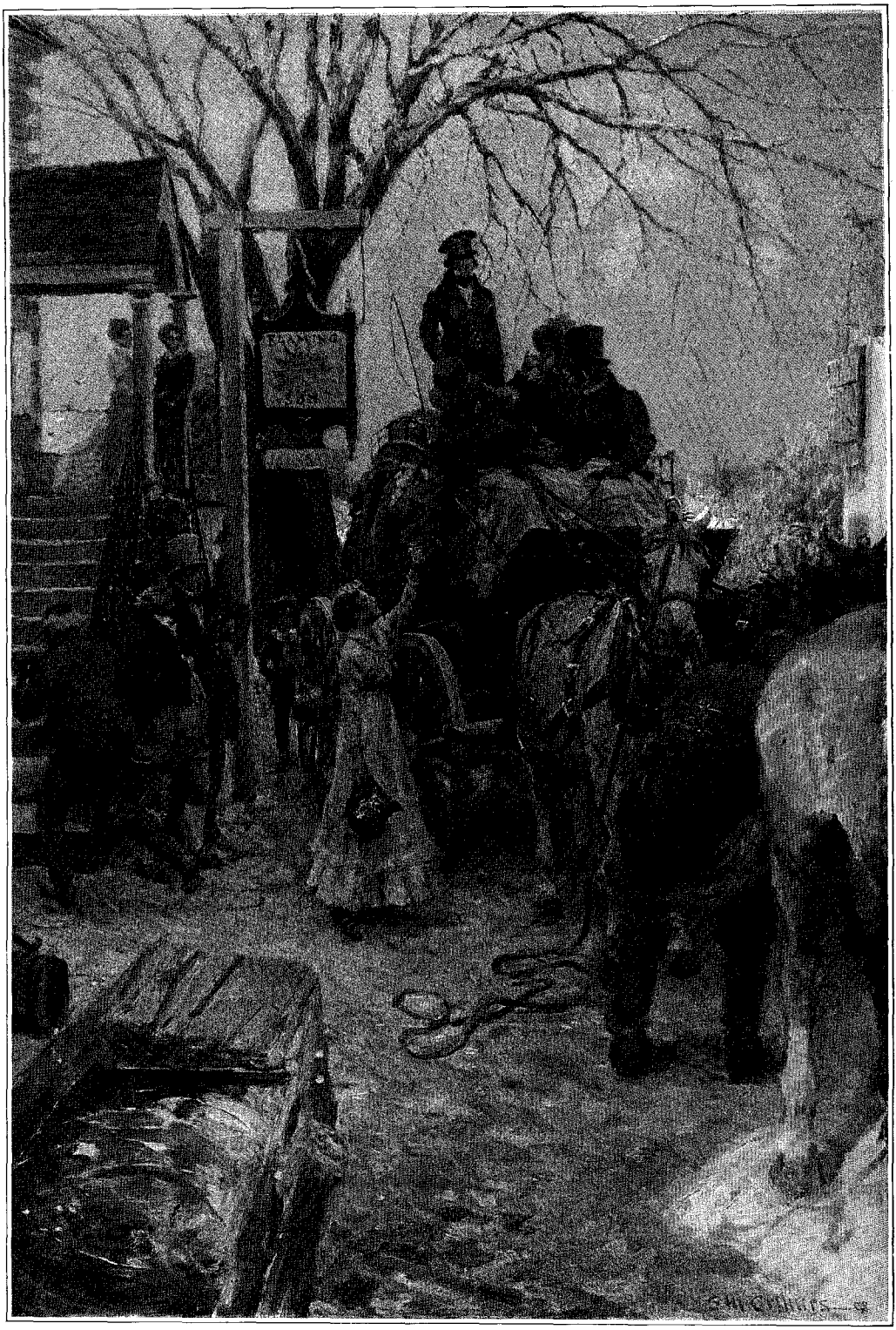

Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

CHANGING HORSES.

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